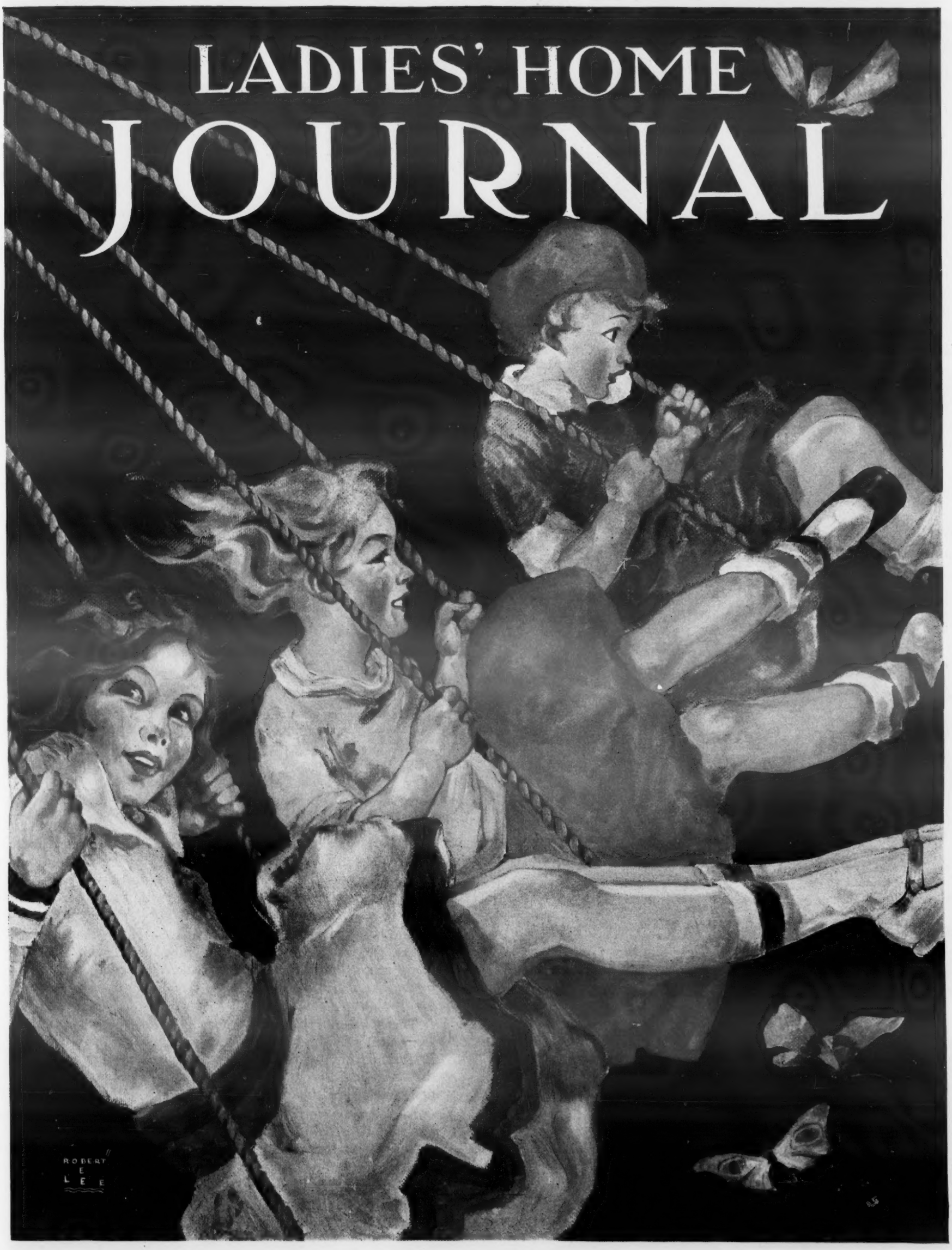
AUGUST, 1930
Volume XLVII, Number 8

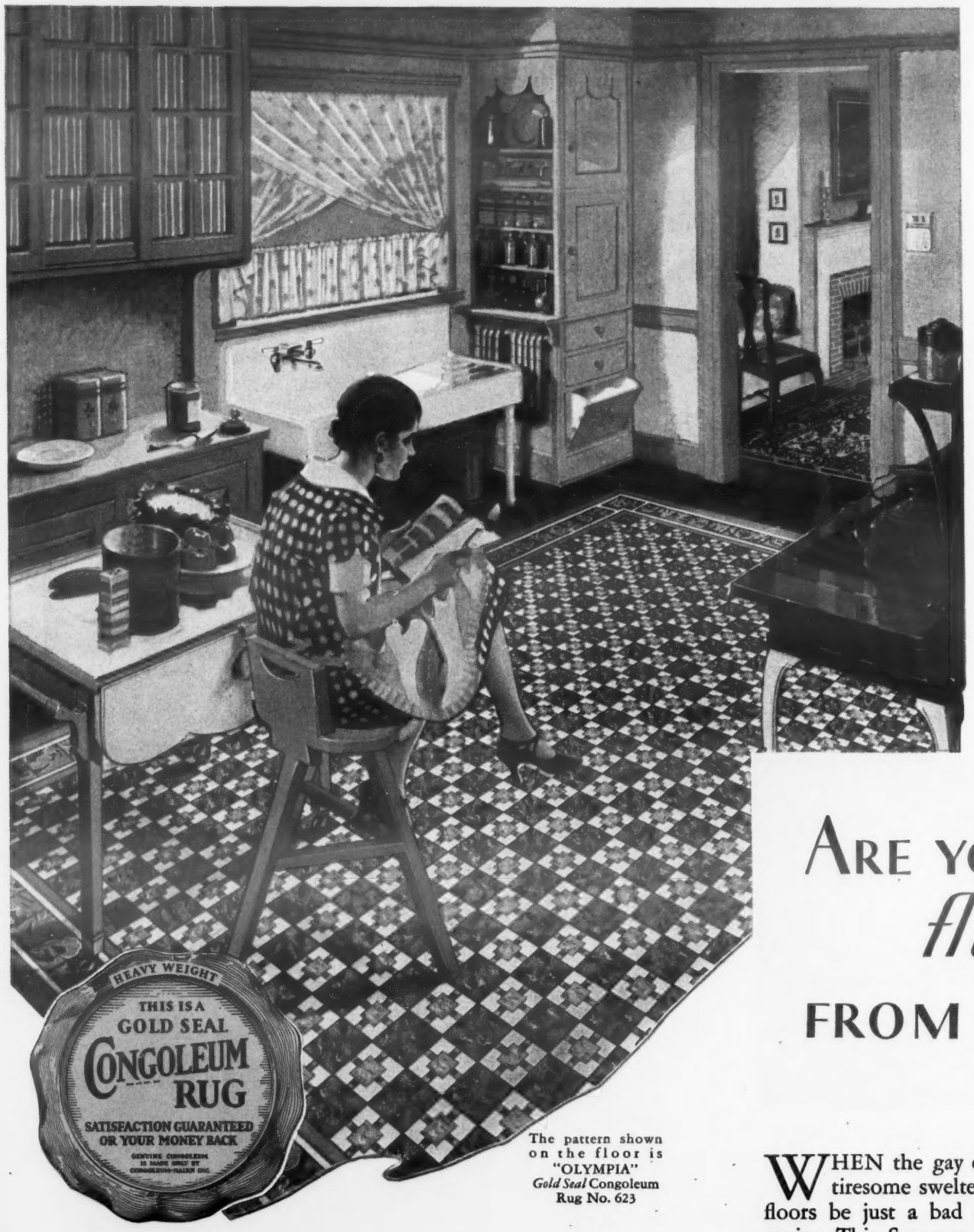
JUL 10 1930

10 Cents
By subscription $1.00.
In the United States
and in Canada

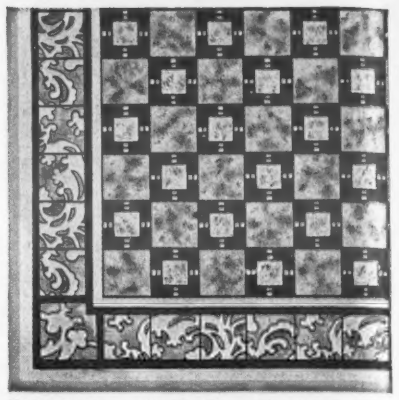
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



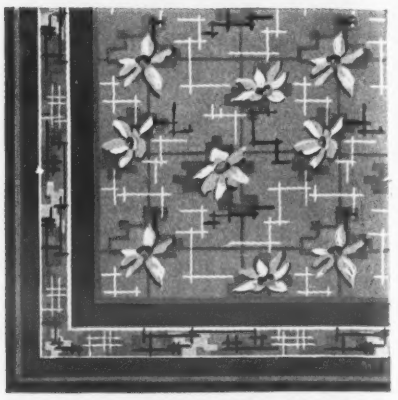
F. BRITTEN AUSTIN—LAWRENCE PERRY—JOHN LA GATTA
SARA TEASDALE—OLIVER LA FARGE—MARGARET CULKIN BANNING



The pattern shown on the floor is "OLYMPIA" *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug No. 623



"SPARTA" . . . tiles in rich marble effects set off by an unusual Grecian border. To be had only in genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum. It is Rug No. 62



"DUVAL" . . . a delightfully different floral design —and decidedly modern. Obtainable only in genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum. It is Rug No. 619

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ARE YOU READY TO *fly away* FROM DRUDGERY?

WHEN the gay outdoors beckons a teasing finger let those tiresome sweltering hours of sweeping and cleaning dusty floors be just a bad memory of last Summer—never to come again. This Summer see to it that smooth, sanitary Congoleum Rugs have made your floors *modern.*

And here's what we mean by modern:—Floors that are cheery, bright, artistic. Floors that can be wiped clean with a flick of a damp mop. In short, floors that make you proud to be in your house, but which give you many free hours outside where you find health and fun.

There's many a place, both upstairs and down, where *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs can lighten your work, and brighten your home. In Summer bungalows and cottages, as well as out on the porch, they are a godsend, for among other things they are absolutely rain- and damp-proof.

So fly away from drudgery. Choose from among the many beautiful *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs, the designs and colorings that harmonize with the furnishings of your various rooms.

But remember, when you buy, look for the Gold Seal. It is your guarantee that you are getting the one and only genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum.

"MECCA" . . . an exclusive *Gold Seal* Congoleum design showing a number of colorful Mohammedan prayer rugs. It is Rug No. 615

FREE—Every woman should have our purse-size booklet showing all the new *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug designs, with "style chats" about each pattern. A handy guide when planning decorative schemes. Just write your name and address below and send it to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N.J.

New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Kansas City
San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Atlanta Dallas Detroit
Rio de Janeiro *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

REFLECTING THE VERY GENIUS OF ITALY!

What a revelation of delight awaits you in Franco-American Spaghetti. With unerring skill our world-famous French chefs have caught those truly Italian shades of flavor and piquancy in this delicious dish.

To guide them, a famous old Milanese recipe. To work with, ingredients of the very finest—the rich, nutty amber-tinted semolina from hardy Northern-grown American wheat.

The finest of cheddar cheese selected for tang and zest. A ruddy sauce of sun-ripe tomatoes seasoned with savory herbs.

Bridge of Sighs, Venice

Prepared with old-world skill in spotless American kitchens!

No wonder those who know prefer Franco-American Spaghetti. There's a quality to it, a savor and appeal so delicious and irresistible, you will want to enjoy it again and again. Serve it as the main dish; as a wholesome, hearty side dish. Your grocer can supply you.

Franco-American
Ready-cooked
Spaghetti
With tomato sauce and cheese (à la Milanaise)

How Mississippi river boats put new pages in our cook books

CORN FRITTERS

1 cup flour — ¼ cup milk — 1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs — ¾ teaspoon salt — 2 teaspoons melted Crisco
1½ cups drained, canned corn or fresh corn cut from the cob

Sift dry ingredients together; beat eggs well; add milk and combine with first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Add corn and melted Crisco. Drop by tablespoons into deep, hot Crisco, 360° to 370° F. (or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds) and cook from 4 to 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Drain on crumpled unglazed paper. If you wish to pan-fry these fritters add ¼ cup additional flour to batter.

The last time I was in St. Louis, gathering together some Crisco recipes, I met an old settler who "remembers way back when" Mark Twain was a river-boat pilot. And he told me how Mississippi river towns came to have and keep their enviable reputation for good cooking.

Most of the river packets that used to swish-swish up and down the Mississippi carried passengers—but no kitchens. So they pulled into shore around mealtime at towns where the best food was served. Rivalry that existed between the towns produced some of our choicest American recipes—young fried chicken, corn fritters, huckleberry muffins—recipes so good that I've brought back several for your Crisco files.

What modern chefs know about flavor

The river packets and river-front eating houses have passed—but in a St. Louis hotel I ate fried chicken that was as good as Mark Twain ever ate in the "old days." Every piece was wrapped in a coat of golden crunchiness, sweet-tasting and crisp, and covered with creamy, rich chicken gravy.

I knew instantly that that chicken had been fried in Crisco. No other fat I've ever used wraps fried food in such a brown appetizing crust. The best chefs everywhere, and fine bakers, too, know what Crisco does for food. That's why so many of them use this sweet, fresh shortening in their cooking and baking. If *you* want to make a vast improvement in your fried chicken, make this simple change—fry it in Crisco. *Anything* that's fried will taste better fried in Crisco.

This St. Louis fried chicken was accompanied by a corn fritter that the chef told me could be pan-fried or deep-fried. But it has to be fried in Crisco or I can't promise that it will have the delicate flavor that a good fritter *should* have.

A recipe from Huck Finn's town

Then there was a huckleberry muffin recipe given to me by a woman in Hannibal, Missouri, which I think you'd like to know about. Perhaps you call them "blueberries." But anyway—in Huckleberry Finn's town, this muffin is a huckleberry muffin. If you like you can use other fruits in this same batter. I wouldn't use any other fat but Crisco in the batter, though. For I've found, after all these years, that I always have better baking results with Crisco. Crisco's quality is so uniform. It's always sweet and pure—just like unsalted butter fresh from the churn.

And it's so easy to work with. You *never* need to cream Crisco separately, then add (oh so slowly) the sugar . . . then eggs . . . You can put Crisco, eggs and sugar into the mixing bowl together and blend them with *one operation.*

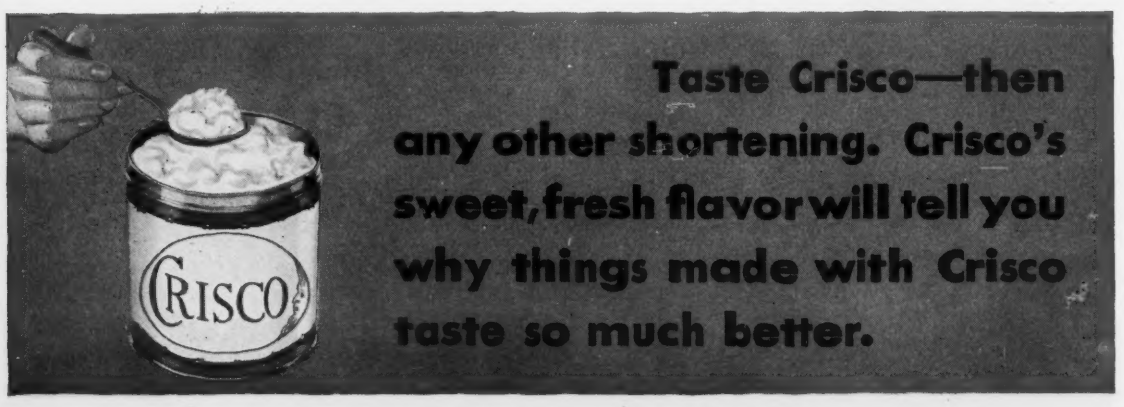
I have a little cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," I'd like to send you. Just write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XJ-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

HUCKLEBERRY MUFFINS

4 tablespoons Crisco — 4 teaspoons baking powder — 4 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt — 1 egg — ¾ to 1 cup milk
2 cups flour — ½ cup huckleberries (or other small, firm fruit)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg together in one operation. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Mix lightly. Don't try to smooth out the batter. Dredge berries with ½ cup flour and stir in gently. Bake in Criscoed muffin pans in hot oven (400° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. This recipe makes 12 muffins.


CRISCO
Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

THE PRICE *of the* HOME JOURNAL

PUBLISHED once a month. 10c the copy. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), $1.00 the year; $1.50 for 2 years; $2.00 for 3 years. Remit by Post Office or Express Money Order, Check or by Draft payable in United States or Canadian Funds.

To Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, $1.00 the year. To other countries, $2.50 the year. No reduction for longer periods. Remittance to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft payable in United States Funds. Single copies a shilling *anywhere in England.*

Ladies' HOME JOURNAL
(THE HOME JOURNAL)
THE FAMILY MAGAZINE OF AMERICA
Registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

PUBLISHED ON THE THIRD TUESDAY OF THE MONTH PRECEDING ITS DATE BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President*
GEORGE H. LORIMER, *First Vice-President*
JOHN B. WILLIAMS, *Second Vice-President*
WALTER D. FULLER
Second Vice-President and Secretary
PHILIP S. COLLINS
Second Vice-President and Treasurer
FRED A. HEALY
Second Vice-President and Advertising Director

LORING A. SCHULER, *Editor*
CHESLA C. SHERLOCK, STUART O. BLYTHE,
RICHARD E. MYERS, W. J. DE GROUCHY, LITA BANE,
Associate Editors

Copyright, 1930 (trade-mark registered), by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain. London Offices, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. All rights reserved. Entered as second class matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Columbus, O., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., San Francisco, Cal., Seattle, Wash., Houston, Tex., Des Moines, Ia., Los Angeles, Cal., St. Louis, Mo., Saginaw, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Portland, Ore., Louisville, Ky., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Detroit, Mich., Cleveland, O.

THAT WAS THE MAN ELSIE HAD LOVED—"IN MEMORY OF SEVEN DAYS"—IT WAS INCREDIBLE—BUT IT COULD NOT BE DOUBTED

At Brigade Headquarters

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

IN THE brigade-headquarters dugout, the young staff captain who was acting temporarily as brigade major slewed round from the telephone. "Division again, sir," he said to the other occupant of the dugout. "They want to speak to you. They've apparently got the jim-jams tonight."

The gray-mustached brigadier rose from the table, whose sketchy preparations for dinner were illumined by two candles stuck in bottles, went to the telephone.

"General Whyteleafe speaking," he said. "Yes?" His tone changed abruptly to one of respect. "Yes, sir. I've just been personally all round my positions. Everything's prepared as far as can be. Yes. I have tested all the emergency communications. We're all ready for any eventuality. Nothing more from Corps, I suppose? No. I hardly thought there would be. They know nothing more than we do. Not so much!" He laughed. "Very well. Good night, sir."

He hung up the receiver, returned to the table, where the young staff captain would be his only companion at the meal. In these cramped conditions of the forward area, the various specialist officers attached to Brigade H. Q. messed separately in another dugout. The brigadier grunted grimly.

"Nothing," he said. "Division is merely panicking, that's all. They still think it's for tomorrow. You circularized that last order about gas masks, I suppose, Stiles?"

"Yes, sir," replied the staff captain. "And the one about making returns of unconsumed cheese ration," he added sarcastically. "Those blighters at the base ought to be told there's a war on. I've been signing returns solidly for the last half hour. Glory be, the major comes back tonight—some of 'em are his anyway."

"Yes," said the brigadier, "I shall be glad to see Dunkley back myself. I ought not to have let him go on leave with this thing hanging over us." He sighed heavily. He had suddenly become very anxious lest Fritz should make his prophesied big push with Dunkley still away on leave.

The mess servant came from the kitchen recess in this underground warren of intercommunicating chambers shored with balks of timber as doorposts and lintels. He carried a tin dish of fried slabs of meat. As he put it on the table his hand shook uncontrollably, clanking the dish clumsily against the enamel water jug in the middle. The brigadier glanced up at him. The man was a ghastly white.

"What's the matter, Jones? Are you ill?"

"No, sir," stammered the man. "I'm not ill, sir. Just 'ad letter from 'ome, sir. Bad news, sir."

"Oh? What's wrong?" The brigadier was a kindly man, with a genuinely human consideration for his inferiors that

made him beloved by his entire brigade. This batman was new from one of the battalions, replacing one that had been killed by a stray shell a fortnight before. He knew but little about him.

"Wife's 'ad a baby, sir."

"Well, what's the matter with that? Wife's all right, I hope."

The man stared at him.

"'Aven't 'ad leave for a year, sir," he said desperately, choked in his throat, and hurried precipitately back to the kitchen.

"Poor devil!" said the brigadier compassionately. "See that he gets leave, Stiles, directly the show is over. Not that it'll do much good now."

He helped himself to steak and potatoes, ate with an appetite. Poor devil! It was rough on these chaps that they got leave so rarely. Couldn't be helped, of course, with all these millions of men. That sort of thing happened too often. Perhaps one couldn't altogether blame the wives if some of 'em went wrong. Too long to leave 'em—the skittish sort. Husbands as good as dead to 'em. It was different for officers. There was no excuse for officers' wives. Leave more or less every three months—six at the outside. He thought of his own leave he'd surely get if he came through this show all right. And Elsie waiting for him—darling little Elsie. That was the sort of wife to have.

WHEN he had married her, three years before the war, he had indeed half wondered whether it was wise to marry a girl fifteen years younger than himself. But it had been all right—more than all right. Elsie was blood stock. Pure-bred. No nonsense about her. Secretly he felt her last letter, in the breast pocket of his tunic. He always kept them there, superstitiously, over his heart, a kind of mascot. . . .

"Deadly quiet, sir," said Stiles. "There hasn't been a gun for hours. It's uncanny—gets on one's nerves."

"Yes," he agreed casually, "it is pretty quiet." No need to rattle this young chap by admitting that the hush was straining his nerves also. For weeks the whole Front had lived in an increasing tension, a vague ever-present dread. G. H. Q. had refused to admit that this dangerously undermanned sector was the danger spot, had sapiently been more apprehensive of other parts of the line. The army commander had done his best, had kept his troops feverishly digging new trench lines, wiring new obstacles, constructing new redoubts, but everyone knew that the divisions available, depleted as all were by one battalion out of four in every brigade to keep up the bluff of politicians at home, could not possibly hold the area against the gigantic attack which was rumored. Everyone knew, also, by instinct, that the attack would be here. Quiet as the Front had been for days, this complete hush was ominous. The brigadier thought of all those hundreds of thousands of men, buried in holes in the ground, listening, listening, as he was listening. Well, he'd done all he could anyway. His three battalions were ready for the shock, awaiting only the order to man their battle positions, in reserve to the two brigades in front of them. It would certainly be a tough business when it burst upon them. Thank the Lord he felt himself equal to tackling all that came his way. He had never felt fitter in his life.

He poured himself out a little whisky, diluted it liberally with water that would still taste horribly of chloride of lime.

"Well, here's confusion to brother Fritz," he said, lifting his mug.

Young Stiles also poured himself a drink.

"Here's how, sir. And may we get it over quickly. I'm going to get married next leave ——"

A blue-and-white-armleted signaler came from the adjoining telephone dugout with a pink message form.

STILES took it, read it out mockingly. "'Your return boots gum thigh on charge not received A A A Urgently required A A A'—Good Lord! Boots gum thigh on charge!—and we'll all be blown to glory by this time tomorrow perhaps!"

The brigadier frowned. "That's no reason why returns should not be correctly sent in, Stiles. It is not our business to discuss orders. It is our business to obey them. Have you got the returns in from the battalions?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, see that your return goes in tonight." Good thing to give young Stiles something to do, he thought. The lad was jumpy. And it would teach him that there was no pick-and-choose about soldiering. Orders were orders. Vital or trivial, they were to be equally obeyed.

The mess servant cleared the meat course, brought in some canned fruit. They ate in silence. When he had finished, young Stiles went off to attend to his returns. The brigadier shrewdly suspected that he had others in arrear.

Left alone, the brigadier picked up the newspaper which had come with the rations. Munitions Strike—selfish swine! Ought to be drafted out here—that'd teach 'em! He heard steps descending the stairs of the dugout. A tall officer entered, his tin hat askew, his coat dewed with moisture.

"Hallo, Dunkley!" There was a delighted welcome in his voice. "I hardly expected you so soon."

"Good evening, sir," said the brigade major. "I got a lift in a car up to Divisional H. Q. Bit of luck!"

"What's it like outside?"

"Quiet as death," replied Dunkley, divesting himself of the pack on his shoulders and stripping off his "British warm." "Thick white fog coming up—I lost my way once or twice." He glanced at the table. "Any dinner left?—Jones!" He shouted to the kitchen.

"Coming, sir—coming!" replied the batman.

Dunkley pulled up a box, seated himself at the table.

"What's the news, sir? Everybody at home's wondering when the German push is going to start."

"We expect it any day now—perhaps tomorrow. We're all ready."

"H'm." Dunkley paused as Jones came with a plate of meat and potatoes, put it in front of him with a shaking hand. The brigade major glanced up suspiciously at the man's face. When he had disappeared again into his burrow, he said: "What's the matter with Jones? Looks as if he had been drinking."

"He's had bad news from home, poor devil," said the brigadier. "Wife's been playing the fool."

The brigade major did not answer, devoted himself to attacking the steak in front of him. He was a handsome fellow, a beak nose over a clipped dark mustache, the line of his jaw clean cut in a hard decisiveness of character, a curt efficiency. The brigadier contemplated him with an immense interior relief. Now he could face the morrow knowing that nothing preventable would go wrong in his brigade.

"By the way," he said, "thank you for taking home that packet of souvenirs to my wife. I had a letter from her. How did she look?"

Dunkley glanced up at him. "Pretty good, sir," he replied. "Wanted to know all about you, of course. She was naturally anxious."

"It's rough on the women at home," remarked the brigadier. "They get the worst of it after all—sitting there waiting, imagining things. I don't wonder some of 'em get overstrained—hysterical—go off to night clubs to try and forget." He paused while the brigade major helped himself to a drink. "What sort of leave did you have?"

"Fairly average, sir. Harder than ever to get a decent meal, of course."

"I suppose so." He smiled. "But I'll warrant you had a gloriously hectic time, eh? All the girls running after you ——"

Dunkley smiled also, a compressedly discreet little smile under his mustache.

"Not so bad, sir," he admitted. "Jones!—fruit!"

"Coming, sir!" Jones appeared with a plate of canned pineapple, removed the first course, disappeared promptly. He was in terror of the brigade major.

THE brigadier filled his pipe, felt for his matches. "You giddy bachelors have all the best of it in times like these," he said half enviously. "No responsibilities—no woman left behind to break her heart over you—worrying herself sick. I'm not sure Kitchener wasn't right. No serving soldier ought to marry." He paused to light his pipe, while Dunkley glanced at him and went on eating. "That poor little wife of mine," he said as he threw away the match. "It's pitiful the way she writes to me—keeping a stiff lip and all that, but plainly suffering like hell." He could not resist the impulse to talk about her. She was always in his thoughts, lately more than ever vivid. And Dunkley had seen her but a week ago. It was a kind of link between them, brought her nearer. "She's the dearest, best little woman in the world. I don't know what she sees in me, but she's given me something worth living for."

Dunkley pushed away his plate, lit a cigarette. "Yes, I suppose there's something in marriage, sir. I've never been tempted myself."

"That's because you haven't met the right woman. When you meet the right one—the one you'd trust with your life—the one that makes existence altogether different—the one whose eyes seem to be always in front of you, looking into your own"—he said it awkwardly, characteristically diffident of this self-revelation—"you'll know there's something in it. Something that makes everything else of no account."

Dunkley nodded. "I dare say, sir." He rose from the table. "If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll take this opportunity to run through the orders that have come in while I've been away."

"Do. There's a whole bunch of 'em. Take particular note of those about retirement to the Green Line if Fritz breaks through. Let's hope he won't." His eyes followed the tall brigade major to the rough table at the back of the dugout approvingly. It was typical of Dunkley immediately to familiarize himself with the orders. Efficient to his finger tips. First-rate soldier. Best brigade major he had ever had.

Dunkley looked round to him as he sat down before the files.

"I brought back one or two new gramophone records, sir, if you'd like to try them. In a parcel tied to my pack."

"No, thanks, Dunkley. I think I'll just have a look round and then turn in early. You'd better do the same. If the

DUNKLEY DIDN'T MIND THE ORDINARY CHANCES OF BATTLE. HE DID RECOIL FROM BEING ORDERED OUT OF THAT SHELL HOLE—IN A PRIVATE VENGEANCE

show starts tomorrow we shall need all the sleep we can accumulate now." He lingered a moment and then he went up the steep stairs from the dugout to the open air.

The runners on duty at the orifice jumped erect. "All right," he said kindly. "Rest while you can." The trench was full of a wet white fog. He clambered to the parapet, looked around. There was nothing to be seen. The fog blotted out everything. The normal pyrotechnic display of soaring Very lights was completely absent. The usual leaping gun flashes, dazzlingly bleaching the night sky in incessant continuance, were nowhere visible. There was not a sound.

Never had he known so absolute a hush. It was uncanny, eerie, pregnant with menace. The world seemed to wait for a vast event, imminently lurking. He shuddered, not altogether with the chill of the fog. It required an effort of the imagination to realize that hundreds of thousands of men—perhaps a million, friends and enemies—were gathered in that silence, were armed, as never before had men been armed, with an immense and coördinated diversity of technically perfected appliances for their mutual destruction.

To him that destruction was not blind and purposeless as it was apt to appear to the soldier in the ranks. It was a means to an end, a means to be scientifically calculated and expertly used in a conflict of mass wills upon whose result the future of the world would fatally depend. For, there was no doubt of it, this battle would be the final thrust of Germany for complete and overwhelming victory. Personally dwarfed though he was before those vast issues, nevertheless he had a specific part to play. He ran his mind over his preparations, could think of nothing he had left undone. Now that Dunkley had come back to duplicate himself when necessary, he had no fear of any local failure. In that uncanny, solemn hush he gripped himself for the approaching ordeal, felt his inmost soul serene. He walked a little way along the trench of this rear system, groping through the fog, assuring himself superfluously that sentries were alert at their posts.

WHEN he returned it was just on ten o'clock. Young Stiles was trying the new gramophone records. Dunkley sat listening, lost in far-off thoughts, his teeth biting hard on his pipe. A woman's voice sang sentimentally.

The brigade major glanced up at him. "That's from the Lilac Domino, sir," he said. "It's all the rage in London. I went twice. Pretty music."

"Sounds pretty," agreed the brigadier. "I'll take my wife to it next leave. We always do a round of theaters."

"Let's have that one again," said young Stiles, bending over the gramophone. "Damn good." He hummed. "'The thing that's done can never be undone—tumtum—tumtum.'"

"No." Dunkley's voice was curtly abrupt. "Put on another."

They were interrupted by a suddenly furious cannonade, apparently at some distance.

"Hallo!" said the brigadier. "What's that? Surely they haven't started already! Let's have a look."

They went up to the trench, stood on the parapet. There was nothing to be seen in the all-concealing fog, but the cannonade was audibly on the front of the adjoining division. It continued, violently, a drumfire of field guns blended with the vehement detonations of the heavies.

"Someone's catching it," remarked Dunkley. "A raid probably."

They stood listening for half an hour, on the alert for any extension of this local fight. The cannonade ceased as suddenly as it had begun. They returned to the dugout.

"We'd better wait a bit before turning in," said the brigadier. "Something may come through. You get off to bed, Stiles."

The two seniors sat and smoked, talking technical gossip, the intimate petty details of this vast event which for nearly four years had filled their lives.

The telephone bell rang. The brigadier went to the instrument. "Yes? Speaking. What?" He listened. "All right." He put back the receiver, turned to Dunkley. "That was a raid of ours. Very successful. Prisoners state that Fritz starts the push at four-forty tomorrow morning. The prepare-for-attack order becomes immediately effective."

"Very well, sir. I'll warn the units." He took his message pad, wrote an order addressed in multiple to the component parts of the brigade. "Orderly!" A signaler appeared from the telephone dugout. He handed him the message for dispatch, looked up at the brigadier. "And that's that. We'd better get some sleep while we can." He rose, yawned and moved toward his own sleeping place. "Coffee for four-forty, Jones!—Good night, sir."

"Good night, Dunkley. Call me at any alarm." It was an immense comfort to have him back. Never any "wind-up" about Dunkley. Cool as a cucumber. Invaluable fellow. Appreciation was warm in the brigadier as he crouched to enter the excavation where he slept, lit a candle beside the batman-manufactured bed of packing-case wood and criss-cross "metal expanding" on which his sleeping bag was stretched. He removed his boots and belt, loosened his tunic, slipped into the bag otherwise fully dressed, ready for any emergency. Then, as always he did, he took his wife's photograph from his pocket, looked at it and kissed it. "Good night, my dear one," he whispered. She's praying for me at home, he thought, and her love seemed to him a talisman for the morrow, protecting him. "Good night, Elsie, sweetheart," he whispered again. "Soon we shall be together once more. Can you feel how much your old war horse loves you?" He kissed the photograph again, put it back in his pocket, snuffed out the candle.

He woke with a sense that it was time, glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist watch. It marked four-thirty-five. The same deathly quiet continued. In five minutes! He might as well get up now, be ready. He wriggled out of the bag, drew on his boots, buttoned up his tunic, buckled his Sam Browne heavy with the revolver in its holster. Still three minutes. It would be just as well to rouse Dunkley. Once the show started there might be all sorts of things to do. He took his electric torch, went across the main dugout to the hole where Dunkley slept.

The brigade major slept heavily, like an overtired man, not awaking even as the torchlight illumined him. He had fallen asleep with something in his hand, just outside the fleabag. A photograph. One of Dunkley's girls. The brigadier smiled to himself. He'd take a peep at it. He guarded the light so that it did not strike the sleeping man's eyes, brought it close to the photograph as he bent. A good-looker—he stared stupidly at that incredible thing he saw. The photograph was of Elsie—was inscribed by her! What was it she had written?—"*In memory of seven days. E. W.*" Elsie—Elsie had written that—had given that photograph to Dunkley! His whole life collapsed about him; he felt faint, sick. And in another instant Dunkley would wake up—he would have to face him with it. Not yet! Not yet! He couldn't. He must think—he must have another moment or two in which to think! Dunkley! Elsie! Elsie! Almost he groaned aloud in that agony. He switched off his light, groped back into the main dugout, where Jones had now lit a candle.

As he stood, clutching the table for support, there was a sudden monstrous devastating crash, as though the entire earth had exploded. He glanced automatically at his watch. Four-forty. The next instant, additional to that ceaselessly maintained violence of sound, came a series of wails that rapidly changed pitch, a series of shattering explosions outside. The earth shook with the concussions, flakes dropped from the walls of the dugout. A moment later that persistent appalling roar was intensified in an immense crash of reenforcement. Their own artillery had opened. The show had begun. He must try to get his brain clear. The show had begun. He must think of his brigade. Must be coolly efficient as never in his life.

DUNKLEY came out of his hole, buckling his belt. He smiled to his superior. "Punctual to the tick, sir," he shouted through the deafening din. "Good old Fritz!"

The brigadier nodded. He could not speak. He became aware that unconsciously his hand had gone to his revolver holster. Dunkley—this was Dunkley—and he hated him with a consuming, an utterly novel, hatred that made his muscles tense. The scoundrel's smile was an insult. He mastered himself, turned away his head. Better that Dunkley did not see his face.

Dunkley evidently noticed nothing abnormal. He went to the kitchen recess, shouted: "Jones—coffee!"

Jones' voice answered, just audible in the never-ending thunderous crash. "Coming, sir—coming!" He brought in an enamel coffeepot, several mugs, a tin of condensed milk and a tin of soft sugar, put them on the table.

The brigadier poured himself out some, drank it scalding hot. That was better. It strengthened him. He avoided looking at Dunkley.

Young Stiles emerged from his own hole, his face white. "By Jove," he shouted to be heard, "that's some artillery concentration! We're for it, all right!"

"Have some coffee, and get to your job!" Dunkley commanded him curtly.

The brigade machine-gun officer, the gunner officer attached, the trench-mortar officer, the gas officer came tumbling down the stairs one after another. The dugout was peopled with them for the moment or two before they dispersed to their telephones in the intercommunicating command dugouts. "Hell let loose outside!" shouted one of them.

The brigadier seated himself before the large detailed map of his own sector, divided into numbered squares, reticulated with a complication of red and blue trench systems, marked off into redoubt-studded forward zone and battle zone, wavily crossed by

(Continued on Page 60)

"WHEN I WANT THE ENTIRE LOVE OF ONE GOOD MAN—THE ONE I'M MARRIED TO—I DON'T BOTHER TO USE IT. BUT WHEN I'M NOT SO SINGLE-MINDED, OUT COMES THE OLD LIPSTICK"

The Lipstick Mood

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

SO MANY things happen at dinner parties in addition to the eating of food. There is probably no handsomer back drop for drama of one kind and another than a dining room well filled with people and festivity and display. It is better than the edge of a cliff and even preferable to the ocean liner. There are dramatic possibilities in the affront or compliment or annoyance of practically every place card. When the companion on the left or right is fixed by a hostess *ex machina*, when the prejudices and the enthusiasms of two other people must be groped for or remembered, when no matter what happens it must be put up with for the hour, it is no wonder that so many grievances and quarrels and new alliances can lie between the serving of a crabmeat cocktail and the passing of a baked Alaska.

And when the company is, as it was at the Harveys' on one February night, made up of people who are nearly all married and all young, so that many things are settled and many more things are not, the strings of acquaintanceship are drawn tight and respond with a harmony or discord to every touch upon them. Even among people who think that they know all about each other. Perhaps, it may well be, because of that.

Mary Harvey had spent a good hour planning the seating arrangement of her table and was not satisfied with it when she had finished. She knew that she was gambling as to whether Stanley Applegate and Vera Farnam had renewed their affair or doused it again in bitterness, but she had taken a chance and placed them side by side.

She could not do that to Kitty Yeats and John Bolger, since someone had repeated the things to John that Kitty had said about him at a certain luncheon not far in the past. Kitty had said that John was the world's dullest man and that if he must be asked to people's houses he ought to eat in the kitchen and not depress good parties. There were two schools of thought concerning the justice of Kitty's remarks, but there was no doubt at all as to the resulting antagonism.

Nor was that the only problem. The seating of the guests had to be planned so that all the best comedy would not be concentrated, and by the time that was managed and all the husbands and wives were separated and sorted as to dispositions, Mary had very little leeway left.

Also, there were the Duncans to consider. Mary had intended to put Christel Duncan at her husband's left. But Dick had objected to that and picked the girls whom he wanted to have next to him. Dick was not hard to please, but he liked bacon to be crisp and girls to be gay, and Mary had seen him sulk when either taste was thwarted.

"Next time," said Mary, picking up a place card as if it scorched the place in her lace cloth where it lay, "I shall do this alphabetically!"

But the waitress did not know what she was talking about.

The trouble with the Duncans was that they didn't quite fit in, which is not a crime or a sin but none the less carries heavy penalties. Everyone who was to be at the dinner knew Christel and Bradley Duncan, knew their house and cars and presumable income and number of children, and yet, despite this knowledge, didn't know them very well.

They lived in the same wealthy corner of the city as the rest and Bradley Duncan was a director of Dick Harvey's bank. Dick liked Bradley and was glad to have him asked. It was he, in fact, who had suggested doing it. But when it came to the point, he didn't want to be saddled with Christel for the whole evening. He didn't have anything against her, quite as he said, but neither did he have anything for her.

There wasn't even a surprise to be hoped for in Christel. Everyone knew her and how she looked and thought she was a nice girl. She had never even once been the subject of a flirtation or been suspected of having her eye on someone else's husband. She had not been the intimate friend or intimate enemy of anyone in the group. And that was the way things went in the Harvey set. They got most of their fun out of bringing quite simple relations to a point of unnatural heat. There had been a whole year when Mary herself had not spoken to Dorothy Hawkins after that incident in the golf tournament, and now they were devoted to each other.

Mary meditated a moment longer on the difficulty of properly placing the little gold-edged, monogrammed card in her hand where it might find a welcome, and ended by doing an extraordinary thing. Then she lay down for half an hour, for

she was too competent a hostess to allow herself to become so tired that she might be a drag on her own party.

But she was downstairs an hour later, dressed charmingly in green chiffon and point d'esprit, and when Stanley Applegate arrived she took him aside and told him about it. She could do that with Stanley. Her flirtation with him was several years old now and really gave her a claim on his confidence because she had handled its dwindling days so well.

"Will you do something for me?" she began.

"I certainly will. Is it a trip to Reno?"

"It's not so important as that. Listen, I've put you beside Christel Duncan at dinner. Be nice to her, will you?"

"I mustn't stick her with a fork, then?"

"Don't be so funny. You know quite well what I mean. Give her a good time."

"Isn't that said to be hard work?"

"She's all right," said Mary defensively, "she's a nice girl."

"You don't hear me doubting it, do you?"

"I see you doubting it. I see exactly how you'll act. I gave you Vera on the other side."

"You think of everything," he said. "Did you give me a glass of water too?" He picked another canape off a tray. "How do you get these toast things to roll like this?"

"I always curl them on my fingers," said Mary derisively, and left him, for she saw that he wasn't going to make any promises that it might irk him to keep. He is even better-looking than usual tonight, thought Mary, but he's really very bad spoiled. It's girls like Vera that do it. Why doesn't she at least pretend that she doesn't care?

And, thinking of her dinner table again, Mary was rather sorry for Christel Duncan, who was going to sit between John Bolger, who thought that no woman ever reached the age of reason, and the most attractive unmarried man in the city, who would probably treat her like an abandoned crust of bread. She wouldn't have much of a time.

However, Christel wasn't anticipating much of a time. She had wondered about that as she dressed. Sometimes, just before the infrequent party like this, she felt that there was something in her which would have a good time if she could only let it out or it would only come out.

SHE liked the way her hairdresser had done her hair today. That was a pretty swirl on the back of her head. And the new dresses were becoming to her. Of course it was good luck never to have had bulges in the wrong places, but in these dresses it showed that she didn't.

Christel picked up an evening bag which someone had given her for Christmas, opened it to put a handkerchief inside and touched an unused lipstick which had been one of the fittings. Christel never used rouge at all. Bradley didn't like it. But she picked this lipstick out and pulled off its little metal top. It was very red. She rubbed it across her lips rather awkwardly and then continued to experiment with more interest.

"Hello, I'm ready," said Bradley, which meant that everyone else ought to be.

"So am I," said Christel.

"Did I crumple this tie in getting it on?" he asked and then, having crossed the room, he stared down at his wife. "What have you got on your face?"

"Lipstick. Yes, your tie's all right."

"You aren't going to go like that, are you?"

"Why?"

"You don't look like yourself."

Christel added the evidence of the mirror to his statement.

"I don't mind," she said, "I've never been especially proud of looking like myself."

"Take it off, Chris. You don't want to smear your face up with all that paste. It's ridiculous."

SHE didn't think he knew what she wanted. But then she wasn't sure that she herself knew. She looked once more at herself and thought that probably he was right.

"I don't want my wife to look like that," he said.

It sometimes seemed to Christel that Bradley never thought of her except as his wife. That should perhaps be a compliment and tribute. She thought he meant it that way. But the compliment and tribute always seemed to return to him like a boomerang, as if her great success was in belonging to him and not in being herself.

She rubbed it off. It smeared and she had to use cold cream. But when she finished her mouth was small and obedient.

"There you are. Now I recognize you," said Bradley, "all right. The car's waiting."

He said nothing about her dress and she did not mention it. Christel had never been one to badger men, even a husband, for compliments. She only wondered if the dress was really all right or if the saleswoman had been lying about almond green being her color. But there was no time to waste. She slipped into her corner of the car and before the chauffeur had turned four corners they were at the Harveys' house.

Most of the women had arrived and gone downstairs. There were ten or twelve evening coats lying on a satin bedspread in the upstairs room to which a maid showed Christel. Kitty Yeats and Connie Ames still made very minor alterations in their appearances before the glass.

"Hello, Christel," said Kitty.

Connie was even more casual. "How are you, Mrs. Duncan?" she asked in the way that showed that she did not care what the answer was.

Then they resumed their conversation while the maid took off Christel's carriage boots. Their pleasant indifference left Christel in her usual social limbo. They did not even bother to talk to her.

"What's the color of that lipstick of yours, Kitty?"

"Pomegranate. Do you like it?"

"It suits you."

"Do you think so? I don't use it much."

"I know you don't."

"Sometimes I don't use it for days. And then I get positively sick of the sight of myself and it goes on thick."

"Do you think men like lipstick, Kitty?"

"Husbands never do," said Kitty, parting her lips as she applied hers and keeping the conversation in abeyance, "at least, only on other men's wives. But it's kind of a signal to the world that you aren't dead yet. Or a signal to yourself. I tell you. When I want the entire love of one good man—the one I'm married to—I don't bother to use it. But when I'm not so single-minded, out comes the old lipstick. I get a lipstick mood. It gives me a kind of nerve. I don't know exactly what it is, but it does something for me. I suppose we're shocking you, Christel."

"Why me?" asked Christel.

SHE moved over to the dressing table and opened her evening bag. The little silver-cased lipstick met her hand like a ready accomplice. She opened it and this time she was less awkward. She had not watched the way Kitty Yeats did her lips for nothing.

Kitty, who was turning toward the hall, gave her a backward look. And when Kitty

(Continued on Page 99)

EVERYONE WENT ABOUT LOOKING FOR PLACES

"POOR LITTLE KID," HE SAID TENDERLY. "PLEASE FORGIVE ME"

Marriage is a Compromise

By

GRAEME *and* SARAH LORIMER

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

SIDNEY, placidly supine, pillowed his head on a great driftwood log half buried in the sand and stared into a star-spattered August sky. He wriggled his hips a little, molding the soft dry sand beneath the steamer rug to fit the curves of his body even more luxuriously, and sighed a sigh dedicated to hot bacon sizzling in buttered rolls, sandwiches bulging with ham and effusive with tomatoes, skillets of cheese dreams, painfully wonderful to eat, and, lastly, security. And as at another more historic banquet at which the last was first, so to Sidney the greatest of these was security.

"Even very little children could play with me in perfect safety now," he said, withdrawing his gaze from the stars and bending it approvingly upon Alix, curled up daintily beside him. Now why didn't she sprawl? Girls on picnics or otherwise in contact with the great outdoors too often did. But Alix, he reflected for the second time in twenty-four hours, was not like other girls. If it had been Esther beside him now in the starlight, or Dot, wolfing sandwiches and what not with the idea that the darkness hid her hundred and forty pounds, or that red-haired Langdon girl who read Benvenuto Cellini in the Italian and thought that that was all—he shuddered and glanced appreciatively at the unimpassioned profile between him and the fire. Strange that he had never placed her full value upon Alix, if, indeed, he had ever appraised her at all. But that was the way it was, when you'd watched a girl grow up. You knew all about her. He knew all about Alix. Why, he could remember the day she was born. She had grown up very attractively, he reflected, without the usual sheep instinct that young females seem to contract. Quite an individualist, always. He was delighted with her the year she came out—he liked to see her unfold and bloom. Yes, he knew all there was to know about Alix—that is, he had thought he did until that remark of hers about marriage, the night before. And here she was as conventional as teatime when most girls became wild and free. It was most gratifying.

"Yes," he resumed, liking the rumble of his voice against the deeper rumble of the sea, "as a pet for the home I leave absolutely nothing to be desired. What are you laughing at?"

Alix's face, turned toward him, vanished into shadow, but he knew that her forehead was puckered in the comically rueful way that it did when she laughed.

"THAT wasn't a laugh," she said. "That was a guffaw. I heard you this morning at five or thereabouts, and you weren't being dear old Uncle Sidney, either. It sounded more like Tired Business Man Awakened by Romping Children. It's a wonder Helen didn't hear you."

"Hear me! Hear them, you mean. The little fiends rendering the night hideous with their infernal little feet pat-patting up and down the hall—and their giggling ——" Sidney choked, partly in rage, partly out of caution. After all, Helen and Bill might still be within earshot. They had explained tactfully—almost too tactfully—that they simply adored strolling by the sea, and had forthwith vanished into the shadows, leaving Alix and Sidney to the fire and each other. Sidney dropped his voice to a tense hoarseness, as nearly a whisper as his emotions would permit.

"Why," he croaked, "why did the little devils have to choose the one morning when I was here and counting on a good sleep ——"

"Oh, but they didn't," Alix interrupted. "No, really; that wasn't something special for your benefit. They were just being themselves. That's one of the advantages of marriage. You never need an alarm clock after the little ones begin to come."

There it was again, that cynical note. Sidney eyed her with some concern. What was it she had said last night, when Bill, with that fatherly air that husbands of four years always assume toward pretty, unmarried girls, had delivered himself of the usual: "Now, look here, kid; how many more scalps are you planning to hang up before you take life's greatest step?" And what had she said? Not the usual arch line about woman's independence, with the sidelong eye at him; but just: "Never Bill. I like my security."

Security! The same. Sidney had unfolded like a flower in the sun of mutual understanding. It had been very refreshing; in fact, in the daylight it had seemed an ideal thing. But the platonic interest that he held in mankind and humanity and the fitness of things rebelled suddenly in the moonlight that security should mean more to this attractive girl than romance and even marriage. True, it did to him, but he was thirty-four. Youth and illusion should go hand in hand. He stirred uneasily.

"You are entirely too young," he said reproachfully, "to have such an unattractive idea of marriage." Then he could have bitten his tongue. That was all any girl needed as a start. But Alix dismissed it.

"I simply like my bookshop better," she said. Just the way he felt about his hunters. Well, and why not? It was nothing to him.

Alix slid to her feet and peered into the abandoned picnic basket.

"We'd better start the coffee," she remarked, "if we're planning to drink it this same night."

She strolled over to the fire and began throwing on pieces of driftwood from the pile the men had heaped up before supper. Bursts of sparks showered out and curled along the beach in little golden floods. There was a dull cracking and popping as flames licked up over the salty water-soaked wood and waved like banners in the wind.

SIDNEY watched it dreamily, and noted pleasantly Alix's profile etched against the firelight, and the loose tendrils of her hair transformed into a glowing nimbus. She was so unconscious of herself; it was half her charm, he realized. Any other girl he would have suspected of deliberately posing for his benefit, but not Alix. She had simply wanted to make coffee, and it was not in her to play the frail maiden and ask him to build up the fire for her. She had done it herself. The resulting tableau was quite accidental and thoroughly charming for just that reason. He looked at the golden mist of her hair and remembered how it had looked in sunlight. The sun had found red as well as gold in it, and it had curled softly, one wayward lock encroaching on her cheek.

She wedged the coffeepot between the thickest of the fire logs, and stood for an instant staring into the shifting, leaping blaze.

"You know," she said, "I believe I know why there were fire worshipers."

"Why?"

"It's hypnotic."

Sidney pushed himself up to a sitting position.

"Isn't anything people worship hypnotic? I mean, if you watch a thing and think about it long enough—it gets you."

Alix nodded slowly.

"I suppose that's true," she said, after a moment. "I did that once."

Sidney's relaxed position took on an almost imperceptible alertness, but the silence that might have brought forth much was broken by the sudden materialization of Helen and Bill out of the darkness. It had always puzzled Sidney—people's enthusiasm about Helen. She was one of those transparent types of which the world was so full—a person to whom everything in life was either divine, keen or cute; whose emotional life was expressed in having fits, passing out, or simply drawing the line; whose greatest intellectual advancement was marked by her recent substitution of hey-hey for whoopee; and who would wear knickers in spite of what three children does to the figure. Bill was an utterly charming fellow, who, in Sidney's more sophisticated judgment, should have done better.

"How about a swim?" It was Bill's suggestion.

"SIDNEY looks absolutely stuffed to the tonsils," Helen objected. "I'd simply have fits if he barged in and sank."

"I've started the coffee," Alix remarked, "and it can be used for restorative purposes. It ought to be done by the time we need it."

Sidney rose with dignity and some wrath. It was an unbelievably crass interruption to enchantment—the magic of the fire and all the rest. But that was Helen. And there was something about a swim in the night—this night—with the stars so white and numerous that they might have been snowflakes.

"Come on, Bill," he said, ignoring Helen. "Do we rate the towel?"

"There's only one," Bill explained, "and you know women."

(Continued on Page 50)

Haunted Ground

By

OLIVER LA FARGE

Winner of the 1930 Pulitzer Prize for the Novel, "Laughing Boy"

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

GEORGE WATERSON stood up uncertainly. He was shaky and bitterly cold; the nor'wester blew clear through him; by the last faint daylight he could see sparse dry snowflakes driven under the leaden sky. Well, that had failed, too, and the immediate business was, apparently, to continue living. He looked around. By God, with the whole bay to choose from, he had to go ashore on the beach of the Hales' place—"Haunted Ground," the country people's by-name for it, said itself in his mind. Under his dominant consciousness of cold and misery was a conviction that his luck had irrevocably turned, that now every least chance was viciously leveled against him.

For the moment, at least, he must continue living. This was too cold. There was nothing for it but to go up to the Hales', to Haunted Ground. Wouldn't you know something like that would happen? He climbed the familiar path up the steep bluff behind the beach and at the top, where locust trees broke the wind, stopped to look back. The Lucy was just bits of wood and spars twisting on the rocks, mouthed by the breakers; there was no longer even the shape of a boat. He didn't want to look. He faced inland.

He heard his heart beating clearly, almost thunderously, and very slow. Exhaustion, he thought. There was a good half mile of ascending road before him, leading up to the crest of the hill topped by the big, high-shouldered old Hale house against the last gray of the western sky, with the elms on one side that always bent away from it, shaped by sea winds. It never did make a cheerful picture. But there were lighted windows.

He supposed Sue would be laid out in one of those rooms—Sue, Sue! Each fresh recollection of her death struck him with the force of the first impact. That damned old house so packed with death! Old Jasper Summers with a mouth full of broken teeth eagerly and bluntly telling him, "Did ye hear abaout Susan Hale? A burglar come into their haouse, first one's ben in the taownship in twenty years, last night and shot her dead." He saw again the triumphant gossip's face in a mist of horror, and heard the calm voice continuing about Mrs. Hale being sick from the shock and so on, and on, and on.

SUE and John and himself having a snowball fight with hydrangeas. Mrs. Hale would probably have her in the sitting room. In a coffin—oh! Sue riding his pony while he led and John envied. That must have been one of the few times when his money gave him an advantage over the country boy. A still picture and a remembered pain when Sue told him that she was engaged to John. Sue sobbing and clinging to him when John was lost with his boat off Brenton's reef. He had been shocked and ashamed then at a fierce joy that mingled with his sorrow for his friend and for her sorrow. She had said, "Anyway, living in Haunted Ground, I'll see him again when I'm old, the way granny used to do."

That quiet assumption had made him feel chilly.

He heard his heartbeats again, clear and slow. Vaguely he thought that he had left something of great importance on the beach. It was terribly cold. The high wind had blown his clothes dry.

It hit him again. Sue was dead—dead—dead. He would have won her in time, and she was dead. The first burglar in Quonochaug in twenty years had shot her through the heart. An unknown man casually in the course of his trade blotted out the sun and disappeared. A hole over her heart, spreading red. Sue, Sue! Oh, God!

The house loomed gaunt and dark above the two lighted windows; the wind swooped around it, and the bare trees, twisting away, complained. He knocked and waited, shivering, then knocked again. His heartbeats sounded very loud, and he resisted an almost overwhelming impulse to turn and race back to the beach. He had left something vital there. Still no one answered him.

He turned the knob and entered. The sitting-room door was open, letting grateful warmth into the hall. Just as he had thought, the coffin was in the center of the sitting room, Mrs. Hale sat in a rocker opposite. It was unusual to see her with idle hands, not knitting or sewing.

"Please excuse me for coming in like this, Mrs. Hale ——"

"That's all right, George; if I'd known what you were I'd have let you in. Sit down."

Odd way of putting it. She looked pale and weak, and her speech, for all its New England precision, had a quality of vagueness. George moved toward the coffin.

"Don't disturb her."

What on earth did she think he was going to do?

"I figured she was tired, and she's laid out so pretty I'm just letting her rest awhile. She's to be buried Thursday."

An unpleasant feeling came over George that the shock had unbalanced the old lady. He gazed at the girl's uncovered face, the rich golden-brown hair, long lashes making shadows on the cheeks, delicate, warm mouth. He thought in trite adjectives, chiefly repeating "lovely." He was glad for the macabre skill of an undertaker who had touched her mouth with lipstick. She had never been a pale person, Sue. The plants of winter were about her, bittersweet, pine branches, even thorny barberry that she loved.

He stood looking for some minutes, not really thinking. His heartbeats seemed yet slower, and again he was troubled about something forgotten on the beach. At length he sat down.

"How did you come here?" Mrs. Hale emphasized the "you."

"When I heard, I—I didn't want to live any longer. I took the Lucy out and cracked on sail till she went. We were driven aground here, I was cast up on the beach, and, and here I am." He said the last words dully. "I hated it when I saw I was on your shore, but I'm glad I came now."

"It's hard for you, George. She'll be seeing John after church on Thursday."

"I know." Curious way she had of talking about it.

"It'd 'a' been better . . ." Her voice became inaudible, although her mouth continued in the motions of speech.

The shock had undoubtedly harmed her. He was in none too good shape himself. Those couldn't be heartbeats he heard, they were too slow, and they seemed to come from outside, or from something in his ears from being knocked around so. They were both of them unwell.

MRS. HALE became audible again. "I don't know what will come of the house when we're all gone. People won't buy it. I tried to sell it before, just after Mr. Hale died. It's got a bad name. The Hales 've always been too friendly with their dead. And this—this holocaust it is, really—all centered round the house will make it worse. My cousins will get it, the Warwick Hales, you know. They'll subdivide, I guess. I thought you . . ." Her voice died again.

Decidedly, she needed rest and distraction. So did he. He was being positively haunted.

"Mrs. Hale, please don't think me officious, but I'm sure you need rest; we both do. I'm nervous and I feel badly, and I'm sure you're overtired."

"I'm not tired. I feel spryer than in a long time, now it's over."

"Well, you know, at moments when you're talking your voice fades into actual silence, although you go on speaking."

"What?"

(Continued on Page 116)

HE CLIMBED THE FAMILIAR PATH UP THE STEEP BLUFF BEHIND THE BEACH AND AT THE TOP, WHERE LOCUST TREES BROKE THE WIND, STOPPED TO LOOK BACK

John LaGatta, in Picture and Prose,

COLOR! . . . The gold of the sun and the sand . . . the blues and the greens of the sea . . . vivid parasols hiding the sun in deep purple shadows . . . beach costumes matching precisely the temperaments of those who wear them . . . pink-backed crabs scuttling ridiculously into any sandy home . . . seaweed and sea shells . . . driftwood and gray-brown foam . . . pale clouds riding gracefully with the breeze . . . boisterous blue-green waves bowing white heads incessantly to the yellow sand . . . flowers and birds and the laughter of charming people at play . . . blues, greens, reds, yellows, purples, oranges and myriad shades of tones of each. . . .

Color! . . . Now delicate, mellow, tender, soft—like a hushed symphony; now gorgeous, bright, gay, intense—like sudden, reckless jazz . . . but forever harmonious, forever natural—forever a strange but perfect fusion after such ceaseless intermingling. . . .

What is art but the crystallization of the emotions of *anyone*—artist, musician, poet, novelist, sculptor—and the æsthetic medium used to express those emotions?

The artist walks along an æsthetic boulevard.

He sees intangibles.

And now his eyes are wide with wonder and delight—for he is seeing something that he hasn't seen in years: He is seeing woman walking arm in arm with transformation. He is watching her glance coldly at the ungraciousness with which she was formerly flirtatious. Charm is in her favor now—charm and graciousness and, I hope, a little bit of romance.

He sees these intangibles and this transformation. They are real to him. Charm, elegance, grace, loveliness, refinement, good taste, delicacy, beauty and the mysteries of feminism are, to him, things capable of being captured in color, music, poetry, prose, marble or bronze.

Catches the Spirit of the New Decade

Perhaps he can immortalize them.

Perhaps, in immortalizing them, he will so succeed in crystallizing his emotions that he also will walk beyond the last milestone on his boulevard. He never knows. Time alone can tell.

But he realizes one thing, for that is plain: The woman of this charming decade couldn't possibly be more feminine, more charmingly herself, nor more her charming self than she is today!

Nor does it matter where she is nor who she is.

On the beach . . . at the dance . . . . in the morning . . . in the evening . . . at rest . . . at play—she dresses for her type and to suit her temperament. She expresses *herself* by what she wears. Her costume reflects *her* far more precisely than the mirror in her boudoir.

Sophistication, refinement, languor, intelligence, smartness, loveliness, graciousness, mystery—no temperament escapes the betrayal of her dress; and she finds bad taste, if not inexcusable, at least deplorable. She knows. She senses her possibilities in the decade which lies before her—and her adaptability has not been given to her without cause. All this the artist sees as he walks along the æsthetic boulevard. But more!

What beauty lies before him! What a change from the chaotic decade just drawn, I hope, to a close.

It is thrilling! It is so immense, whether it be for better or for worse, that it is almost incomprehensible. Yet here it is, all about us—in the things we wear, the things we do, the things we buy, the things we play, the things we see, the things we read, the things we think.

Romance. Adventure. Beauty. Charm. Excitement. Far more so, indeed, than the preposterous, hurly-burly, topsy-turvy, complex confusion of the decade we are now replacing.

This, certainly, is *the decade of charm!*

Educating for Leadership

Henry Ford Explains His New Schools for a Million Children

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

HENRY FORD has definitely begun the execution of a plan of education which has been forming in his mind for many years. He has in part been trying it out for more than ten years, but, with the Edison Institute at Dearborn nearly finished, he is now in a position to go ahead in the big way he has projected.

His plan is fundamentally different from anything which has yet been tried anywhere. He is going into it on a very large scale. He has already spent many millions of dollars and will spend as many more as may be necessary. It is not just a hobby with him. It is his largest life work and he hopes it will be his most enduring contribution to the world.

And the unfolding of his plan also discloses that the vast collecting of ancient objects of all kinds from locomotives to needles, the restoration of old inns and houses, and the creation of a whole village and museum at Dearborn are a part of a plan of education and not merely evidence of a desire to collect.

There is, most people will grant, a distinct need for some new thought in education. The country is each year spending many millions of dollars on education and many citizens are asking if they are getting an adequate return for their money. When a boy graduates from high school or college, he seems to have to spend as many years adjusting himself to the world as he did in obtaining the education which was presumably designed to enable him better to serve in the world. More than a few never get adjusted.

All these matters I have discussed at length with Mr. Ford. His own business interests are so broad that they cover nearly every branch of applied science from aerodynamics to tropical medicine. A job with Mr. Ford may not even remotely concern the making of automobiles. And his largest problem is always to find men who will tackle their jobs with the single thought of doing in the best way that which is before them to do—instead of accumulating a fund of information on how or why the job cannot be done. He has to find a way to use the human material which the schools and colleges turn over to him. He finds that, though the graduates come to him duly certified with diplomas, there is a wide gap between what they are supposed to know and what they do know in any useful way. That is why practically all applicants for jobs are shunted to the employment gate—and where it does not matter whether the man is just out of Harvard or just out of Sing Sing.

In all this Mr. Ford recognizes that there must be a waste. The present method is to drop everyone into a pot and then see who and what emerge. The process takes time, and Mr. Ford thinks that education ought to have as its end the shortening of this process.

He wants to know what is the purpose of education. He said to me:

"Why should we use the word 'education' to describe a course of study that fills a boy full of a lot of things that are often useless, while never teaching him to use his eyes or to think for himself? What do I mean by useless ideas?"

Developing Industrial Leaders

"IDEAS that are not fruitful in experience and understanding and service. Of course, we all understand what is claimed for the mental gymnastic exercise of admittedly useless studies. But why not the mental gymnastics and the useful acquisitions at the same time? It may not require a change of subjects so much as a change of approach.

"Every kind of education should have an objective. With us the objective is to find and to equip boys who will develop into industrial leaders of men. By this I mean leaders who, by reason of ability in invention or in organization, will create new methods or remake old methods to provide more and more useful goods and therefore useful work for men everywhere. As affairs now are, there is too much delay in finding our leaders; they emerge too late. I think that the process of equipping can be shortened and the process of real experience begun earlier. This is not to say that any plan of education will of itself produce leaders, but it seems possible to devise a method by which leaders may be recognized as they appear."

Mr. Ford starts with the absolute conviction that the largest job on earth is the abolition of poverty. In his definition of leadership he puts above everything else the leader who devises ways and means for men better to earn livings at useful work.

A part of his deep feeling toward Mr. Edison is due to the fact that Mr. Edison's inventions have provided new and useful occupations for men.

A second principle that Mr. Ford holds has to do with charity.

He abhors charity, for to him the free giving of money only serves to confirm poverty; he wants to help men and women to help themselves and therefore he holds that any institution which is not self-supporting is wrongly founded—that some highly essential thing has been overlooked in its making. He has already applied this on a large scale to his hospital, which gives the highest service at a very low cost and still about makes ends meet. Mr. Ford will not deliberately found anything which at some time in the future must depend upon charitable contributions for its continuance.

His whole educational plan is designed to be self-supporting and this is of particular interest when we consider the immense sums which now have to be raised for an education which possibly does not educate.

However, he is not out to educate a large number of young men to be mechanics. In his present schools he uses a great deal of machinery, but this machine work has as its end not the forming of a mechanic but the training of the hand and through the hand the training of the brain.

"For some years now," he said, "I have been working out a system of education in the direction of having pupils use their eyes really to see with, so that their brains may make use of what they see, thus giving the opportunity for thinking from things instead of from words. This, it seems to me, will shorten the processes of thought. For, if one be thinking about things, then a quicker, clearer and more accurate base for thinking can be had by seeing the actual thing than by merely reading about or even looking at a picture of the thing.

"Then the mind will have the chance to work forward more precisely, for then at least one possibility of error will be removed. Now if, in addition, one can actually work not only with that thing but also with all the steps leading up to its development, then the brain has a still broader base of fact to work from. There will be no need of speculating about that which has already been accomplished, and the mind can go forward to speculating about that which has never been done.

"In other words, it ought to be possible to short-cut the road to invention. For instance, if a man be working on electric motors, he will save years of research if he has at hand the actual examples of what everyone previously has done in electric motors. He can comprehend in a few hours or days what might otherwise take him years to learn."

Earning One's Livelihood

"THE first and most elemental feature of our idea has to do with making every pupil self-supporting from the moment that he enters the system. In supporting themselves, they also pay the way of the institution. No charity is anywhere involved, for by the very simple process of having the students do useful instead of useless work in school it is possible for them to earn satisfactory incomes during their school years, to gain the habit of self-reliance and to be wholly competent to earn their own livings anywhere in the outside world—if they do not happen to be chosen for further development.

"I take it as a matter of course that a good citizen is one who, in addition to other qualities, has the training and ability to earn his own living anywhere at any time. That, at the very least, we already give to all our pupils.

"Every man ought to have a trade of some kind and preferably a number of trades, so that, regardless of whatever form of work he may choose to do, he may always have something to fall back on in an emergency. And if a man aspires to be a leader, he must know a great deal about a great many trades.

"No man is going to do well in any line if he is haunted by the fear of poverty. A man with the ability to use his hands need never worry about his daily bread.

"One of the reasons why we have so much youthful crime is that boys are not taught from the very beginning to earn their own livelihoods—it is a detail they have not been helped to master. They try to get by foul means what they could much more easily get by fair means. The criminal works harder and gets less than the mechanic."

The complete plan of Mr. Ford has been a long time in the making. It started with the Henry Ford Trade School at Highland Park which he established in 1916. This is not a trade school at all in the usual sense. It grew out of an attempt to find some way to educate the boys who would ordinarily have to go to work at a very early age and who would thus never have the chance to gain the background of knowledge that would enable them to earn proper livings.

To this school has been added a second school at the River Rouge plant of the company. These schools have in them about two thousand pupils and the waiting list is usually around five thousand.

Another school has been established at the Wayside Inn at South Sudbury, Massachusetts, and has some fifty pupils. Mr. Ford also has a little school for younger boys and girls which holds its sessions in the old schoolhouse that he attended himself as a lad and which he removed to Greenfield Village—as he calls the old village he has built at Dearborn—and restored to its original condition. His schools have nothing to do with his industries.

With the Edison Institute as a center, he now will gradually establish throughout the country other schools leading

(Continued on Page 69)

THE FAMOUS GOG AND MAGOG CLOCK WHICH IS BEING RESTORED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE EDISON SCHOOL

Very New Babies

By ALICE HARVEY

"NINE POUNDS AND THREE OUNCES! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, ISN'T IT?"

"WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH THERE, WILL YOU HELP ME CART KIDS?"

"GOOD MORNING, MOTHER. FIVE O'CLOCK. DON'T YOU WANT TO TAKE YOUR BATH?"

"H'M—HE SEEMS NORMAL"

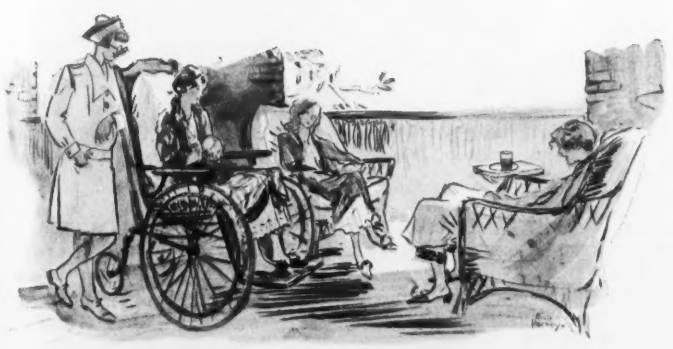
"WHAT'S 28 GOT HER LIGHT ON FOR?" "I DON'T KNOW. HAVEN'T YOU DONE HER YET?"

"WELL, THAT IS A BABY!"

"SEE WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT YOU!"

"ONE MINUTE THEY'RE JUST A BABY—AND THE NEXT MINUTE—HOW FAST THEY GROW!"

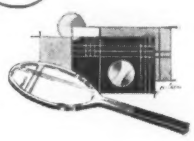
"SEE BABY SNIFFIN'? HE'S GOING HOME TODAY"



"BUT WHEN THE DOCTOR CAME HE SAID: 'YOU'D BETTER GET IN MY CAR AND COME RIGHT ALONG WITH ME'"

"YOU WANT TO BE QUICK ABOUT IT, SO'S THEY DON'T CATCH COLD"

Please Go to the Net



By LAWRENCE PERRY

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

SEATED in a wicker chair on the after deck of the steam yacht Nona, Janet Graydon glanced up, a curious expression in her eyes, as her husband and Lance Jessup walked down the deck.

Arriving in Newport with the New York Yacht Club cruising squadron, the Graydon yacht had remained at anchor, after the cruise had disbanded, for the famous Invitation Lawn Tennis tournament at the Casino, where Jed Graydon had been playing.

With numerous guests coming and going throughout the summer, Janet had limited her cruising party to Lance Jessup, whom she had been able to catch upon his return from Europe, where he had represented the United States Lawn Tennis Association contingent in France and at Wimbledon, and to Miriam Chivers, asked, of course, on Jed's account.

"I think," said Janet, "now you'll be willing to admit what bears you were in not letting me wait for Jed this afternoon."

Jessup sank deeply into a chair, glancing at her with an amused little shrug. He winked at Hamill Graydon, who, however, smiled vaguely, in the manner of one who is very comfortable and begs to be excused even from amiable controversy.

"I just saw Jed and Miriam getting into the launch at the club landing," he said. "Happened to be looking through the glass."

"Yes, Miriam waited for him, of course. You see, the reason I wanted to wait, too, was to tell him that everyone thought he played a marvelous game against Tilden."

"He knew that, old girl."

"Oh, Lance!" Janet surveyed the man disgustedly. "People like to be told ——" She stopped abruptly. "I understand what you mean, of course."

"A boy," said Jessup, oracular as a bachelor can be in discussing a friend's children. "wants to digest his licking without interference. He is inclined to set his family down as a crowd of mourners trying to put a cheerful face on things."

Janet raised her eyebrows.

"I wonder how I ever brought Jed up without you, Lance."

"Well"—Jessup waved his hand with a complacent gesture—"I've often thought I'd have made a corking father."

"You would have," Janet agreed warmly. "It's just sheer tragedy. But," she went on hastily, "about Jed—it's no fun to be put out of tournament when you've been playing as he has." She paused. "Miriam Chivers had the courage of her convictions."

"Yes, and I'll bet," Hamill Graydon interposed, "that she didn't sympathize with him ten cents' worth. 'Too bad, old bean,'" he went on, trying to imitate Miriam's rather husky, abrupt manner of speech. "'Better luck next time.' And that was all of that, I'll gamble."

"You are so clever, both of you." Janet rose, walking to the gangway as the Nona's launch drew alongside.

"Janet, come here."

She paused.

"What is it, Lance?"

"You'll get a much better shot at the kid if you just sit about naturally, as though nothing much had happened. I may not be a parent, but I was a boy once—even a boy of nineteen—and I remember I was always more talkative if I thought no one cared greatly whether I talked or not. Otherwise I was a clam."

Janet flushed.

"Somehow I feel I'm being taken for a ride this afternoon." Nevertheless she came back to her chair and sat down, waiting with what indifference she could summon as Jed came down the deck with his lanky slouch, Miriam at his side. She looked up casually, smiling.

"WELL, Jed?"—I hope, she thought grimly, that will meet with the approval of these all-wise men who think they know so much about youthful psychology.

"Gee!" Jed, quite to Janet's surprise, came to her chair, sitting upon the arm.

Miriam went to the rail, tactfully, as it appeared, withdrawing herself from the group.

For a moment there was silence.

"Anything to drink, you and Miriam?" It was Hamill Graydon who spoke. He had previously summoned a deck steward.

"Think I'd like a spout of ginger ale; touch of lemon squeezed in. You, Miriam?"

"Thanks."

"Gee!" Jed watched the steward's retreating form, abstractedly clenching and unclenching his hand. The others seemed equally abstracted. Jed glanced at his father and mother with an assumption of negligence designed, Janet thought, to conceal puzzlement. Getting up from the arm of the chair, he walked across the deck to Miriam, paused at her side without speaking. Soon he returned, standing with his hands thrust into his pockets.

"Well," he said at last, speaking as though with considerable effort, "I was certainly put out, all right."

"You played magnificent tennis, Jed," said Lance.

Janet thought Jessup might have added he was proud of the boy. But she said nothing. She was keeping out of this. She intended it to be purely a male occasion and she was curious to see what they made of it.

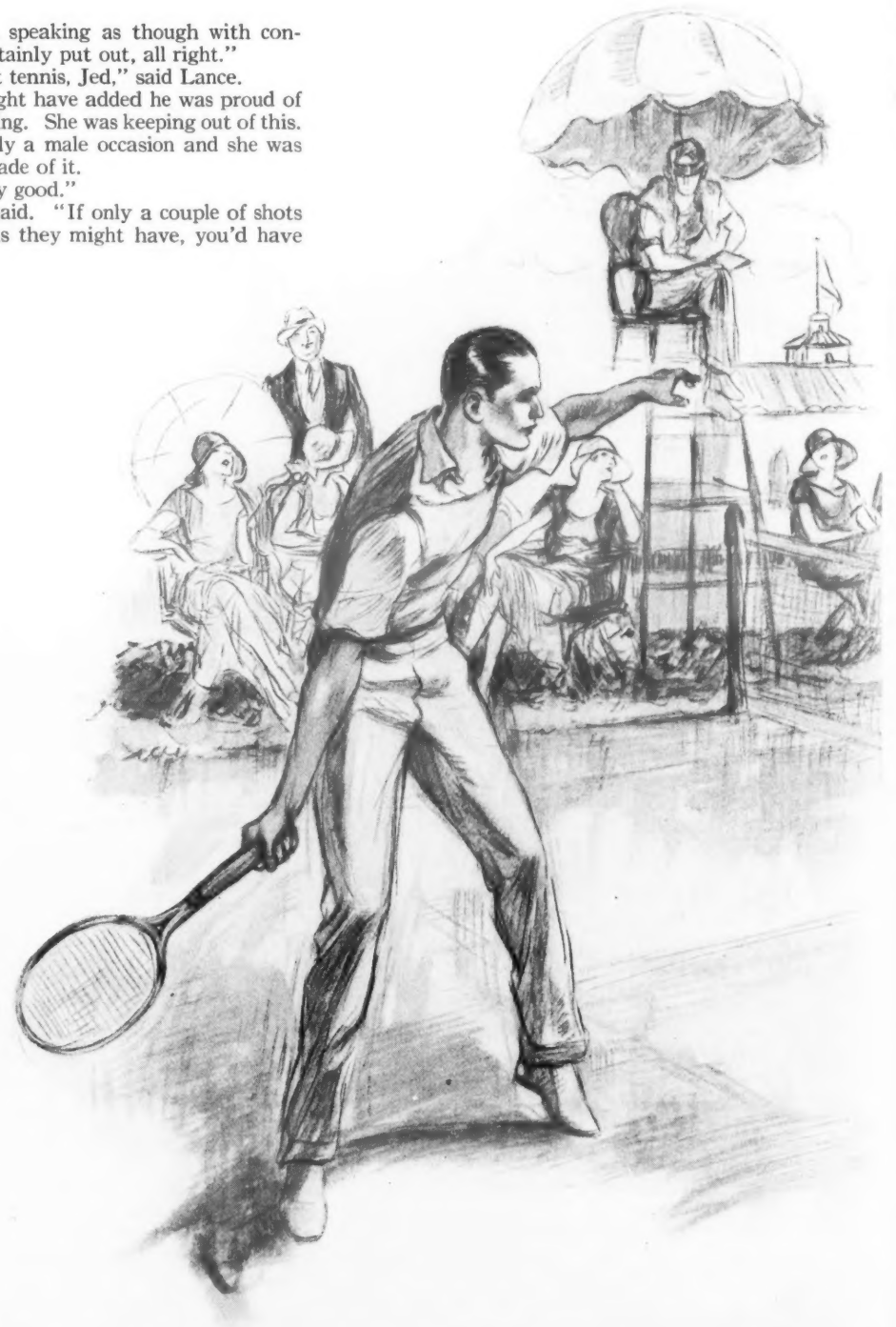
"I felt I was going pretty good."

"Best ever," his father said. "If only a couple of shots had gone the other way, as they might have, you'd have won that deciding set."

"Tilden was pretty nice after the match."

"Complimented you, eh?" suggested Jessup.

"Yes, in the dressing room. He remembered I had come through to the semifinals at Sea Bright and at Southampton. Said I had improved more than any of the younger players. He's a great egg, Tilden." Janet burned to ask him what else Tilden had said, but painfully she held to her determination. "Well," Jed went on after a moment's silence, "I'm out and yet, again, I'm in."



"THAT so?" Lance Jessup's reply suggested politeness rather than curiosity. But Janet, deciding to dissipate once and for all this heavy atmosphere of male reserve, bore in eagerly.

"In? In where? In what, Jed? Just what do you mean?"

"Why, Sybil Galbraith is here."

"Yes?" Janet, for some reason, spoke breathlessly. "We saw her this afternoon in the Jason Biddulph box. She's staying with them, I believe."

"Darn fine-looking girl," Hamill Graydon observed. "Perfect English type. Blond hair, red cheeks. I wonder if she has big feet? Most of them have. Didn't see her feet."

Janet, divining her son was in a mood to talk, moved impatiently.

"What about her, Jed?"

"Oh nothing—much." He hesitated, self-consciously. "The committee wants me to play her tomorrow afternoon in an exhibition curtain raiser to the men's final. Two sets."

"Why, Jed, how very nice!" Then Janet frowned. Sybil Galbraith was the new toast of English lawn tennis, who in the current season had swept meteorically across the firmament of sport. At Wimbledon—her first appearance there—she would undoubtedly have met Miss Helen Wills in the final round, having come through to the semifinals without the loss of a game, but illness had compelled her to default.

Later, accompanied by her mother, Lady Staunton Galbraith, and by Mrs. Biddulph and her daughter, she had come to this country, proceeding straight to Newport, where, according to rumor, she had done some perfunctory playing upon the Biddulph courts.

So Jed's announcement that this English girl, whose exploits, actual and legendary, had excited the interest of the lawn-tennis world, was not only to make her first public appearance in this country but was to play against him was the most thrilling news that could have come to Janet Graydon.

"But, Jed"—she was on her feet now, confronting her son—"if you play her you will—you will try to win, of course?"

"I don't see why not," said Lance Jessup decidedly, as Jed hesitated.

"Well, I most certainly don't see why not." Janet turned to her son. "Have you met her, Jed? Just how was this thing arranged?"

"Don't know, mother. There are no girls around who could give her a game. They're all down at Forest Hills playing in the Women's National. So I guess they had to get a man, although I don't know just why they picked on me."

"I know." Miriam Chivers joined the group for the first time. She was highly flushed and her eyes, Janet noted, were hard and sparkling. "Miss Galbraith picked him; or, at least, she asked the committee to, because she, naturally, wants a man who is not a net player."

"But Jed is a beautiful net player, dear." Janet eyed the girl curiously.

"Of course." Miriam tossed her head. "But he didn't go to the net against Tilden today—and this is the first day Miss Galbraith has been at the Casino."

Jed moved impatiently. "How could I go to the net? Tilden was playing a placing game. He had the backline corners cold. It was one of his days where a man had no choice but to play the way he wanted him to play."

"MISS GALBRAITH didn't know that," Miriam returned. "Or she didn't think about it. Anyway, I'm sure that is the reason you were picked. I can't really understand," she went on with some asperity, "why she didn't go to Forest Hills if she wanted to show how good she was."

"She got here too late to enter the Women's National," Jessup explained. "Assuming," he added, "she would have had any desire to enter. She's rather a curious sort—or, at least, her family is. Old and aristocratic. They wouldn't let her come over with the Wightman Cup Team. Too young, they said. She's just eighteen, you know."

"You saw her at Wimbledon, Lance. Just how good is she?" Janet leaned toward Jessup.

"A rattling fine player by any standard. Don't make any mistake about that. Reminds me a lot of Helen Wills in action, but I think she moves more gracefully."

"You don't think she can beat Jed, do you?"

"Oh, mother!" Jed, who had taken a glass from the steward's tray, handed it to Miriam and was about to sit down with the other glass, turned in sudden decision up the deck. "I think, if you'll all excuse me, I'll drink this in my room. Lie down, read, before dinner. Will I have to dress, mother?"

"Not if you don't want to, dear. I know you must be tired."

Janet nodded and smiled, following him with her eyes until he turned into the door leading to the companionway.

"I'm afraid," she said, "I was rather clumsy. But if your knowledge of mothers is as stupendous as your knowledge of their children, Lance, you'll understand."

"I do understand, my dear girl, perfectly. You asked me if I thought this Galbraith girl could beat Jed. She can't if Jed goes to the net."

"But of course he'll go to the net," Janet cried, "What ever gave you the idea he won't?"

"I can't imagine," Miriam interposed, "why not. I'm sure he wouldn't be so simple as all that."

"Well"—Jessup glanced at Hamill Graydon—"I don't know about that."

"You don't know!" Janet's eyes were sparkling. "Lance, what on earth's the matter with you? Why don't you know?"

"Why—why, after all, it's a girl Jed's going to play."

"Yes, Janet," Hamill Graydon said, "it's a girl. You have to keep that in mind."

"Oh, a girl! Quite so." Janet's breath caught. "A girl! Well, suppose it is? Is that any reason why Jed Graydon should go before a Casino crowd and let himself be beaten?"

MIRIAM'S HANDS WERE CLENCHED. "OH, GO TO THE NET, YOU POOR THING. SHE ASKED YOU TO"

"If," Miriam said, sharply emphatic, "she expects that she must be the poorest sort of a fish."

Hamill Graydon sat up in his chair, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his jacket.

"Miriam, do you modern girls know anything at all about gallantry?"

The girl flushed quickly.

"Why—why—just what do you mean, Mr. Graydon?"

"Oh," Graydon explained, "I don't mean moving-picture or stage stuff. But just honest-to-goodness, instinctive deference—the things a gentleman does, and feels, where women are concerned; or used to. I'll confess I've noticed little enough of it among your generation. And, now the point's come up, I'll say I've long been wondering whether it's because girls don't want it or because, well, because chivalry is a lost impulse among youngsters of my sex. What's your idea, Miriam? Frankly, I'm curious."

"WHY, it's simply, Hamill ——" Janet stopped as her husband shook his head at her, waving his hand admonishingly.

"If you don't mind, Janet, I want Miriam to answer."

"Well!" Janet laughed. "Is that your idea of being particularly chivalrous?"

"I interrupted merely to ask if you would be so good as to let Miriam answer without your help."

"Very well, sir, your knightly request is granted. Go ahead, Miriam."

"Why," Miriam said obediently, "I think the girls don't want it. Oh, we like to be treated decently—and we are. There are certain conventions, of course, and men, who are gentlemen, respect them. But I suppose they are pretty free and easy compared to the old conventions."

"I see. Sort of give and take, eh?"

"Why," smiled Miriam, "something like that, I imagine."

"Then," asked Jessup, "the young man with any manners at all is apt to be classed as a cake eater or a gigolo?"

Miriam laughed.

"He's apt to be under suspicion."

Graydon shook his head impatiently.

"Lance, I don't think I put it quite fairly. Now, here's the thing: You all remember Maj. Archie Butt, who was military aide to Roosevelt and Taft. I told the story to Jed several times when he was a kid and it always seemed to impress him a lot. Butt was a passenger of the Titanic when it went down," Graydon explained to Miriam. "When first word of the disaster came to a group of his friends seated about a table in a club in Washington one of them rose with his glass. 'Here,' he said, 'is to the memory of Archie Butt.' Why did he say that? Because he knew that Butt had never left that ship while there were women and children to be saved, or anything helpful to be done. That's the reason this man knew Butt would never come back. And he never did. It's what I mean, Miriam, when I spoke of gallantry—something fine, something you can't put into words, that you girls are killing, perhaps without knowing it. That's the thing you say you don't want. Well, you do want it and if you don't know it, I'm telling you. Humanity doesn't change."

MIRIAM, seeing her host had grown serious, had the tact merely to nod. And Janet entered the situation.

"Very well, Hamill, and all this leads up to what? To that tennis match, I suppose. All right, now I ask you, what should Jed do, stay away from the net?"

"Give the girl a break, certainly."

"And you?" Janet turned to Jessup. "What would you do if you were playing Miss Galbraith?"

"We are not concerned with any hypothesis, Janet. I am not playing her and Jed is. If Jed goes to the net he'll be playing a man's game against a girl's game and that's not a fair contest. Girls seldom go to the net even when playing against one another."

"But Jed has been invited to play lawn tennis, not any specific game, not a girl's game or a man's game—just lawn tennis. I never heard of anything so ridiculous."

"It wouldn't be gallant or chivalrous for Jed not to go to the net. It would be merely

(Continued on Page 55)

Blowing Clear

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Illustrated by Harold Brett

MANY YEARS have passed since John Huyler Heath returned to his native Nauticook, a small summer-resort and fishing village on the Massachusetts coast, to earn his living as a "codder." Nauticook knows that his family moved down Maine when he was a boy, but the intervening years are a closed book and Heath's taciturnity has earned for him the sobriquet of "The Sea Clam." To distinguish him from other Johns, Heath is familiarly known as "Hi." Portly Lorenzo Weeks, his factotum and man of all housework, is called "Lo." The third member of the household is a dog, and thus the trio have become Hi, Lo, Jack, and their house, it follows, is dubbed Seven-up.

The little John Heath says is clothed in a mild sarcasm and his pessimistic outlook on life is embraced in a philosophy of two words—All nothin'. All nothin', because John Heath returned to Nauticook as a ship makes port after a storm, in his case a storm that all but wrecked his life. For John's wife deserted him, ran away with another man. Disillusioned, embittered, John Heath sold the attractive home he had made for her, gave up his trade as a cabinetmaker, turned his back on the Maine town that had meant both happiness and misery, and after wandering about irresolutely for several years finally found a haven in Nauticook.

Eight years pass uneventfully, and then the calm of John Heath's life is broken. A heavy fog envelops the coast and he brings Samuel Hazen, a New York financier, lost in a motorboat, into the harbor in safety. They little dream that years later their paths will cross again. That same night he receives a letter from an Ohio clergyman, telling of the death of his wife, leaving an orphaned boy, eleven years old. She has told the minister that Raymond was born in 1893, eight months after she deserted her husband, and that the boy is John Heath's own son.

In anguish and in doubt, reluctantly, fearfully, almost unwillingly, Heath arranges a meeting with the clergyman and the boy at a Boston hotel. Fatherhood bests his other impulses and Raymond is invited for a visit to Seven-up, but the true relationship between the two is not disclosed. Heath is simply to be "Uncle John" to his son.

V.

MR. WEEKS was, as he might have said, "all fizzed up" by that telegram. Heath's departure for Boston had been sudden and the cook's question as to his reason for going and the probable time of his return unanswered. Who on earth the "company" might be was beyond imagining. They never had "company" at Seven-up. Not once had a third person remained overnight in the little house.

And now company was coming; apparently a lot of company, for he was ordered to provide plenty to eat. The butcher's cart visited that part of the village only every other day and this was not one of those days. Lorenzo rushed uptown and spent an agitated half hour chasing what he called the "meat cart" along the route it was supposed to travel on this particular day. He caught up with it at last, away down on the East End Road, and astonished its driver by purchasing three pounds of steak and an equal weight of pork chops. At the grocery he bought so extensively that the clerk wished to know if he was cal'latin' to have a party.

"Don't waste time talkin' about what I'm goin' to have," sputtered Lorenzo. "If you don't get them bundles done up pretty soon I'll have a fit."

"That so? Well, have it on the platform; I'm busy in here."

With his arms heaped with parcels and more in his pockets he galloped home and plunged into a frenzy of preparation. It was after nine when the telegram was delivered; now it was eleven and the train was due at 12:05. He had no idea how many places to set at the table, but he finally decided on five, then subtracted one, only to add it again. He brought extra chairs from the bedrooms.

AT NOON the meal was ready, or nearly so. The potatoes and succotash were cooked. The steak was on the fire. The apple pie he had bought at the bake shop was warming in the oven. The train was certain to be a few minutes late and it would take at least ten minutes more for the depot wagon to bring Heath and the "company" from the station. Mr. Weeks, after a careful survey, sighed in satisfaction, and decided that he might now allow himself time to wash and brush up.

Just then he heard a sound at the door and, turning, saw Jack—or Nuisance—furtively departing for the open air with one of the pork chops—Lorenzo had provided them for breakfast next morning—in his mouth.

Mr. Weeks' first utterance will not be quoted here. Jack may not have understood the words, but the tone was unmistakable. He yelped apprehensively from behind the pork chop, but he held on to it. He rushed into the yard and fled. Behind him thundered Lorenzo.

The chase was long and, of course, fruitless. It ended at a spot fifty yards away and on the beach. Weeks collapsed upon an overturned lobster pot and fought for breath. Far down the shore a four-legged object was still moving rapidly. The pork chop moved with it.

"You—you—you ——" panted Lorenzo. After a period of gasping, choking and mopping his forehead with his sleeve, he rose, groaned and plodded wearily back to Seven-up.

Before the door stood the depot wagon. As he looked, it rolled away toward the village. The train, that forenoon, had broken all previous records; it was not late, but actually several minutes ahead of schedule. John Huyler Heath and the expected "company" were already inside the cottage.

They were there when he, the cook, stumbled across the threshold. Heath was standing by the cookstove, holding in one hand a frying pan from which ascended a cloud of smoke. The room was filled with smoke and fragrant with the aroma of scorched beef. Beside the table stood a boy, a stranger.

Lorenzo's gaze took in the tableau; then it centered upon the frying pan. With a choked exclamation he darted forward and snatched it from his employer's hand.

"Salvation's mercy!" he wailed. "Look at it! Look! That everlastin' dog!"

"Dog?"

"Yes, dog! That's what that is, just that everlastin' dog! Look at it!"

John Heath looked.

"Well, well!" he observed dryly. "It was a nice day, so you fried the dog. Good idea!"

"Eh? . . . Oh, don't talk so numb. I don't feel funny, if you do. I fried three pound of the best top-of-the-round beefsteak, that's what I fried. And he sneaked up and stole a pork chop! My soul! What'll I do now?"

Heath shook his head. "You might open a window to begin with," he suggested, coughing.

HE OPENED one himself. The atmosphere of the room cleared slightly. Weeks paid no attention; he was still gazing at the contents of the pan.

"There I stood," he moaned, "a-cookin' that steak and—and all to once I heard a noise. And when I turned around, there he was ——"

"All right. Tell the rest by and by. Come on, Raymond; I'll show you where your room is. Bring your valise."

He led the way to and up the flight of stairs at the end of the room. The boy, picking up a small traveling bag, followed him. Lorenzo carried the smoking pan to the sink and busied himself, trying, with a knife, to scrape the thickest of the burnt patches from the steak. The ruin was not complete, there was a chance of salvage.

Heath descended the stairs alone. Weeks turned to him.

"It ain't so bad's I was afraid 'twas," he announced almost cheerfully. "And it wa'n't my fault anyhow. Accidents will happen. No use cryin'. What's done's done."

"Well done, too, I'd say. Dinner ready?"

"Sartin." Then, as the thought occurred to him for the first time, "What have you done with all the comp'ny?"

"He's upstairs. Be down in a minute."

"Eh? No, no. I don't mean that boy; I mean the rest of 'em."

"What rest? He's all there is."

"Hi Heath, do you mean to tell me that boy I see just now is all the comp'ny you fetched?"

"Yes."

"My salvation! Why—why, I've laid in grub enough for a vessel's crew! Didn't you say, in that telegram that you was fetchin' company and I must have plenty to eat?"

"Um-hm."

"Well, there! If plenty to eat didn't mean a lot of comp'ny, what did it mean?"

"Meant one healthy boy. It's all right, Lo; I—oh, hello, Raymond! Ready for dinner, are you? Raymond, this is Mr. Lorenzo Weeks. He's the most important man aboard this craft. Lo, shake hands with Raymond Condon. Raymond's goin' to visit with us a spell. He's my nephew."

Lorenzo's eyes and mouth opened.

"Your—your nephew!" he gasped. "Why, I never knew you had a nephew."

"Well, you know now. Live and learn. Turn to, all hands! Let's eat."

As long as he lives Raymond Condon will never forget that first meal at Seven-up. The table, set hit or miss, with all

sorts of dishes and cutlery. Mr. Weeks in his black shirt sleeves at one end of the board and John Heath, whose shirt sleeves were white, at the other. The abundance of food and the way he was urged to eat more and more of it. The queer little room, with its, to him, odd furnishings. The open door and windows, with their glimpses of sea and sand and hills and pines. The ancient and fishlike smell which the breeze brought with it from the beach below. The strange twang of his companions' voices and the curious, unfamiliar words they used.

He remembers how, in the middle of dinner, a fuzzy dog peered apprehensively around the door jamb and, after this preliminary survey, sneaked inside and curled up very quietly in a corner. He remembers Mr. Weeks' lengthy narrative of the theft of the pork chop and Heath's curt comments.

HIS memory is quite as clear of the afternoon walk with his newly discovered relative along the beach, where, as they passed beyond the shelter of the long sand strip forming the natural breakwater of Nauticook harbor, the great waves leaped, curled over and crashed in frothing thunder upon the shore. The surf, the white shells, the looping, dipping gulls, the steamers and schooners on the horizon, all were brand-new and wonderful to a boy from an inland town.

John Heath did not talk a great deal. Each time the boy looked up, however, he found that the man was looking down at him. When, after the two-mile stroll, they turned back, Heath asked a question.

"How do you like it so far?" he inquired.

"Great!" said Raymond Condon, and meant it.

"Um-hm. Nothin' like this out in Ohio, eh?"

"No, sir. Mr. Heath," pointing, "is it out there where you go fishing?"

"Yes. Think you'd like to go out with me tomorrow mornin'?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. If the weather's fair you can. And—er—Raymond ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Long's you and I are goin' to chum around here for a while, maybe you might as well start in callin' me 'Uncle John.'"

"Yes, sir. I mean, Uncle John."

That whole day and evening were so strange and novel that it was not until nine o'clock, when he went upstairs to his bed in the little room off the attic, that Raymond found time to be lonely. There, with the lamp extinguished, in darkness and, except for the crooning of the wind, in absolute quiet, he thought of home and of his mother and was very lonely indeed.

Downstairs in the living room John Heath and Lorenzo Weeks sat, each in a rocking-chair, the former reading the Boston paper and the latter fidgeting with repressed curiosity. The time came when repression reached its limit.

"Say, Hi ——" pleaded Weeks.

"Um-hm?"

"Who is this boy? Where'd he come from? Who's his folks? He's your nephew, you say. Well, how—who —— Aw, tell me about it, Hi."

Heath laid the paper on the table. He had, during the previous night, concocted a story, the story he meant should be accepted in Nauticook. The truth, the whole truth, no one knew save the Ohio clergyman and he, John Heath.

Nauticook, however, would be very curious; it would want to know precisely what Lorenzo Weeks was now demanding to be told—the whos and wheres and whys. Its desire for information must be gratified or it would invent explanations even more disgraceful than the true one. To meet this situation John Heath had prepared his story. If it was not an altogether satisfactory story, but if certain of its details were vague, vague they would have to remain.

"Well, Lo," he said deliberately, "it's about like this: This boy's mother died a couple of weeks ago; that letter you brought from the post office a few nights back told me she was dead and that Raymond was left all alone."

"She was a widow, eh?"

"I said the boy was left all alone, didn't I? The folks out there wrote me ——"

"Out where? Where was it him and her lived?"

"Oh, out West, in Ohio."

"Ohio, eh? I never knew you had folks out in Ohio. Your ma and pa both come from right around here. Yes, and your father died afore you and your mother moved away. If this out-West woman was your sister ——"

"Who said she was my sister?"

"Why—oh, then Raymond's dad was your brother? But when was *he* born? Did your ma marry again?"

"No—now what's the matter with you?"

Mr. Weeks sighed. "There'll be somethin' the matter with me pretty soon if I don't get this straight," he declared. "You never had no brothers or sisters when you lived here. And you say your mother never married afterwards. Then—then," desperately, "well, if this boy's your nephew there's somethin' mighty funny somewheres, that's all I've got to say!"

JOHN HEATH filled and lighted his pipe before replying. He had realized there were complications in this story of his, but he had not foreseen all of them. Obviously there was need of revision.

"Oh, well," he admitted with a shrug, "he isn't my real nephew. He's just a—a kind of relation, sort of a cousin, you might say. He'll probably call me 'Uncle John,' but—hang it, he's got to call me somethin'."

"Sure, sure! That's all right. I understand now. Anybody's liable to have cousins scattered around. When it comes to brothers and sisters, though ——"

"Yes, yes," hurriedly. "So, as the poor youngster had nobody in the world, when his mother died, they wrote to me."

"Who did?"

"The folks who were lookin' after him."

"Wa'n't they relations neither?"

"No. I just told you that he was left all alone!"

"My soul's mercy! The ways of Providence are past findin' out and that's a fact! Here's you, an only child, and here's this boy's mother and she was an only child; and his father, he was another only child; and this Raymond he's ——"

"Oh, do be still! Are you goin' to do all the talkin' or shall I?"

"Why, you, of course. What would I want to talk for?"

The remainder of the narrative proceeded about as it had begun, Heath endeavoring to explain and Weeks interrupting every other minute. At last, however, the end was reached.

"So that's how it was," concluded the narrator. "Now you understand, don't you?"

Of course Lorenzo's curiosity was far from satisfied with this somewhat sketchy explanation. Knowing Heath, he realized that further questioning in that quarter would be fruitless. But the boy himself must know; Lorenzo meant to cross-examine Raymond at the first opportunity.

HE DID, but he learned nothing of importance. Raymond remembered almost nothing about his father. Of his mother he could tell only that she and he had lived in several other places before moving to Coleville. He was born, so his mother had said, in a place called Brayton in New York State. His father had been a traveling salesman, he thought—he was not sure. The man who had written to John Heath was the minister in Coleville. His name was Coxley. Why he had written Raymond did not know.

Lorenzo, however, had learned something, or thought he had. When, at the grocery or the Come-Outer Bethel or the post office, Nauticook gossips demanded to be told who this boy was that Hi Heath had visiting him, Mr. Weeks was ready with his answer. Raymond Condon was a second cousin of Hi's from out West. He was an orphan and, being as his ma had just passed away, Hi had sent for him to kind of cheer him up and take his mind off his troubles, as you might say. When asked—as he was often asked—if Mrs. Condon had been a wealthy woman and if Heath had fallen heir to her wealth, or a portion of it, Lorenzo merely looked wise and refused to answer.

So, in the course of time, as the Condon boy was still an inhabitant of Seven-up, Nauticook invented an answer of its own. At the post office heads were nodded and winks exchanged.

"The kid's got money comin' to him some day or other and Hi don't mean to let it slip too far away. He don't say much, but he's deep—Hi Heath is."

The deep one, of course, heard echoes of these whispers, but he did not deny them. Neither did he affirm anything. This explanation, if it satisfied Nauticook, satisfied him. It would do as well as any other. So long as the truth was not known he was content. If the Rev. H. H. Coxley kept

(Continued on Page 86)

"HOW D'YE DO, MR. HEATH?" SHE SAID. "YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ME HERE, DID YOU?"

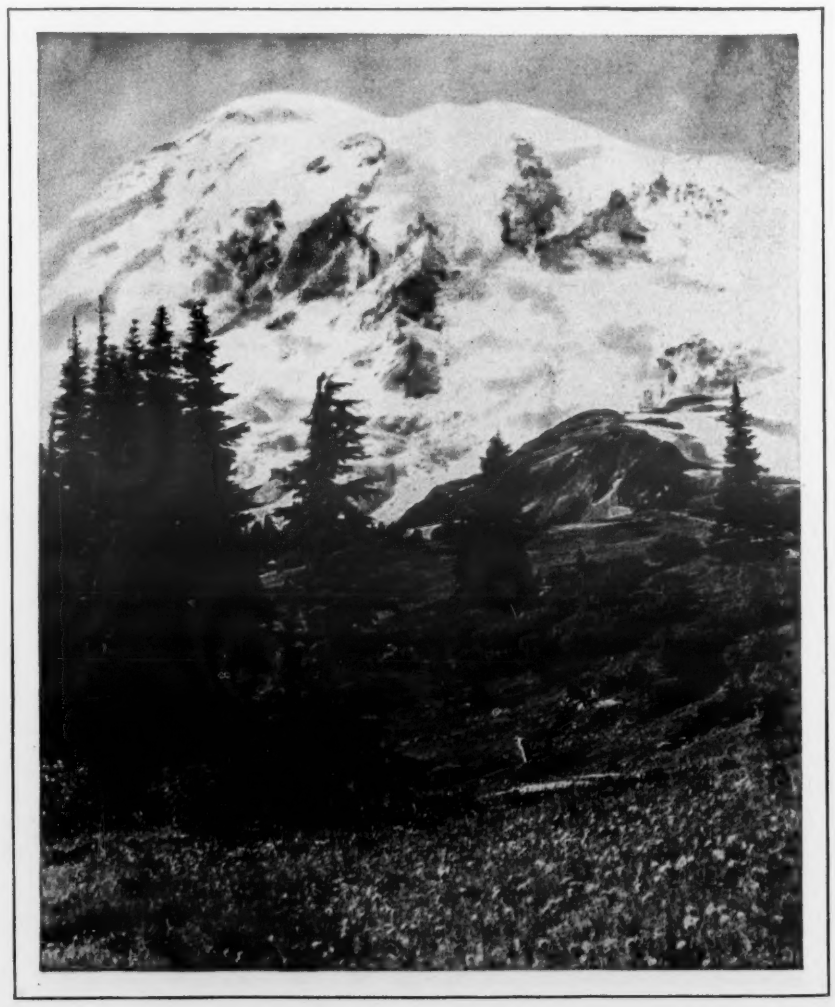
View across the avalanche lilies to Pinnacle Peak. In Oval—Flower-decked Paradise River.

Glimpsing American Alpines

By ANDERSON McCULLY

THE trail beneath our feet is steep. Patches of midsummer snow cross it. Rushing torrents hurl themselves in a smother of foam. To our right, a great glacier sweeps downward. Above us, the lofty ice-crowned pinnacles pierce into the blue of that rare atmosphere. Upon every side there is such rugged grandeur that perhaps for a little we may be unconscious of the brilliant flowery carpet our feet are crushing—but we cannot be for very long. Blue gentian, creamy avalanche lily, flaming castilleja, and a thousand others, speak to us in vivid splashes of color, beautiful forms and delicious fragrances. *(Continued on Page 40)*

Pentstemon rupicola paints the rock faces of dizzy cliffs. At Right—Alpine firs and various eriogonums and valerians in the foreground. Beyond, "The Mountain That Was God."

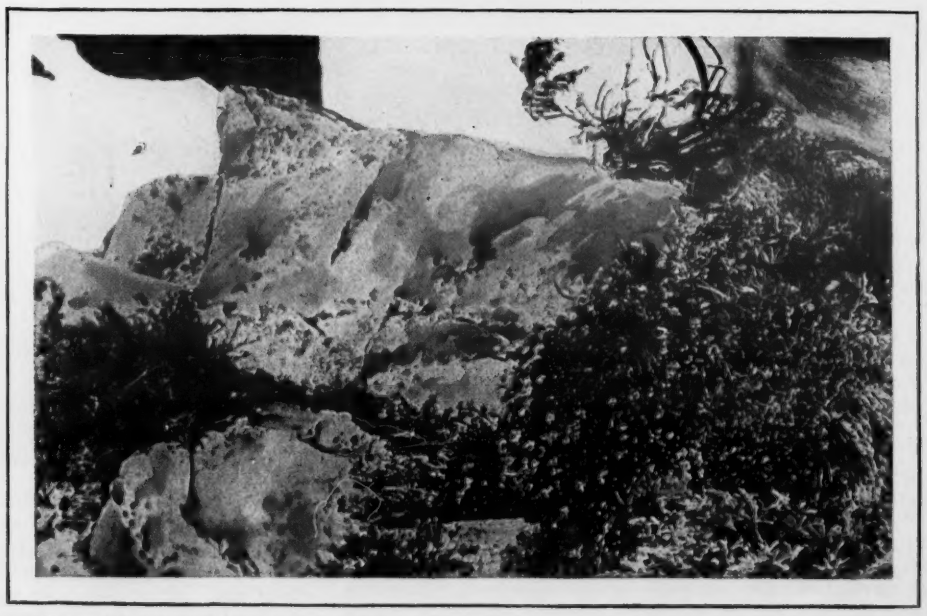


Photographed in Natural Color on the Slopes of Mount Rainier

Timber line—the last outposts. Mountain hemlock (Tsuga mertensiana) and various heathers in foreground. Tatoosh Range in the distance.

Alpine meadows do not space their plants. Thirty-nine different varieties were counted here while the color photograph was being made.

Mount Rainier from its own timber line. At Right—Anemone occidentalis and Oreastrum alpigenum at edge of retreating snow.



Cliff at base of Sluiskin Falls, showing red heather and Potentilla flabellifolia. At Left—Alaska spirea as it grows in clefts of rock.

The Shorn Lamb

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Illustrated by R. F. James

"I SUPPOSE YOU'RE DYING TO KNOW WHY WE'RE ALL HERE," DIANA SAID IN HER FRANK WAY

XVII (Continued).

FOR many days the two irreconcilable Athertons alternated before her vision in an inchoate phantasmagoria. She was tempted to consult some expert psychologist, putting before him a hypothetical case. Could a man, already worn by anxiety and disease, suddenly under the influence of sudden shock—the shock being the dramatic death under his eyes of a twin brother—change his character? Almost bascially change it; change radically from an artificial, cold, possibly cruel, none-too-moral Jekyll, into a careless, casual and all-too-appealingly-human Hyde?

Convention forbade so absurd an adventure. But that was her distracting problem. The worry of it, combined with what, womanlike, she thought might be a compensating balance of work, brought about a nervous breakdown. The work, however, had borne fruit in fortune. The weather was fit only for the fattest and greasiest of citizens, Arctic dogs and golf champions. Diana's doctor had bundled her off south to the sunshine.

She had arrived in Mentone, a spent woman.

A spent woman she had gone to Monte Carlo to meet Horatio Flower, in the hope—proved vain—of getting from him the key to the mind-darkening imbroglio of which she was sure he held sole possession.

As she drove back to Mentone, two key phrases of that talk between the two men, two that were one and the same, rang through her head. "The finest thing"—or whatever the exact words were—"I've ever done in my rotten life. . . ." "He acted like an honorable man, a very honorable man."

And she had had it in her power—she knew in the maddened depths of her that she had had it in her power—that last night in January, had she only held him when he had thrown his arm about her, either in gift or surrender, to get at the whole heart of his mystery.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Muriel, when she appeared at the Villa Seraphina.

"With Horatio, if you want to know. I think," she said, stamping her foot in nervous exasperation, "you're the biggest little fool that was ever allowed to crawl on the face of the earth."

Muriel approached her, in her mild, disarming way, with a queer little smile.

"I'm beginning to think so myself, darling."

XVIII.

SINCE Diana's arrival in Mentone to join Muriel and Lady Dolly Valentine, the three women, sometimes in conclave, sometimes in combinations of pairs, had discussed Muriel's predicament. They met that afternoon when Diana brought the report of her interview with Horatio, in full conclave.

Muriel with the air of a patient surrendering her case to eminent specialists, reclined on a couch listening, and with great mournful eyes regarding each of the two other women in turn as they spoke. Now that health in its physical perfection had returned to her, she was a beautiful woman and, in her sinuous and almost declaratory feminine way, a woman attractive to the majority of men. Yet her face was one not of common allurement; there was intellectuality in the broad brows and the wide set of the eyes, and spirituality in the delicate contour of cheeks and chin. She made much of this refinement of feature. In itself it proclaimed distaste for coarser fibers in humanity such as those which were paramount in her husband's nature. She had declared many times to Diana:

"Horatio loves me for my body. Atherton, for my mind."

She did not now, however, put forward this proposition to her two companions who were sitting close by. But Diana referred to it.

"When you used to talk about the grosser element in Horatio's love for you I used to believe it, like a fool. Now I don't. I've changed my mind about him altogether."

"I think," said Lady Dolly, in her comfortable, matter-of-fact way, "you've got a chance which is given to one woman in a million. You kicked over the traces. You managed to keep clear of any very blatant scandal. You've got rid of a scoundrel. Apart from his having to fly the country with the police after him, didn't he do as mean a thing as a man could do, go and beg your husband to let him off the divorce proceedings? And with all that, now you have a real fine fellow like Horatio dying to take you back—no questions asked. What about it?"

Muriel sighed. "You're both beautifully right. I confessed a little while ago to Diana that I'd been a fool."

"And I can tell him," asked Diana, "that he can come and see you any time he likes?"

"Yes," said Muriel with a faint flush. "I think now I'd like to see him."

"That's sense at last," said Diana.

"You'll have to be on your guard, my dear," said Lady Dolly, "lest Atherton pops up again. Not now—but in two years, five years, ten years' time."

Muriel swung her legs from the sofa and sat up. She bent forward her palms on the seat each side of her.

"He'll never do that. There's no longer any Atherton—at any rate, the man I used to know. . . . I'll tell you two something I've never told you before, because you might think I was going mad. I believe Atherton's dead—or disappeared—months ago. Some time before I was taken ill in Paris."

Diana felt the same cold grip close around her as she had felt, but a little while before, during her talk with Bronson. She tried to steady her voice.

"What do you mean?"

Muriel bent forward and held out an arresting finger.

"The man who came to see me in the nursing home in Paris wasn't Atherton."

Lady Dolly broke into a short laugh.

"Who was it then?"

"How do I know?"

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"I was so ill and weak that I took it for granted it was he. But he struck me as strange—his way of speaking. . . . Oh, it took me a long time, weeks, putting all sorts of things together, to get the awful idea fixed in my head. Things he had said to me. 'Let it go at that,' I remember. Atherton never talked slangily. Then, when he left me, he bent down and kissed me on the cheek. At the time I was so pleased. Afterward I felt sure that Atherton couldn't have done such a thing. He had a horror of sick people. . . . I remembered that once I came from the dentist's, feeling a bit done in and miserable—possibly with a trace of some antiseptic about me. He wouldn't let me go near him—grew white and faint and had to take drops."

She paused. Diana cried in a queer voice:

"Go on. Tell us more. You must have deeper reasons. . . . There's a difference between a live woman smelling of creosote and a woman just snatched out of the jaws of death."

"He didn't look the same, darling. I can't explain. And then, his hand was so firm and strong. . . ."

"Good Lord!" cried Diana, starting up. "What a fool I've been! Atherton's hands were cold and clammy. This man's were dry and strong."

She turned to Muriel with an apparently irrelevant question which she had to repeat. Could Atherton draw? Could he sketch? Muriel shook an uncomprehending head. No. In her own way she confirmed Bronson's story. Diana exclaimed rather wildly: "The child's right. It all hangs together. It isn't that Atherton's changed. The man isn't Atherton, at all. He's somebody else. His double."

Lady Dolly rose and looked from one to the other of the two drawn faces.

"Are the pair of you going crazy? What's it all about? Talk sense, one of you." She crossed the room and switched on the light. Muriel made a quick move of protest. "I don't care whether you like it or not. At any rate we can see each other in the clear light of reason. How could Atherton have a double?"

"ATHERTON," said Diana, very pale, giddily conscious of being on the verge of the incredible, "had a twin brother who died in the flat. His death was reported in The Times. We all saw it. Bronson told me that when they were young they were almost undistinguishable. And he told me that the dead man, Brotherton Drake, might have been Atherton himself. And," she said slowly, "the change in Atherton dates from the night of his brother's death."

Cold wings seemed to beat through the great room above the heads of the three women.

"But what are we to make of it all?" asked Lady Dolly.

"God knows," said Diana. "God, and Horatio Flower."

"Horatio!" cried Muriel.

"Of course. Didn't he tell me that Atherton—or the man we call Atherton—acted in a noble, honorable—to listen to him one would gather it was a fantastically quixotic—way, when he saw him in Hampshire?"

"But who is the man masquerading as Atherton Drake?"

"His twin, Brotherton. How, I don't know. Lend me the car now, Dolly. I'll go over to Cannes."

"Why not telephone him to come here?" Muriel suggested, with characteristic indolence.

"Because it will take an hour or two to get him on the telephone, and a couple of hours more for him to get here. Quicker to go to Cannes and find him. That'll be simple."

Muriel drew herself up. "If you go, I'll go with you."

"And I, too," said Lady Dolly. "If I'm not with you, none of you will think of dinner."

Horatio was easily found. He had taken a small furnished villa on the Californie for the season. He was at home, reading The Times. He greeted them in the order in which they entered. There was a light in his eyes.

"My dear Dolly, what a pleasure to see you once more. Diana." He held out both hands to Muriel. "My dear, where will you sit?" He led her to an armchair. "You're well again? You're looking so. Thanks to you, Dolly."

He placed chairs for the other two women, apologizing for their discomfort. The luxuries of the appurtenances of little French villas furnished for letting purposes were calculated to a nicety. The French were an exact people. He laughed and his face lit up. Diana reproached herself bitterly for the foolish things she had thought and said about him. How a woman could have left him for the old unspeakable Atherton, she was at a loss to comprehend.

"I suppose you're dying to know why we're all here," she said in her frank way.

"I was hoping it was a result of our talk today. Is it, Muriel?"

She flushed. "Perhaps. Diana has told me all you said."

"Then, my dear"—he made an involuntary step toward her—"you consent?"

"THAT'S not the question for the moment, Horatio," said Lady Dolly. "If you and Muriel want to talk things over, you must do it by yourselves. Diana and I don't want to listen to you. There's some decency left in modern life."

"We've come—or rather, I've come and brought Dolly and Muriel—to clear the ground once and for all," explained Diana, "It's not a pleasant subject, I know. But we've got to talk of Atherton first."

He stiffened. "I see no reason. . . . He has disappeared from our lives. That's quite enough. Not only from our lives but—er—generally."

"He's dead," said Diana. "And you know it."

"Dead? When?" he asked, startled, his mind following the actual man that had vanished.

"He died before the man, his twin brother, came to see you."

He passed his hands over his eyes, somewhat staggered. He looked at her, deep lines across his forehead.

"How do you know that? If you knew, why didn't you tell me this morning?"

"I wasn't sure then. I tried to get it out of you. But you were lying low and saying nothing. You had given him your sacred promise, I suppose, to say nothing. Oh, I'm not being sarcastic," she cried, as he made an impatient gesture. "I'm stating a fact. I'm not a fool—not now, at any rate. Well, I wasn't sure this morning; but I was sure when I talked this afternoon to Muriel. The man she saw in Paris wasn't Atherton. She realizes it. Then I *was* sure." She rose and took him by the lapels of his coat. "You see, your knowledge is common property. You're released from your promise. Aren't you?"

He looked down on her from his burly height.

"I suppose I am," he admitted.

"Atherton's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And the man you saw is his twin, Brotherton?"

"Yes."

Muriel rose to her feet with a curious sinuous softness.

"All this has been worrying me for months," she said, facing him. "If you don't make everything absolutely clear now, I'd better go home."

"And if I do?"

"Then we can talk things over—by ourselves—as Dolly suggested."

"Very well. But sit down, both of you." And when they had done so, he began: "Well. It was like this. . . ."

And he told the preposterous story to the three staring and silent women.

"But what induced him to go to you, in the first place?" asked Lady Dolly.

"HE SAW me in the road, breaking in a beast of a colt. Fond of horses and that sort of thing. Liked the look of me—so came and made a clean breast of it. That's why I told you he acted honorably. He's a fine fellow, is Brotherton Drake. Sort of man one loves at first sight. I did—at least, after he had nearly broken my arm and proved to me who he was."

Muriel sighed. "But why—why didn't he come and tell me?"

"Ask him, my dear," said Horatio. "He was going about under the peril of penal servitude and you had no particular reason to be kind and tender to him if you knew. You wouldn't have been, would you?"

"I might, and then again I mightn't. How is one to know?"

"Well, that's honest, at any rate," said Lady Dolly, rising. "There's one point we must clear up before we go. Is it the real Atherton, or the bogus Atherton, the new one, that's wanted by the police for the mysterious offences?"

"The dead Atherton," said Horatio gravely.

Diana drew him away with "just a minute" by way of apology to the others.

"You're sure it's penal servitude for him if he's caught?"

"As Atherton?"

"No. As himself. Brotherton. Buddy Drake, as he told you everyone calls him."

"Yes, I'm sure. I liked the chap so much that I've made it my business to find out. I know a criminal advocate or two at my club, and Carthew—the judge, you know—is an old friend of my father. Of course in consulting them I didn't give anything or anybody away. But that's that. He can't get away from it."

"Thanks," she said. "Thanks for telling me."

His ear was conscious of a lack of tone in her voice, and he saw averted from him a miserable young face, eyes looking hopelessly into the distance, and young lips being bitten to control their quivering. He bent down, very kindly, and said in a half whisper: "I'm sorry, dear. I didn't know. But, all said and done, he's a good fellow. I'd stake my life on it. And any mortal thing that I can do—well, you've only got to ask me."

She flashed up at him. "You're a dear. Oh, what a pack of colossal fools we've been!"

She broke away.

"Dolly, I'm famished. We must go and get food somehow. We'll leave Horatio to feed Muriel."

Muriel said in a timid, indecisive way: "Don't you think we might all dine together?"

"No, I don't," declared Lady Dolly. "Diana has quite enough of her own concerns to worry about. We'll get food at any old place, and when we've finished, we'll drive back to Mentone."

"But how shall I get back?" asked Muriel with great eyes of alarm.

"I'll see to that, my dear," said Horatio. "I have the car with me."

Diana and Lady Dolly drove away and dined in a discreet corner of the Carlton; at least, Lady Dolly dined, having little but the sorrows of others—which do not take away the appetite—to affect her digestion. Diana had no heart for food. Her heart, for perhaps the first time in her life, craved human sympathy. It found as much as it clamored for in the kindly woman who gave generously.

In the car going back to Mentone, Dolly threw her arms around Diana.

"You're the dearest of all possible dears."

Lady Dolly kissed her in the darkness, somewhere between eyebrow and cheekbone.

"Just sense, my child. Have sense."

When they entered the villa a sleepy manservant began mechanically to bolt the front door.

"Tell him to stop," said Diana. "There's Muriel. . . ."

"If she comes back she can sleep in the garage," said Lady Dolly.

Muriel, it turned out, didn't come back.

XIX.

IF EVER man was between the devil and the deep sea, that man was Buddy Drake. Such was the insistent thought of Diana in dreary trains, in dreary hotels of little towns, in dreary back parlors of antiquity shops, in drearier semifurnished or craftily sham-furnished *palazzi*, during her annual collecting tour in Northern Italy. Hitherto she had thrown her heart into the business whose elements, none too simple, she had mastered; for it demanded the fighting qualities of cynical caution, subtlety and dash, and it offered as reward the thrill of victory.

"IT'S YOU, OF COURSE. BUT IT'S AMAZING," HE CRIED. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

But now this joy of bartering had gone. Her business became nothing but a sordid struggle with blatant thieves and specious rogues. She hated the whole lot of them. Her purchases were guided by a mere intellectual routine. At the back of her mind, at the back of her thoughts, at the back of her subconsciousness, as she slept, was Buddy Drake between the devil and the deep sea.

In either character, Atherton or Brotherton, his personal liberty was imperiled. As Atherton, for committing vaguely rumored political offenses; as Brotherton for impersonating the dead Atherton. Under which style was he passing in America? If as Atherton, what was his position?

(Continued on Page 102)

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Ten Years of Suffrage

CONGRATULATIONS belong properly and graciously to anniversaries. So do roses. But after the compliments have been paid and the roses put in water, the passing of a year or a decade also means that it is time to measure growth and accomplishment.

There have been this month ten years of suffrage, and that will mean a great many roses. Statistics will be tied up into flattery and presented to women at many a public meeting, especially as election time draws near. To suffragists whose vehemence has not diminished and who have lived among their enthusiasms, no doubt they will seem the proper reward of success; to other women who have tried to work in politics and only become bruised by failure, the compliments will ring very hollow. But if one is neutral, how do the results of ten years of suffrage really look?

It seems to a great many unprejudiced people that these ten years, for all their voting, have hardly scratched the surface of the general indifference of women to politics. Except in the last presidential campaign, the rank and file of women have not troubled greatly to increase their knowledge of or their appetite for political life.

There are women in office, some of whom are well and properly placed and others who do nothing to improve the picture. Women have learned to mark ballots and their presence at the polls no longer excites comment. But the lift toward higher ethics in politics, the great advance toward a spotless civic life, has simply not come off.

There are politicians, to be sure, who will say that women have put the fear of the Lord into the candidate for office, that, conscious of the ingenuous but critical regard of the woman voter, the office seeker has cleaned out his bag of tricks. But the dreary fact is that the level of office holding has not been raised. Women are no more effective than men in weeding incompetency and corruption out of public life. The majority of women remain as gullible, as subject to prejudice and as indifferent to political information as they were before they had a vote. They do not read the political columns in the newspapers.

It sounds discouraging, but an intelligent feminist will usually ask why anyone ever expected anything else. On this anniversary it is only fair to remember that the great leaders did not make the rosiest promises. They asked for justice; for the granting of a withheld right. They were restrainedly hopeful for good results and further than that they did not go. The grandiloquent claims and boasts of what suffrage could do came from loose thinkers.

The wise ones knew all along that the women who were to be given suffrage had not been brought up to use it. That is the key to much of the disappointment. This generation which has had feminism explode in its ears was not reared to feminism. They have found it all exciting but none the less difficult. Worse than that, they have found that feminism can be a burden. But the world is going to absorb the word and make it obsolete. The word "suffragette" is gone. So will the term "feminism" disappear.

Another ten years—a twentieth anniversary—and we shall perhaps see a different prospect. Girls are being brought up now to take on the responsibilities of politics just as boys are. If there is hope in each generation, we can wait without too much concern. The wise leaders were thinking of the very young when they wanted the vote. They knew that the process of training would not be a short one.

It is stupid to exaggerate successes and pretend to false achievements even on an anniversary. On the other hand, it is not the hour to be captious or scoffing. And one of the pleasantest birthday wishes is that one which hopes for many and happier returns.

Locking Up for the Night

THE last log on the hearth has given a fitful sputtering and gone out. The radio is silent and your book has slipped to your knees. Sleep plucks at your weary eyes. It is time to lock up for the night.

You yawn and go to the front door, stumbling over a pile of blocks, a toy automobile. "Why can't they learn to pick up their toys?" you mutter. Behind the davenport you bark a shin on a doll chair that rattles across the floor. Scowling, you survey the disorder in the room. Then your eye drops to a corner of the davenport. Carefully tucked in for the night, two doll babies sleep side by side.

In the kitchen on the table a note for the milkman stares you in the face and you see that the window is open. "Gosh, the same old thing night after night," you think. The dog in his box in the corner merely opens one eye at you, but you feel a little ashamed, as if you had spoken aloud. He licks your hand gratefully.

Upstairs in the nursery you stoop to kiss a tiny tousled head. Innocence asleep. Tomorrow she will ask if you remembered to kiss her good night. You are mighty glad you didn't forget.

In your room you find the glass from the bathroom filled with "flowers"—odds and ends childish imagination saw as a brilliant bouquet—a withered dandelion drooping over the edge, a clover blossom, some buttercups and plantain. Underneath a note to you in childish scrawl: "Dere Dady—I made this bokay all four you. I pict it myself. Hoping you like it as much as I like you—Ellen."

You smile, a trifle ashamed. What matters *anything* after all this? What if the house is littered after a day of hard play? What is a barked shin? . . . They are happy . . . they are healthy . . . they love. . . . "Did you put out the note to the milkman? Are you *sure* you locked the door?" a voice sleepily demands. For half a second you are irritated at the accusation, then you smile happily, "You bet I did!" and switch off the light. Once more you have locked up for the night.

Brighten Your Corner

THE best that can be said of any community is that it is a good place in which to live, a good place in which to bring up a family. This implies healthful surroundings, attractive homes and congenial neighbors.

The worst that can be said of a community is found in John Ruskin's description of London. He said: "That great foul city, rattling, growling, smoking, stinking; a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore!"

Terrible as that indictment sounds to us, it might easily be applied to many of our cities and towns today. In them rubbish, filth, litter and garbage hold undisputed sway. In other localities, there may be some pride in maintaining a semblance of cleanliness and order; front yards and lawns are presentable while the back yards and alleys are littered with ashes, rubbish and garbage.

And yet few homemakers have sunk so low that they do not dream of better things; of healthful and attractive yards and gardens; of dwelling where Queen Beauty rules rather than where Knave Filth blights the neighborhood.

The solution is simple. It rests in the determination of every homemaker to brighten his corner; to see to it that Ruskin's foul indictment does not apply to his neighborhood. One well-kept and orderly place in each city or suburban block will set an example that gradually spreads up and down the street. Try it!

A Group of Poems

By SARA TEASDALE

With Drawings by Dorothy P. Lathrop

Night

STARS over snow,
And in the west a planet
Swinging below a star.
Look for a lovely thing and
you will find it;
It is not far—
It never will be far.

To Arcturus Returning

ARCTURUS, with the spring returning,
I love you best; I cannot tell
Why, save that your recurrent burning
Is spring's most punctual miracle.

You bring with you all longed-for things,
Birds with their song, leaves with their stir,
And you, beyond all other stars,
Have been man's comforter.

I Stood Upon a Star

I STRETCHED my mind until I stood
Out in space, upon a star;
I looked, and saw the flying earth
Where seven planets are.

Delicately interweaving,
Like fireflies on a moist June night,
The planetoids among the planets
Played for their own delight.

I watched earth putting off her winter
And slipping into green;
I saw the dark side of the moon
No man has ever seen.

Like shining wheels in an opened watch
They all revolved with soundless motion;
Earth sparkled like a rain-wet flower,
Bearing her petals, plain and ocean.

The Mountains

(Intervale)

THESE are the ultimate highlands,
Mountain on mountain rising
Like chord on chord of music
Climbing to rest
On the highest peak and the bluest,
Large on the luminous heavens
Deep in the west.

I have watched for many an evening
Night come to these mountains,
They recede, they become like shadows;
They return and are real with the dawn;
I think of the last end
When the Great Sculptor shatters
This master work of His,
And turns, and is gone.

A Summer Day

I HEARD a red-winged blackbird singing
Down where the river sleeps in the reeds;
That was morning, and at noontime
A humming bird flashed on the
jewelweeds;
Clouds blew up, and in evening
A yellow sunset struck through the rain,
Then blue night, and the day was ended
That never will come again.

The Falling Star

I SAW a star slide down the sky,
Blinding the north as it went by,
Too burning and too quick to hold,
Too lovely to be bought or sold,
Good only to make wishes on
And then forever to be gone.

Paris Smartness for the Younger Set

Joseph Paquin
1492

Lenief
1491

Lenief
1495

Joseph Paquin has created at the extreme left, Design No. 1492, a charming little suit for a young girl in her early teens. The sleeveless tuck-in blouse is worn with a separate skirt and a jaunty jacket which has inverted pleats in the front held by tabs, and at the center back. Designed for sizes 8 to 14. Design No. 1491, at the center left, by Lenief, is an excellent fall coat for a young girl. The scarf is drawn through loops which are continued from the raglan sleeves to form the collar. The large patch pockets are trimmed with buttons and a belt extends across the back. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. A very smart coat for early fall days is Lenief's Design No. 1495, at the left, with its straight front and upstanding collar which fastens with a strap and buckle. These straps are repeated at the cuffs and belt. Designed for sizes 6 to 14.

Dœuillet-Doucet
1489

Lenief
1499

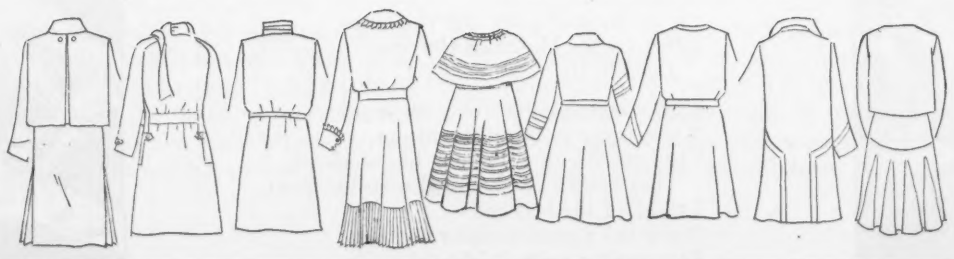
The charming Dœuillet-Doucet ensemble above, Design No. 1489, could be worn for a hundred interesting occasions. The dress with its flared skirt has bands of diagonal trimming on the waist which extend down the front of the skirt. This trimming is echoed on the tiny blouse pocket and on the sleeves. The single-breasted unbelted coat to be worn with it has a double standing collar and it flares slightly at the lower edge. The shaped bands in the front which outline the pockets are continued down the back to the hem. Designed for sizes 8 to 14. Lenief has created above a cunning little afternoon frock, Design No. 1499, with a bolero jacket which is attached to the dress. The skirt is fastened to the bodice in a curved line following the line of the bolero, and it has inset godets to give it fullness. The bolero and cuffs are trimmed with piping. Designed for sizes 8 to 14.

Lucile
1485

Joseph Paquin
1497

Premet
1484

Lucile has designed No. 1485, at the right, for the young girl, in dark blue with white collar and cuffs. The slightly circular skirt is finished with a pleated flounce, and narrow rows of pleating trim the cuffs and collar. The wide belt and large patch pockets help to make this frock suitable for many occasions. Designed for sizes 12 to 18. Especially charming for the very young girl's party frock is the Joseph Paquin Design No. 1497, at the center right. Its deep bertha capelet is slightly shirred at the neck and laced down the back. The bertha and skirt are trimmed with narrow graduated bands. Designed for sizes 6 to 10. Premet's Design No. 1484, at the extreme right, is a most appropriate dress for school, with its simple one-piece lines, its double-breasted bodice, pointed collar, and slightly flared skirt with its interesting inset of pleats. Designed for sizes 8 to 14.



Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 50 cents. Ensembles, 65 cents.

More invigorating than ever in summer!

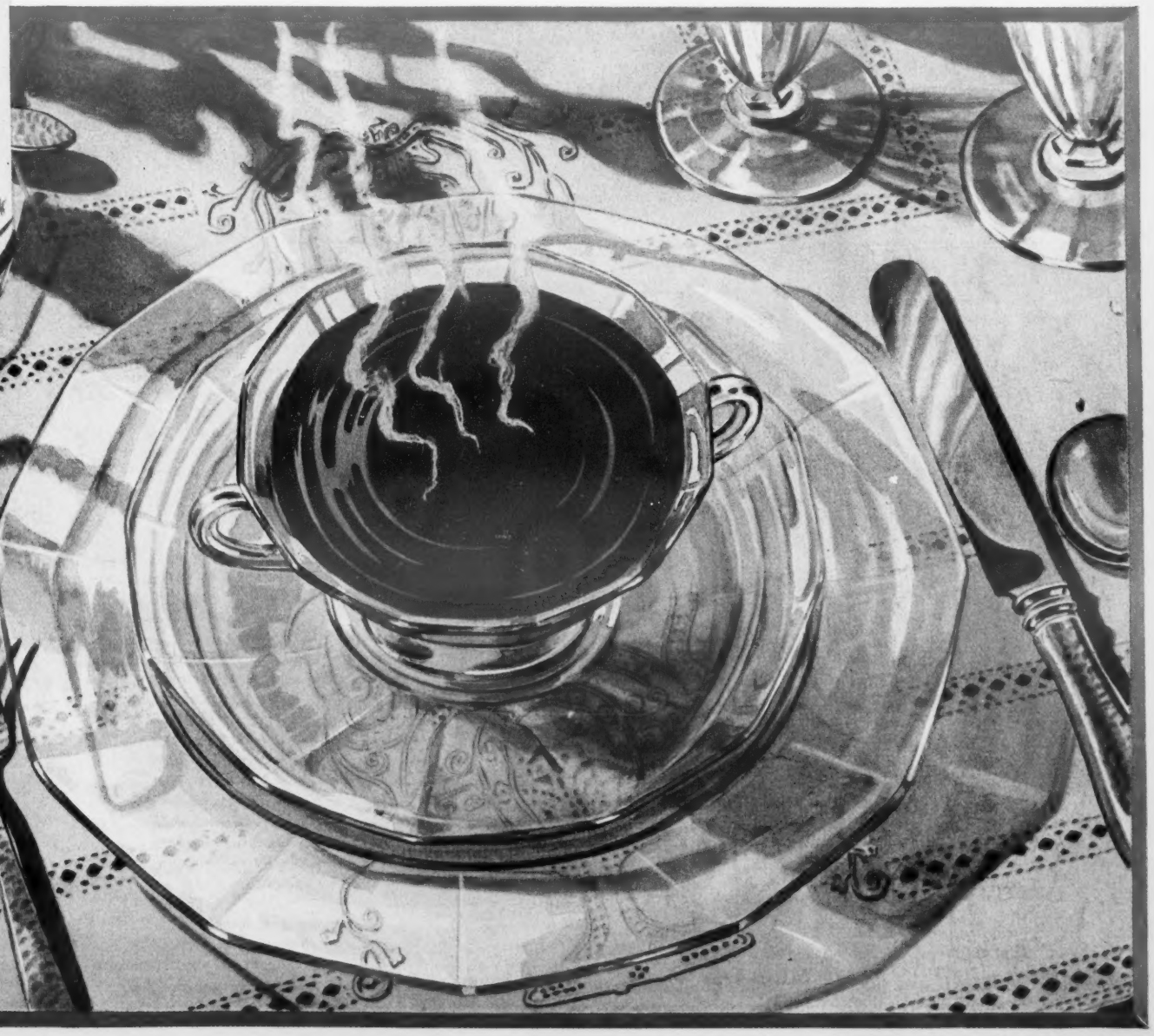
Why this famous Tomato Soup is especially appealing now!

Summer brings its trying days that put an extra tax on strength and energy. How refreshing and invigorating now is the bracing, tonic Campbell's Tomato Soup! Every spoonful of it delights your taste . . revives you . . gives you a new zest for work or play.

For the lively, sparkling flavor of this famous soup always strikes a responsive chord in your appetite. And the hot soup arouses and aids a digestion made sluggish by all the cold foods of summer.

Remember, too, that the children are all the better for a plate of wholesome, healthful soup these strenuous summer days. And nothing could be more beneficial to them than the sunny goodness of Campbell's Tomato Soup. Look for the Red-and-White Label. 12 cents a can.

I'm the best little builder
You ever did see—
All vigor and muscle,
For Campbell's built me!



Your choice:

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Paris Adopts Swinging Lines for All Hours

Varied Details Create Feminine Individuality

Nicole Groult—1487

Dœuillet-Doucet—1502

Agnès—1496

Joseph Paquin—1503

Paul Poiret—1504

Nicole Groult—1488 *Dœuillet-Doucet—1501*

At left, above—Design No. 1487, Nicole Groult's "Zephyr," has a shaped capelet, square décolletage, slim princess bodice, with its circular skirt mounted with large scallops. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42. Dœuillet-Doucet's Design No. 1502, second from left, above, uses stitched bands to trim the rounded revers, cuffs, collar and pockets of the jacket; the skirt has two wide box pleats in front. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 44. From Agnès is Design No. 1496, center, above, "Apparition," with the new diagonal emphasis in the back décolletage, capelet and back and front line of the full skirt's joining to the bodice. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 40. Joseph Paquin's Design No. 1503, second from the right, above, features smart simplicity in its revers and sleeve details, roomy pockets, snug belt and emphasized back seam. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. Paul Poiret's Design No. 1504, at right, above, adopts lace for collar and cuffs, the pointed lines of slim bodice and hip yoke, and sweeping circular skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. Nicole Groult's Design No. 1488, "Candid," at left, below, features a tuck-in blouse of the reverse side of the fabric, as are also the inset side skirt panels; there is a short straight jacket, band trimmed. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. Dœuillet-Doucet's ensemble, Design No. 1501, second from the left, below, emphasizes a sleeveless waistcoat blouse, the seven-eighths coat, with an unusual back treatment of its collar and pockets, an inverted pleat in the skirt front. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. Joseph Paquin's "Stop," Design No. 1506, at right, below, has such individual touches as its bodice tab, contrast trimming on revers, blouse neck and jacket cuffs, and deep skirt yoke forming two front pleats. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. Jenny's Design No. 1507, at right, "Ballad," is created with tailored V lines on bodice and hip and pointed circular skirt sections. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42.

Joseph Paquin—1506 *Jenny—1507*

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 65 cents; Ensembles, 75 cents; Evening Dresses, $1.00.

New Fashions for your Skin

by MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

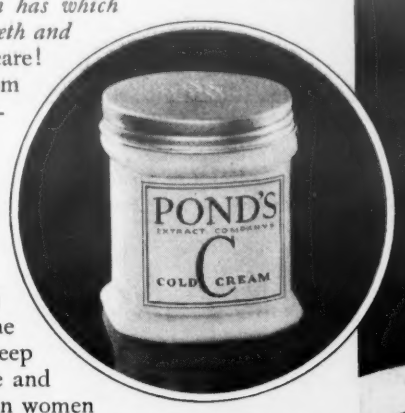
A personage of captivating charm and distinction, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II is the brilliant leader of one of the most exclusive coteries in New York. Here she is dressed for the summer races, in black and white chiffon, a Paquin model, with Reboux hat of satin-trimmed black Milan, both by Hattie Carnegie.

"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too!

"Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

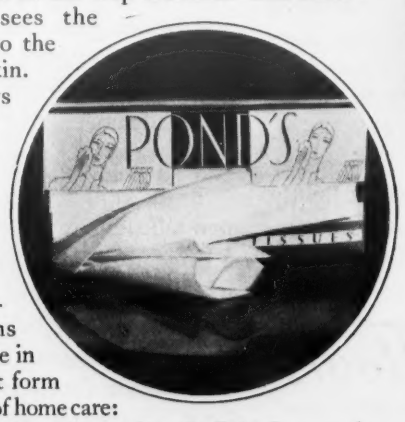
"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bathing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, *Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands.* So—let us take care!

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraordinary pains that the Famous Forty who set the fashions are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the tennis courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by airplane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at Bailey's Beach; at the Beach Casino at Southampton; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.



Skin fine as Silk

"I myself always use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care:



That Alabaster look

"To keep the skin like silk . . . Pond's Cold Cream, the lightest and most exquisite obtainable, for immaculate cleansing several times a day and always after exposure.

"To give that alabaster look of utter daintiness . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, safe, super-absorbent for removing all the cream and dirt.

Fresh Natural Color

"To assure fresh natural color, Pond's Skin Freshener . . . which banishes oiliness and shine and keeps the skin young.

"To bestow a peach-bloom finish . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, so delicate that only the daintiest film is needed for powder base and all-important protection from sun and wind. And this Vanishing Cream is precious, too, to keep your hands smooth and white.

A Peach-Bloom finish

"Try them! Follow Pond's Method from today—and persevere! Here's to your charm and your success!"

Madeleine L'Engle Iselin.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. H, 107 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

Begin each day in a breakfast room BRIGHT *with* COLOR—

The colorful cheer of this breakfast room literally crowds out gloomy thoughts. Right from the floor (which, by the way, is a new prize-winning design in Armstrong's Linoleum, Embossed No. 3220) to the map wallpaper and painted woodwork, gay color helps give each day a bright beginning.

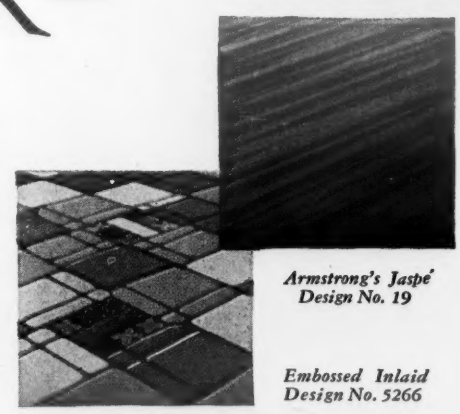
HOMES are like habits. We get so used to them day in and day out that we really don't appreciate how much they influence our thoughts and actions.

Take that simple, everyday occurrence of breakfast. From Monday to Sunday most of us merely go through the motions of dining about as casually as we skip through the morning paper. Scarcely do we notice whether the eggs are poached or scrambled. Certainly we pay no attention at all to the walls, woodwork, and floors—or so we think.

Cue to good cheer is color

Actually the room in which we start the day has a great deal to do with the *way* we start the day. Can you imagine anyone having gloomy thoughts in the breakfast room illustrated? Or sitting down without saying "Good morning!" and meaning it?

"The whole happy secret," says Hazel Dell Brown, who planned this room, "is to use color generously. Start with the floor—make it the bright cue for your color scheme." And that's easy to do today with all the gay effects offered in Armstrong's Linoleum.



Armstrong's Jaspé Design No. 19

Embossed Inlaid Design No. 5266

When you see these new Armstrong Floors now showing at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores, you'll be tempted to follow Mrs. Brown's suggestion. At least, it's a cheery experiment to make in one room anyway. It won't cost a great deal. There's very little bother, for any Armstrong Floor you select can be installed between breakfast and tea time. (That means a permanent job, cemented in place over linoleum lining felt.)

And, best of all, you'll discover many delightful housekeeping advantages once your new Armstrong Floor is in place. So cushioning to walk on. Quiet, too. And a joy to keep spick-and-span. No spotting and staining, for the surface is Accolac-Processed. Just wax it lightly and polish. Or merely renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory tells us not to lacquer over wax.)

Mrs. Brown will help you

The first thing to do is to write for Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." That will give you the complete story of rooms that fill each day with brightness and good cheer. Then, when you are ready to plan one of your own, let Mrs. Brown send you color scheme set-ups of actual materials for walls, woodwork, and floors. This service is free.

Right now, while you think of it, pen a little note for the book. Enclose a dime with your letter to cover cost of mailing. "New Ideas in Home Decoration" will be sent you by return post. Address your request to Bureau of Interior Decoration, Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 932 Mary St., Lancaster, Penna.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

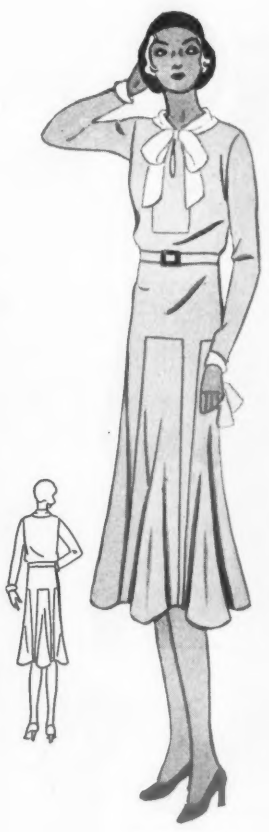
Armstrong's (A) *Product*

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Paris Plans for the Jeune Fille

Dœuillet-Doucet's Design No. 1500, first at right, acquires chic by its tucked bodice yoke, pointed hip yoke and lingerie. Designed for ages 14 to 20. Second from the right, Redfern's Design No. 1493 has smart distinction in its vestee, crushed and tied collar and circular skirt godets. Designed for ages 13 to 17. Philippe et Gaston's Design No. 1490, extreme right, is individual, with its rounded neck yoke, side-skirt fullness and tie. Designed for ages 12 to 18. Below, at left, Nicole Groult's "party frock," Design No. 1494, includes cap sleeves, a surplice line and four skirt flounces, doubled in number in front for daintiness. Designed for ages 13 to 17. Lucile's Design No. 1486 is delightful with its tucked cap sleeves, graduated skirt tucks and tied bands at neck and waistline. Designed for ages 8 to 14. Drecoll-Beer's Design No. 1498 uses intriguing tie ends in one with blouse yoke and skirt front, and has inset skirt godets. Designed for ages 14 to 20. Below, at extreme right, Dœuillet-Doucet, in Design No. 1505, have expressed youthful simplicity in the straight pointed blouse, box coat, skirt with its circular front and lingerie vestee and collar. Designed for ages 12 to 20.

Dœuillet-Doucet—1500



Redfern—1493

Philippe et Gaston—1490

Nicole Groult—1494

Lucile—1486

Drecoll-Beer—1498

Dœuillet-Doucet—1505

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Ensembles, 75 cents.

A PARIS Model—

For the Price of a Homemade Dress!

INVITE a Paris designer to plan your new clothes! *Impossible without a trip abroad and a big bank balance? Not a bit!*

In these Paris Pattern pages of the Journal some of the greatest designers in the world offer you their uttermost skill. Select, as you would abroad, their models best calculated to enhance your 1930 Charm!

A small blue package brings you each lovely dress, cut to your own size in *blue tissue paper*. It is ready to develop in the color and fabric to make it completely yours. Directions are enclosed. And—Paris Charm in a pattern package costs no more!

SELECT AUTHENTIC PARIS PATTERNS AT THESE STORES:

ARKANSAS
Little Rock
The M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA
Fresno
Radin and Kamp
Hollywood
B. H. Dyas Company
Long Beach
Buffums'
Los Angeles
B. H. Dyas Company
San Francisco
The Emporium
The White House

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport
D. M. Read Company

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Woodward and Lothrop

GEORGIA
Atlanta
Chamberlin-Johnson-DuBose

ILLINOIS
Chicago
Boston Store
Kewanee
Scott & Pollitz
Rockford
The Charles V. Weise Co.
Springfield
R. F. Herndon Company

INDIANA
Indianapolis
L. S. Ayres and Company

IOWA
Burlington
John Boesch Co.
Des Moines
Younker Brothers

KANSAS
Topeka
Warren M. Crosby Co.
Wichita
Sanger Brothers

KENTUCKY
Louisville
Miles Silk & Dress Goods Shop, Inc.

LOUISIANA
New Orleans
D. H. Holmes Company
Shreveport
Feibleman's

MAINE
Portland
Eastman Bros. and Bancroft

MARYLAND
Baltimore
Hutzler Bros. Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston
Chandler and Company
C. F. Hovey Company
R. H. Stearns Company
Thresher Brothers
R. H. White Company
Lynn
Spalding Dry Goods Co.
New Bedford
Steiger-DudgeonCompany
Springfield
Albert Steiger Company
Worcester
John C. MacInnes Co.

MICHIGAN
Detroit
Crowley, Milner and Co.
J. L. Hudson Co.
Flint
Herbert N. Bush, Inc.
Grand Rapids
Wurzburg Dry Goods Co.
Lansing
J. W. Knapp Co.
Saginaw
William Barie Dry Goods Co.

MINNESOTA
Duluth
Duluth Glass Block Store Co.

MISSOURI
Kansas City
John Taylor Dry Goods Co.
St. Louis
Scrugge-Vandervoort-Barney

MONTANA
Billings
D. J. Cole Co.

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City
M. E. Blatt Company
Elisabeth
Levy Brothers
Newark
L. Bamberger & Company
Paterson
Quackenbush Company

NEW YORK
Binghamton
Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Brooklyn
The Namm Store
Buffalo
Adam, Meldrum and Anderson
Hempstead, L. I.
Franklin Shops
Jamestown
Macomber and Stuart
New York City
Lord and Taylor
R. H. Macy and Company
John Wanamaker
James A. Hearn & Son, Inc.
Rochester
Duffy-Powers Company
Troy
G. V. S. Quackenbush Co.
Utica
J. B. Wells and Son Co.

OHIO
Toledo
Lasalle and Koch Company

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City
Rorabaugh-Brown Dry Goods Co.
Tulsa
Brown-Dunkin Company

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown
Hess Brothers
Lancaster
Watt and Shand
Philadelphia
John Wanamaker
Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh
Bogge and Buhl
Joseph Horne Company
Williamsport
L. L. Stearns and Sons

TENNESSEE
Memphis
Bry-Block Mercantile Co.
Nashville
Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum

TEXAS
Dallas
Sanger Brothers
Fort Worth
Sanger Brothers
Galveston
Eiband's
Houston
Levy Brothers Dry Goods Company
Waco
Sanger Brothers

UTAH
Salt Lake City
Auerbach Company

VIRGINIA
Danville
L. Herman
Richmond
Miller and Rhoads

WASHINGTON
Seattle
MacDougall-Southwick Co.
Spokane
Whitehouse Company

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee
Boston Store
Gimbel Brothers

CANADA
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Hudson's Bay Company
London, Ontario
Smallman and Ingram
Ottawa, Ontario
Bryson-Graham Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario
The T. Eaton Company
Montreal, Quebec
The T. Eaton Company

or by mail from

The Paris Pattern Company, Inc.
French Building
261 Fifth Avenue New York City

School Days Will Soon be Coming

Above, at left—Child's dress of printed cotton, trimmed with organdie ruffles and V-shaped smocked sections. From C. H. & E. Freydberg. Center—A Buster Brown calf oxford; a Danforth glove of tan stitched pigskin; a wool and Durene (mercerized cotton) sock with cuff design. At right—A Finchcraft dress, of navy wool jersey trimmed with gay contrasting colored jersey bands.

Top row, left to right—All but the center and last figures are Jack Tar Togs, and these are: first, a ribbed-jersey dress with plain linen collar and cuffs and buckled suède belt; second, tweed suit, in a four-color mixture, with cotton broadcloth blouse; third, a cape coat of two-toned fine nubbed tweed; fifth, bolero suit of fine flannel with blouse of patterned wool jersey; sixth, a pleated dress of printed cotton with ruffled collar and front tab and pearl-buckled belt. From the Junior Sport Shop, Inc., are: center, a gymnasium suit with navy woolen bloomers, closely fitting the hips, and a shirt of white jean; last figure, a dance set, with short black velveteen trunks, white-lined, and a tuck-in rayon broadcloth blouse with waist elastic. Second row—The two figures at the left are Jack Tar Togs, brother-and-sister suits with linen blouses and flannel trousers and skirt; the two figures at right are Loomtogs, brother-and-sister suits of Durene all-over knitted fabric. Bottom row—The first figure at the left wears an ensemble of matching hat and coat of cotton rubberized jersey, from Harris Raincoat Company. The second wears "Viola," a raincoat of the new soft Rinex, from the American Rubber Company. At right—the second figure from the right is clad in a Munsingwear rayon pajama suit; her tiny companion wears a Vanta union suit of mercerized cotton mesh with very brief French panties.

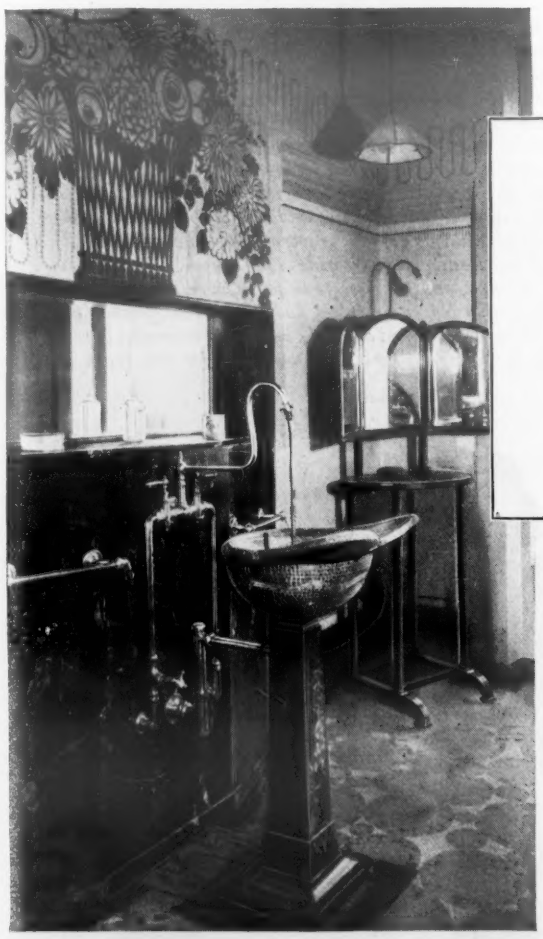
"Palmolive is *the* soap which thoroughly cleanses the skin

. . . and at the same time reveals *natural* loveliness"

says the celebrated

LEON DESFOSSÉ

—one of the best known of all Parisian beauty specialists



Desfossé has a most unusual salon in Paris . . . mosaic floors, marble walls, lend an elegance of background women delight in.

"Palmolive is so effective because of a unique blending of the palm and olive oils it contains, agents which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."

L Desfossés

The cosmetic oils in this famous facial soap are your best safeguard against modern dangers to skin beauty.

IF you've been to Paris . . . if your friends have been to Paris . . . you probably know of the chic beauty salon of Desfossé on the Rue St. Honoré. The establishment Desfossé has been a training school for many of the now famous French specialists, including Emile Massé of the Rue Daunou.

Desfossé, himself, was called to Madrid to attend the members of the Spanish Court at the time Alfonso XIII was crowned king. He was also called to Germany to attend the princesses when the last king of Saxony was crowned.

It is a man of such international professional importance who urges you to use Palmolive Soap. He says: "I always advise my clients to wash with Palmolive Soap and warm water, making first a lather with both hands, then thoroughly rinsing with warm water and with cold, thus toning up the complexion."

Desfossé is not alone in his opinion of the tonic effects of palm and olive oils in soap. Today, a tremendously impressive group of more than 23,720 beauty specialists—throughout the world—advise Palmolive Soap.

Ordinary soaps won't do

Beware of using crude soaps, soaps made of undesirable fats, soaps artificially colored or highly perfumed. They may be harmless. But to experiment is dangerous. Palmolive is made of no other oils but those of palm and olives. It is these oils which give it Nature's own green color. They make unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

"The skin must be thoroughly washed, but care taken to employ only the soap which gives the greatest benefits with the least inconvenience," the great Desfossé warns you. Ordinary soaps may be irritating. You should not experiment when it is so easy to buy Palmolive. Millions use it for the bath as well as the face.

You will find it safe, protective, bland and soothing. The world's great beauty experts advise it. Try Palmolive and you will understand why.

Retail Price 10c

5198A

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Flares are Chic for This Fall

6502 6495 6506

6504

6509 6507 6508

Above, at the left, Design No. 6502, a three-piece suit for a young girl, has a flared skirt with suspender straps which cross at the front and back, tuck-in blouse, and short Eton jacket. Designed for sizes 13 to 17. Design No. 6495, above, is an excellent topcoat for the early fall days for the young girl, with its epaulet shoulder sleeves and smart tie scarf. Designed for sizes 8 to 14. Design No. 6506, also above, would make a splendid dress for school. Its circular skirt is joined to a pointed yoke, and the blouse is trimmed with white collar and cuffs. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Below, at the left, Design No. 6494 can be used for many daytime occasions and for street wear, with its surplice blouse and smart revers fastened with buttons on the right side. The wrap-around skirt is slightly flared. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Design No. 6497 has a bolero blouse with a U-shaped inset vestee. The circular skirt with godet in front is joined to the yoke in a deep point. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Design No. 6498, below, has a square bib bertha, deep in front, narrow in back, and deep turnback cuffs. The unpressed pleats of the skirt turn one way. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

6505 6500

Above, Design No. 6509 has a wide box pleat at the center front and an inverted pleat on each side. The sash is joined under the box pleat and ties in back. Designed for sizes 4 to 12. Clustered pleats are used effectively in Design No. 6507 with its circular cape collar. This frock may have long sleeves. Designed for sizes 8 to 14. Design No. 6508 is a charming evening dress for a young girl. Its circular skirt is joined to a soft yoke which is slashed at the sides and tied with double ends. Designed for sizes 13 to 17. Below, Design No. 6499 has a becoming draped neckline and shirrings at the shoulders. Its circular skirt is joined to the yoke in points front and back; short sleeves may be used instead of the long, snug-fitting ones. Designed for ages 16 to 20 and for sizes 34 to 42. The three-piece lounging pajamas, Design No. 6501, would be an attractive addition to the fall wardrobe. The jacket with its peplum is worn with a sleeveless tuck-in blouse and trousers that are wide at the bottom. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. The delightful evening gown, Design No. 6503, below, has an ankle-length skirt and a circular peplum just above the knees and a circular cape in the back. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

6494 6497 6498

The little tuck-in blouse, Design No. 6504, at the top of the page would be so useful for the coming school days. It buttons in the front and has rolled collar and turnback cuffs. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. The straight lines of Design No. 6505, at the center left, are very becoming to the stout figure. This flared coat has a wide revers which fastens over on the left side. Designed for sizes 36 to 50. Design No. 6500, center right, is an excellent solution to the formal afternoon clothes problem for a large woman. This ensemble has a flared jacket with wide sleeves. The full circular skirt is joined to the sleeveless blouse in points. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 44.

6499 6501 6503

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 25 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 35 cents.

Read your washday fortune in your hand...

YOU don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how frankly it reveals its washday story.

The strong, capable palm indicates an energetic, self-reliant woman—the kind who directs her own housework. The shapely fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in having her clothes a little cleaner than anyone else's. The unbroken life line predicts many years of happiness because she gets things done with the least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—that she knows a bargain in value when she sees it.

You would expect a woman like this to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could actually see her hand, you would *know* she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean without hard rubbing, and because it does this so quickly, that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

The reason Fels-Naptha works so quickly is that it is good soap and naptha. *Plenty* of naptha—you can smell it. These two cleaners, working hand-in-hand, remove even stubborn dirt, swiftly and easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it works best in hot water—all soaps do. But Fels-Naptha also works beautifully in lukewarm or even cool water. So wash any way you please—you can be sure that Fels-Naptha will give you extra help.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it for household cleaning, too. Then your hands and home and clothes—and *you*—will all proclaim your good fortune!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L. H. J. 8-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

© 1930, Fels & Co.

When summer stains double the white wash

Little people playing hard—spots, stains, honest dirt! Use Clorox!

Long, cool drinks on garden tables—a gust of wind—over they go on spotless linen! Use Clorox!

Busy housewives preserving fruits, canning vegetables—stained utensils, jelly bags, aprons, towels—stained hands! Use Clorox!

Clorox will remove all this *stain-damage* from white cottons and linens quickly, easily and safely. In fact, when summer stains double the white wash Clorox is indispensable.

If the stains are not serious Clorox, in either soaking suds or first rinse, is all that is necessary. The label gives special instructions for removal of more troublesome stains.

There are dozens of other things, too, for which you'll want to use Clorox. To destroy odors and germs in "danger spots"—the refrigerator, the garbage can—and in your regular bathroom and kitchen cleaning! To make stained and discolored wooden drainboards whiter than new! And for many more uses that you'll find on the label.

If your grocer does not have Clorox, send us his name and address, and we will see that he is supplied. Clorox Chemical Co., Department A, Oakland, California.

CLOROX

BLEACHES .... REMOVES STAINS
DESTROYS ODORS .. KILLS GERMS

The Patch Box

Habits That Look Ahead

By BARBARA STANWOOD

SO MANY young girls write to me, "I am, I think, too young to begin using creams and cosmetics on my face, but my skin isn't so clear as I'd like it to be." And the fact that their ages run between fourteen and twenty, and sometimes several years on either side of those boundaries, raises the question in my mind, "Just how old is old enough to begin to think about looks?" I mean constructive thinking, of course, followed by action.

Looks, as looks, will be thought about soon enough, the female mind being what it is, but the wise mother, looking ahead for her little girls, can start them in routines which they need not know are dedicated to beauty. When the little girls are growing and grown they will pay amazing dividends, those rather simple routines which fall into habits so soon if they are insisted on.

Of course the essentials of a beautiful skin, as well as a lovely head of hair, shining eyes, attractive coloring and all the rest of it, the inner reasons on which I have insisted before in this page, are matters of course with most mothers in this enlightened day and generation. Hence we need not here go into the importance of regular elimination, careful diet, exercise, fresh air for sleeping, breathing and all the rest of the normal everyday ways of keeping the body in good condition. Most of these come easier to children than they do to older women, anyway, and it is when the woman becomes involved in a less and less natural way of living that the childlike glow of beautiful skin, being, as it is, an outward and visible sign of an inward and correct functioning of machinery, fades into the less-attractive skin, sluggish, sallow, impeded in breathing.

Health Plus

WE ALL know that as a health measure the habit of brushing the teeth cannot be established too early. It is a step in looks, too—one of the most permanent ones. The frequent use of soap and water is begun as a health measure, too, but it lays the foundation for skin-care routines later on, and children should be taught to wash their faces thoroughly not only in the morning and whenever necessary during the day but always before going to bed, leaving the skin clean and unimpeded to breathe during sleep. This is an important step in learning to care for one's skin, and, although the older woman may wish to substitute creams and lotions for the soap-and-water cleansing, this twice-daily attention is one of the routine habits which she will, if she cares for her skin, continue all her life.

Hands, of course, it is essential to keep clean, not only because of health, an important enough consideration in itself, but to keep the skin in its best condition. Nails are a breeding place of germs, and as soon as possible little girls should be taught to keep their own nails filed in a shape following the curve of their finger tips, and very, very clean. An orange-wood stick should be provided for this cleaning, as digging with a metal instrument tears the delicate skin and sometimes affects the texture of the nail itself. As soon as possible, too, a little girl should be taught to push back the cuticle around the base of the nail very gently with the towel every time she washes her hands. As her hands begin to matter to her, as part of her personal appearance, the young girl in her teens will find peroxide, applied under the nail with cotton wrapped about an orange-wood stick, or one of the colorless liquid nail bleaches or cuticle removers, an effective bleach.

A regular routine practiced over a period of time is most important to lovely hair. It takes time to produce results, but, on the other hand, the results are so clear and so gratifying that it is worth it. Hence the wise mother will teach her little girls to brush their hair themselves, as early as possible, and to brush it regularly and thoroughly. Supervision as to spotlessly clean brushes and combs will probably be necessary, but is important of course.

In dressing children's hair, and particularly in cutting it, simplicity is the most important standard. Nothing is less attractive or childlike than a head of fine hair crimped into tiny tracks with an iron or a curling pin. On very small heads the less art and more artlessness the better.

Baby curls and fine hair can be readily brushed and placed in a becoming way, avoiding all appearance of being "set," and the quest for a good barber who understands the cutting of children's hair cannot be begun too early. The same simplicity should guide the cutting and arranging of children's hair, whether it is long or short, until it is ready to be put up, or cut in a more grown-up bob.

Feet are Important

FOOT care is another matter affecting health, comfort and appearance. Shoes that really fit are a first consideration, from babyhood up, and the young girl in her teens, just beginning to wear the more-sophisticated types of shoe, with a violent desire for short vamps and high heels, needs particular guidance in this. Correct cutting of the toenails, removal of dead cuticle at the base of the nails, and the use of a drying powder after daily bathing can be established as permanent habits early in life. Also the importance of clean stockings daily, and two pairs, at least, of everyday shoes which are worn alternately, and hence keep the feet healthier, as well as wearing longer. Lots of these habits can be encouraged by giving children adequate tools with which to accomplish the desired results, and teaching them to use them. Personal appearance as an indication of good taste is a standard which can be taught early and without inculcating or even suggesting vanity.

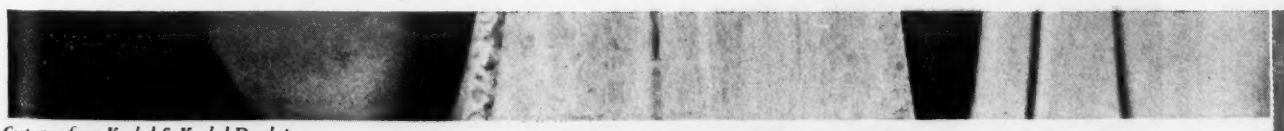
Of course there are important preparations made especially for children—specially sized toothbrushes, specially fine soap, shampoos for baby heads, not to mention particularly prepared powders and oils for baby skins. The use of really reliable preparations on the skin can be begun before the child is conscious of their application, but will in time do much to discourage the unfortunate habit of trying anything and hoping for the best.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Bibs, or little, painted celluloid shields, bearing the legend, "Do not kiss me," are tied around the modern baby's neck. Doubtless the more irresistibly appealing the baby, the more necessary the warning. At any rate, the idea is founded on sound fact and sane prevention. Bib by courtesy Cleanliness Institute.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Barbara Stanwood will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding care of the skin or hair. The service is confidential and no charge is made for it. Letters should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp and addressed to Miss Stanwood in care of The Patch Box, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Your poise and charm are safe with this *deodorizing* protection



Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

Because Kotex deodorizes . . . is inconspicuous . . . stays light and cool for hours . . . it is really necessary to your summer poise and comfort.

DON'T sacrifice your feminine charm one single day in summer. Kotex protects when daintiness is especially difficult.

All through every Kotex pad a wonderful deodorant is sprinkled. This deodorant is your protection. It is safe and gentle . . . soothing, even . . . yet deodorizes as long as the pad is worn. What a priceless comfort, particularly in summer!

Meantime, Kotex gives a degree of comfort that seems almost miraculous. This is largely due to its unique filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding.

Preferred by hospitals

Cellucotton is used by 85% of America's leading hospitals because of its many advantages. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which absorbs five times as much as an equal weight of finest cotton!

Do you realize what this means? It means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than any cotton pad, and give equal protection. Think of the difference in summer, when bulk and weight are so trying.

Kotex keeps its original delicacy an amazingly long time. It is made of sheer layers, laid lengthwise. These layers permit free circulation of air, and carry moisture quickly *away from the surface*. This method of absorption is important both to comfort and hygiene.

Round, tapered corners keep Kotex always inconspicuous. And you dispose of it as easily as tissue.

Insist on Kotex

Don't think for a minute that other pads are "like" Kotex, just because they bear a certain exterior resemblance. Superficially, Kotex can be copied. But in the things that count, Kotex stands alone.

Isn't it wonderful that this perfect protection is available to every woman in the United States, and at so little cost? Ask for "a package of Kotex" at any drug, dry goods or department store.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.

2 ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 ***Deodorizes*** . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 ***Disposable*** . . . instantly, completely.

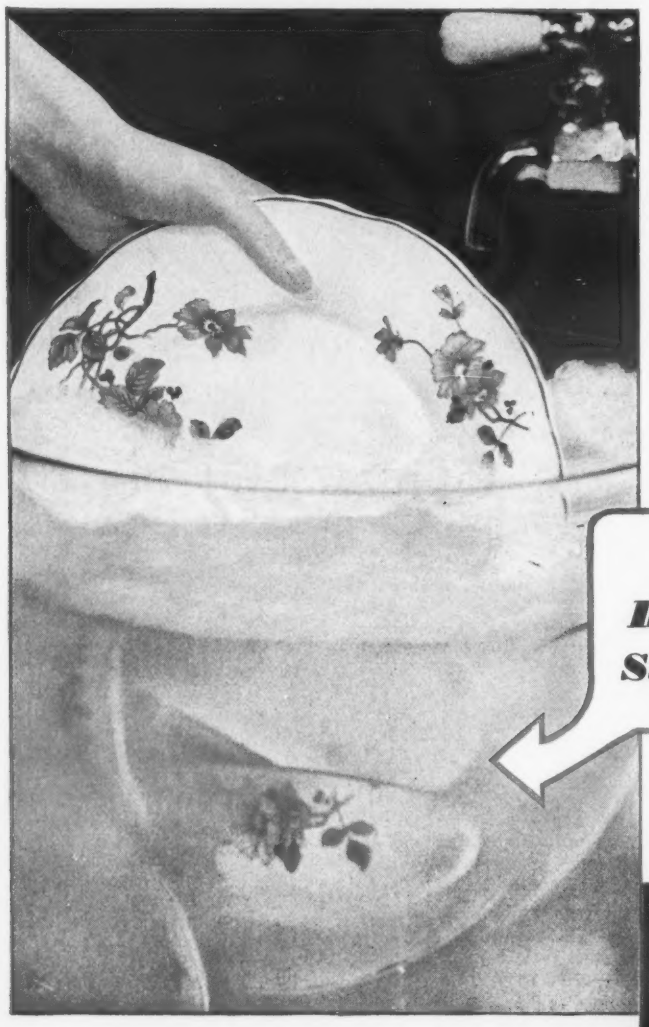
Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

These photographs show you a new way to save dishwashing time



Pictures through glass dishpans* show how Super Suds dissolves instantly, completely, washes dishes faster . . . saves dishwiping.

Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

THESE photographs convinced thousands that Super Suds is the fastest dishwashing soap ever made! They were taken through glass dishpans.* They show for the first time exactly how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. And this is important. For no matter how much top suds a soap gives . . . it's the instantaneous rich soapiness in the water below that keeps water from getting greasy. Gives you the help you need *right at the start.*

Why instant dissolving is important

Slow-dissolving soaps can not give you this instant all-through-the-water soapiness. The camera proves it. It shows you that in spite of top suds, the water below the surface—down where the real job of dishwashing is done—is clogged with gummy particles that can't get to work, because they're not yet completely dissolved. While—in exactly the same length of time—in the Super Suds pan every tiny "bead" of soap has dissolved like a flash. You can fairly feel the rich soapiness that has flooded every drop of water in the pan.

Super Suds can give this instant down-to-the-bottom soapiness because it's soap in an entirely new form. It's not chips, flakes nor powder. It's tiny hollow beads . . . made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each tiny bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake.

4 times thinner. Dissolves 4 times faster

It's because Super Suds is so thin—so instant dissolving—that it cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways. (1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Get Super Suds from your grocer today. A big box costs but 10 cents. You'll enjoy its instant and complete dissolving. You'll revel in the quick, rich soapiness that only Super Suds can give.

Super Suds 10¢

5945

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅛ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅛ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

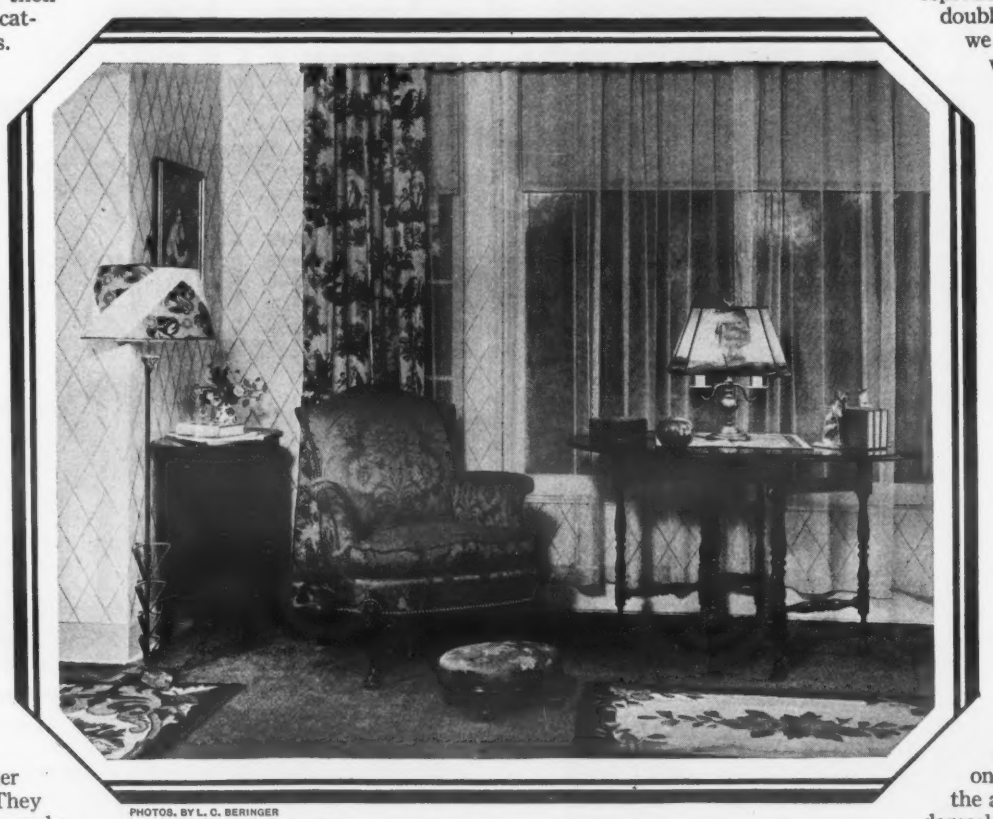
Their Second Small House

By HENRIETTA HORTON KAPP
Interior Decorator, The Emporium, San Francisco, California

FURNISHING the second small house is something that countless mothers and fathers have to do, after their families have grown up and scattered to make their own homes. The first little house may have been furnished on ever so small a budget, while the second one involved entirely different problems because it was larger, to accommodate a growing family; and then comes the time when it seems desirable to make another home, a small one which will involve less responsibility and care. By this time furnishings have been accumulated, some of which will fit nicely into less spacious quarters; others have to be discarded because they are no longer essential or are not in harmony with the new background.

To choose the many new things that will be needed, and to combine them successfully with the old, is no small problem; so that every department store numbers among its patrons some who are glad to take advantage of the interior decoration department's ability to serve, when this last house is being made ready for occupancy.

It was this last house, their second small home, which Mr. and Mrs. Martin came to ask me to help furnish and decorate. We first went through their big old house, making selections for the new house and agreeing that they should dispose of certain furnishings which together we decided would be undesirable for it. They had purchased a Colonial cottage, and so we decided to keep the Governor Winthrop secretary, one high-backed wing chair, some fine old tables and a grandfather clock, in addition to an old carved four-poster and highboy, their books and a few pictures. There was also enough new chintz, which had but recently been made into hangings for a guest room, to use with new maple furniture in the new house; and net for the glass curtains of that room, as well as for the new guest room, where hangings were made of satin, also brought from the more pretentious big home, together with two carpets, a room-size rug and some small rugs. Everything else, we decided, should be discarded as unsuitable.



PHOTOS. BY L. C. BERINGER

Corner of the living room, showing convenient furniture arrangement.

THE LIVING ROOM. Here the walls are covered with paper in Colonial pattern, which makes a charming background for Early American furniture; the love seat, upholstered in linen, matches the hangings which are figured in tones of rust red, green, gray and black. This love seat we placed at one side of the fireplace, facing the large triple front window; near by, conveniently located for conversation, is an easy-chair, in the Queen Anne style, covered with soft green fabric, to blend with the green found in the linen. The rest of the upholstery is rust red, and that is also the color which predominates in the three small rugs, copies of antiques.

The drop-leaf table, placed against the wall next the fireplace, is made accessible from the love seat by having its leaf up, and holds a lamp, magazines and a few books. A bridge lamp accompanies the wing chair, the secretary is opposite the fireplace; a fine old Colonial mirror hangs above the equally fine old table, against the wall back of the love seat. The radio cabinet brought over from the big house found its best location along the same wall with the fireplace, and between it and the window is a charming little grandmother's clock.

THE DINING ROOM. Landscape paper, selected for its tones of blue-green, green and soft tan, helps to make this room seem more spacious, and also sets the color plan. The soft tan ground of a large hooked rug, a modern reproduction, is figured in blue-green, and at the double casement doors leading into the garden, we used net in delicate green to match the woodwork. New furniture had to be bought for this room, very simple pieces of mahogany in Georgian style, just right in scale and spirit to seem at home with the old and new pieces in the living room. Mrs. Martin decided to keep her old tea wagon, which was in good condition and matched the wood of the new pieces in both color and finish, and uses it instead of the regulation serving table. An old flower painting in which bright red is the dominant tone was one of the treasures which the Martins brought from the old house; we hung it above the buffet, where it furnishes a desirable note of contrast with the green and blue-green of the paper. Although pictures are almost never used successfully against this kind of paper, Mrs. Martin liked the color contrast so well, and the picture did so much to bring out the value of the general color scheme, that we decided it was worth while in this instance.

THE MASTER BEDROOM. Here the color scheme was apricot and gray-green, suggested by the dominant tone of the wall paper, with the gray-green used on woodwork and in the rugs, to complement the apricot design of the paper. Green striped damask was used for overdraperies, to match the plain green of the bedcovers. The furniture here had to be newly purchased, except for lamps, small tables, a chaise longue and easy-chair. These new pieces consisted of twin beds, dressing table, bench, dresser and chiffonier, and were all small enough in scale to fit comfortably into a room of medium size, and simple and unpretentious enough to look well with the few old pieces brought from the other house.

Here the furniture is small in scale, for a small room.

A charming bedroom in rose, with maple furniture.

Modernism combines pleasingly with older things.

A CHARMING GUEST ROOM. The chief charm of the guest room is the way the new modern wall paper, the linen on the barrel-back chair, and the decidedly modern design of the rugs combine with the really old bed and highboy transported with other valued possessions from the big house; and how these in turn appear to have a friendly feeling for the new vanity and spinet desk. Dotted Swiss was used for the undercurtains, plain glazed chintz making the hangings and valances, the latter shirred and stretched between two rods.

A MAPLE BEDROOM. The old maple four-poster was reserved for this room, and with it we put a

(Continued on Page 42)

How 98% of the Lovely Screen Actresses—

Photo by Manatt, Hollywood

MARION DAVIES, adored M. G. M. star, uses Lux Toilet Soap and says enthusiastically: "This nice soap is wonderful for keeping the skin as silky-smooth as it *must* be for the close-up."

keep their Skin Exquisite . .

"Witchery in soft, smooth skin," say 45 Hollywood directors

ANITA STEWART, *popular star: "I'm delighted with this nice white soap."*

THE CLOSE-UP! How compellingly it holds the attention of thousands of eager eyes—critical eyes! What a cruel test of beauty—of the power to win and hold admiration—it is!

That is why, 45 Hollywood directors declare, skin of flawless loveliness is absolutely essential to a screen star's success. "Whatever else she has," says Clarence Brown, director in the great M. G. M. studio, "a star *must* possess a genuinely lovely skin."

And so you may be sure the beautiful screen actresses guard the allure of lovely skin most jealously! Long ago they discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives just the gentle care that is necessary

and now, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to this fragrant white soap.

On Broadway, too, the stage stars are enthusiastic about it. And now even in the European capitals the screen stars are using Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. Surely *you* will want to try it!

MAE MURRAY, *fascinating star, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."*

LUX TOILET SOAP

First Sweeping Hollywood — then Broadway — and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

Suggestions for Home Decorators

Your Hall

NO MATTER how small, the hall is important, as it establishes a keynote for the rooms which follow.

Walls in the hall may be treated in a variety of satisfactory ways. When marbleized they have an excellent effect; or they may be simply painted and antiqued. Pictorial papers may be highly successful if well selected—especially those designs which create an illusion of distance and greater space. I recall a narrow hall with a lovely wall paper of tall grass and waving cane pattern which made the hall seem considerably wider.

Striped papers are usually correct for halls, but they are

PHOTO. BY FRANK G. FULTON COURTESY MARSHALL FIELD & CO.

Striped paper for a formal hall.

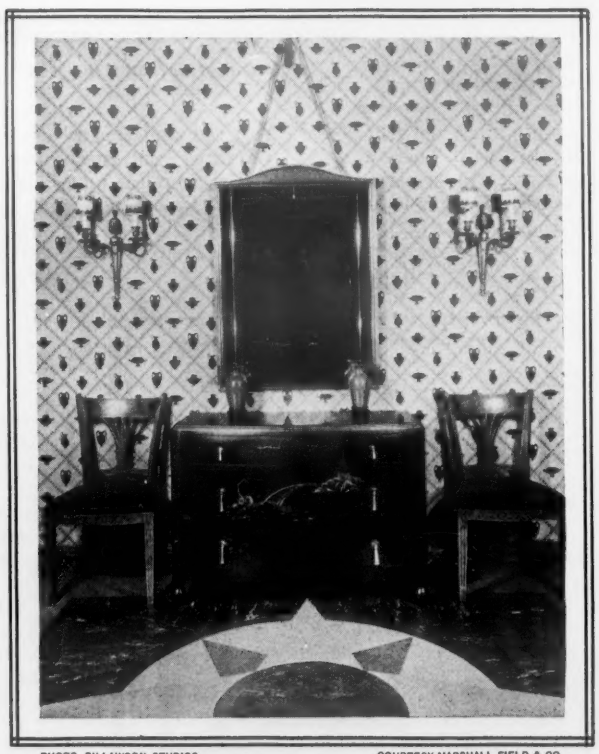


PHOTO. BY LAWSON STUDIOS COURTESY MARSHALL FIELD & CO.

A large-patterned floor is attractive.

more certain of escaping monotony when they have a background of rather indistinct figures. Block-designed wall papers with small classical motifs are also charming. Most papers can be made to look softer and more appealing by antiquing them with several coats of shellac.

Principles of scale and balance must be strictly observed in selecting the furniture for a small hall. Massive pieces should never appear there. A small console, commode or table may be used with a mirror corresponding in type, a floral painting or a small portrait—depending on the hall's background. A wall hanging of damask is attractive for use with eighteenth-century English or American mahogany furniture, and toile looks very well in a hall furnished with Early American or provincial types. Furniture must not overcrowd the hall, but there may, perhaps, be room for a small settee, upholstered bench, chair or stool. I suggest for an unusual and interesting hall a small settee in the center wall space, with a painting or fabric hanging above. Two small consoles holding low candelabra may flank the settee. Pots of ivy may then hang from the wall in place of bracket lights. If a hall has windows, the curtain material should be sheer and light, small in design if the walls are plain.

Two small apartment halls which I decorated recently may illustrate some of my theories concerning the planning of such halls. In one, the wall-paper pattern of stripes and figures is Empire in feeling, and developed in tones of putty with touches of gold. The floor was marbleized in squares. A console and mirror and a pair of pedestals holding plants are of Empire inspiration, small in scale. Empire benches, upholstered in gold satin of Empire motif, flank the door.

In another small foyer the inlaid linoleum is in an interesting star design. Wall paper is of a restrained Directoire type with green, henna and mauve tones softened and blended by antiquing. An unfinished commode was lacquered black and decorated with Chinese motifs in gold; these harmonize with the dull-gold metal frame of the mirror above. Chairs at each side of the commode were painted green, decorated in gold and black and upholstered in black satin.

Both halls are pictured here.

—KATHARINE R. P. TAYLOR,
Interior Decorator, Marshall Field & Co.

These delicious Jellies and Jams Cooked and in the Glasses in *only* 12 minutes

With this easy method you boil your jellies and jams only one minute. You'll get half again more glasses, too!

How quickly your fingers scamper through their jelly-making when you call in Certo to help!

A few minutes to bring to a boil . . . add Certo . . . boil one minute . . . and almost before you know it you are pouring your jelly into the glasses. Barely twelve minutes after putting the fruit juice on to cook, your jelly is cooling on the pantry window-sill.

Now count them and you'll find half again more glasses than you ever dared expect . . . ten instead of a meager six! This easy short-boil Certo method saves all the luscious fruit juice that used to boil away, and turns it into jelly!

Every year scores of jellies and jams made this economical, easy way win prize after prize at the great state fairs. Their exquisite, tantalizing, fresh fruit flavor is another glorious result of the magical Certo short-boil way.

WHAT IS CERTO?—Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled. This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY . . . Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal-clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the famous authority on jelly-making. These recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow them to the letter and your success is assured! Certo is sold by all grocers. It is a product of General Foods Corporation. Ask for your supply . . . today.

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES? Can you resist the thrill of *your own* jam cupboard filled with *your own* delicious creations—now that jelly-making has been made so wonderfully simple?

Think of the ease of Certo-made jellies and jams! Think of the power of home-made jellies to spur the laggard appetite. With all her talent, your grandmother could never make such glorious jellies as these. © 1930, G. F. CORP.

Blackberry jelly was one of seven Certo-made jellies and jams with which Mrs. Lindsey won California State Fair honors last summer. Note fresh fruit color of jelly shown above.

FREE Many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jellies and jams are included in Miss Elizabeth Palmer's new booklet "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." It will bring new variety to your table and make your meal planning an easier task. The coupon brings it to you free with Miss Palmer's booklet of 93 tested jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo.

Address Miss Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York. (In Canada, address: General Foods Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) (L.H.J.-8-30)

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS—FILL IN COMPLETELY

WHAT! SCRUBBING AND BOILING IN A STEAMING KITCHEN ON SO HOT A DAY? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU HOW TO SAVE ALL THAT WORK
I'LL TRY YOUR WAY NEXT WEEK, MURIEL
NEXT WASHDAY
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, MURIEL. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR EVEN BOIL... AND THE CLOTHES LOOK WHITER THAN EVER
YES, DEAR—AND IT'S JUST AS WONDERFUL FOR DISHES AND ALL CLEANING

No more hot, steamy kitchens on washday

yet a whiter wash with far less work

NO NEED now for sweltering washdays! For, no matter how hot the weather, you can keep your kitchen nice and cool every washday. Just let Rinso *soak* your clothes snowy, *without scrubbing or boiling*. Saves clothes—saves *you*.

"Rinso is the best soap ever for our hard water. The wash is white as white can be—yet all I do is soak and rinse," writes Mrs. N. Belles of Syracuse, N. Y.

We have received *thousands* of letters from happy Rinso users. "Makes rich, lasting suds in a jiffy," says Mrs. M. West of Washington, D. C. *Twice as much suds*, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps!

The only soap you need

Rinso is all you need, even in hardest water—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Just Rinso—for thick, creamy suds and the *whitest* wash you ever saw!

"No matter how soiled the things may be, all they need is a little hand rubbing after soaking them in those rich Rinso suds," writes Mrs. C. Porter of Cincinnati.

And millions of women can tell you how *safe* Rinso is! You can trust your finest cottons and linens to its gentle care.

***In washers, too*—it's great!**

The makers of 38 leading washing machines recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes.

And Rinso is marvelous, too, for washing dishes, for cleaning sinks, walls, floors, windows, bathtubs.

If you haven't tried Rinso, a full-sized package will be sent you free. Just send your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. W88, Cambridge, Mass.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX

Millions use Rinso

in tub, washer and dishpan

Glimpsing American Alpines

(Continued from Page 18)

Strictly speaking, a true alpine plant comes only from the higher wind-swept altitudes, where it anchors itself firmly in the glacial débris, and is for perhaps nine months of the year buried deep beneath the snows. The fierce and burning sun of that rare atmosphere must atone in the short summer for the long months of darkness, so that even the extremes of our American climate are not so intense as an alpine knows in its own home.

Among the very first to bloom are the fairy avalanche lilies *(Erythronium montanum)* that break through the receding snows to form a softly nodding carpet that sometimes stretches for miles. These are the aristocrats of the troutlily family, and are true treasures for our gardens. The petals are pure white, but the throat is marked with orange. These are bulbs, and should be planted in fall about five or six inches deep, preferably in some cool, moist part of the rockwork.

Early, too, is that Western anemone, *Anemone occidentalis*. This also grows near the snow; and its large lavender blooms are borne before the graceful foliage unfolds. This is possibly even more striking in fruit than in flowers, with its tall seed achenes. Being a plant of the richer meadows, it will like a rich, cool loam, with perhaps some leaf mold, or even peat.

The yellow Suksdorf buttercup (*Ranunculus suksdorfi*) paints the mountain slopes wherever moisture trickles down; but we need to use discretion in inviting it to our lowland gardens, as it tends to demand wider spaces than the little garden has to offer. The beautiful yellow potentilla is also among those that we may most enjoy upon the mountains themselves, as it is not suited for the small garden.

Among blue flowers that may also be brought to our gardens are the handsome *Mertensia pulchella*, the lupines and the gentians. This little mertensia grows with a rosette of blue-green leaves, and is a true little rock plant, attaining a height of little over six inches. It needs a well-drained, rather moist pocket of fair soil.

Lupines and Gentians

SO MANY varieties of lupines run riot through the Western mountains, and upon the lowlands to the very edge of the sea itself, that I am going to describe only two among them, both high alpines of the great snow peaks, and both low-growing, matlike plants for the rock garden—something very different from our three or four foot border lupines. *Lupinus lyalli* reaches the greatest altitude, and is in general about three inches in height, with tiny silvery leaves and extremely blue flowers. I have even found it at such great heights that it nestles like a piece of blue-and-silver moss against the rock. *Lupinus lepidus* is very similar, but about twice the size. These two are the real rock-garden treasures, though the taller foot-high *Lupinus subalpinus* makes alpine meadows nodding carpets of rich blue, and is itself a worthy garden plant.

Gentiana calycosa is a late-blooming gentian, often lifting its intense flowers through the early fall snows of the mountains. In gardens it usually blooms from early August well into the fall. The flowers are proportionately large, funnel-shaped, and carried on stems of a dark wine shade, which tinges the base of the flower to a deep purple. This shades to an intense light cobalt blue at the top. The tips of the deep green leaves are also usually marked with wine. A well-grown plant will carry as many as twenty flower stalks at a time. They need moisture, drainage and a light, friable, sandy loam, preferably with a little leaf mold. Our mountains have a number of varieties, but you will find this the most satisfactory and beautiful.

The pentstemons march up and down our mountains in a very Joseph's coat of colors. Some grow tall, and others cling low to the rock faces. But nowhere are they more brilliant than is the variety *P. rupicola* as it climbs high on the rocky cliffs of the Cascade Mountains, particularly above Paradise on Mount Rainier. It paints whole precipices with its glowing crimson blooms. The stems are very short and shrubby, the leaves thick, but the plant itself is inconspicuous except for its flaming bloom, which completely covers it and lasts well through the season. You need to use a little care that so vivid a color does not clash with other flowers in the garden; otherwise you may place it almost anywhere in the rock garden, or use it as an edging in a well-drained border.

Saxifrages and Sedums

NO LESS brilliant are the several painted-cups and Indian paintbrushes (castilleja) that run in flaming tones from purplish red, through crimson and scarlet, to one decided orange. A little less challenging, but particularly effective against the rocky background, are the oblong purple spikes of *Phacelia sericea*, with its silvery tufts of hairy foliage.

Saxifrages are another family that like to climb our mountains. They come in many forms, from mossy carpeters to silvery rosetted sections; but the garden maker will perhaps take most joy in two low-growing carpeters from real alpine heights, *Saxifraga tolmiei*, and its very close relative, *S. bronchialis*. The latter is a little taller, from four to eight inches, has mossy foliage, and the white flowers are deeply marked with pink. *S. tolmiei* has fat, thick, green leaves, but hides itself completely beneath the profusion of small white flowers. This is a plant of the pumice fields, and will bear rather a dry place in the rock garden.

Sedums seek the drier slopes, and bask mostly in sunny places. They, too, are a large family through our mountains. Perhaps *Sedum spathulifolium* is a good choice to represent the family. This has clusters of soft bluish-gray rosettes with red stems, and carries very large heads of clear yellow stars. It is truly for the rock garden, clinging low—below four inches.

The phlox family is huge, and it is truly American throughout. It is difficult to go anywhere through Western mountains without trampling some of its members underfoot. The pink *Phlox douglasi* is one of the best known. It will be sturdy and happy almost anywhere in the little garden, though phloxes prefer in general a sandy loam and a place in the sun. *P. diffusa* comes in both lavender and white, and is nearly as frequently found. These are both low creepers. *P. adsurgens* carries its bloom on ten to fourteen inch flopping stems above the dense green mat. Phloxes tend to be of the more rampant growers, and discretion should be used in placing them.

The polemoniums are another branch of the phlox family. *Polemonium pulchellum* is found in alpine meadows with the arctic lupine in the Cascade Mountains; and the dwarf *P. humile* seeks the moist shade of spruce and fir in the Rockies. The finest of the several, though, is a true high alpine from both the High Sierras and the Rockies. It bears the name alpine polemonium in common speech, but the botanists call it *P. confertum*. Its exquisite fragrant blue flowers are borne in a clustered globular head, and the plant anchors itself firmly in some sheltered cleft between granite bowlders; therefore you may give it partial shade.

No description of American alpines would be complete without some mention

(Continued on Page 42)

Get cake like this with ordinary flour?

Not in a month of Sundays

CARAMEL LAYER CAKE (2 eggs)

1⅔ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
⅓ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar — ½ cup milk
2 eggs, well beaten — 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Spread Caramel Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

CARAMEL FROSTING

3 cups brown sugar — 1 tablespoon butter
1 cup water — 1 teaspoon vanilla
Cream

Boil sugar and water until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water (238°F.). Add butter and vanilla, and remove from fire. When cold, beat until thick and creamy. Thin with cream until of right consistency to spread.

All measurements are level

THIS recipe is here to show you something. Run your practiced eye over it, and realize . . . Such a recipe, made up with *ordinary* flour, would give you . . . the most ordinary sort of cake. Nothing to boast about, that's sure!

Yet . . . make it with Swans Down Cake Flour, and see! Tender, and light, it will turn out to be *cake that* IS *cake . . . the pride of a cake-maker's heart!*

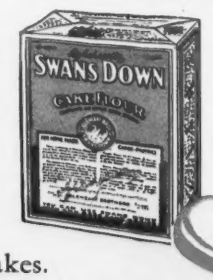
Its crust . . . crispy, no heavier than a wisp! Its texture, all through, wonderfully fine and velvet-smooth! You'll marvel that just two eggs and very little shortening *could* make such perfect cake!

To get anywhere near as good a cake with ordinary flour, you'd have to add eggs and shortening—you'd have to follow a far more lavish recipe!

Would you have guessed that flour makes such a difference as that? It does. Here is the reason:

Why SWANS DOWN *makes such a difference in cakes*

All flours contain gluten. In ordinary flours which are milled primarily for yeast breads, the gluten is tough, elastic—perfect for yeast's slow leavening, but entirely too resistant to the egg whites, baking powder, and other leavens used in cakes.



But Swans Down, which is milled especially for cakes, is made of soft winter wheat—because only in this wheat can you get the delicate gluten which cakes require. This gluten, quickly responsive to cake leavens, plays an important part in the success of your Swans Down cakes.

And the difference in Swans Down doesn't stop there. Swans Down is made of the choicest part of the wheat kernel only. Sifted and resifted through silken meshes, Swans Down comes to you 27 *times as fine as ordinary flour!*

No wonder Swans Down can make this simple little caramel cake so wonderfully good! No wonder it can make butter cakes, sponge cakes, angel foods, *all* cakes better than ordinary flour can ever make them. No wonder Swans Down permits you to save on eggs and shortening—permits you to save more than its trifling extra cost—and gives you—*finer cake!*

Ask the prize winners at the state and county fairs. They know the importance of using Swans Down. In cake contests throughout the country, it is just about a foregone conclusion that Swans Down cakes will win more prizes than all the other cakes put together!

Send for this wonderful recipe booklet and a helpful wire cake cooler that you'll prize!

Send! Send 25c today, for "Cake Secrets" . . . the most complete booklet on cakes you ever saw! 127 recipes—for cakes, pies, cookies, quick breads! With it will come the most practical little wire cake rack, on which to cool your cakes in no time, and ice them, too. All for 25c. ©1930,G.F.CORP.

SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Foods Corporation

MAKE THESE TESTS
when you make your first Swans Down cake

LOOK AT THE CRUST! *Touch it! It is ever so crisp and tender . . . daintily thin . . . springy, under your fingers! Swans Down makes an amazing difference in crust alone!*

NOW CUT YOUR CAKE! *Look at its grain. Did you ever see anything so fine and even? Swans Down cakes are so light and fluffy, that* feathery *is the only word to describe them!*

NEXT, BREAK OFF A MORSEL! *Press it gently, to feel its texture, so tender . . . so delicate! Never tough or "bready" . . . Here is one of the most striking characteristics of Swans Down cake.* It feels like velvet!

AND NOW TASTE IT! *Light . . . fine . . . here is cake worth the making! Here is* . . . cake at its best!

SEND! Get your copy of "Cake Secrets" and your cake rack . . . both for 25c.

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., L. H. J.-8-30
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin) for a copy of "Cake Secrets" and your practical wire cake cooler.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely — print name and address

In Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

NEW·FINER PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$590

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

Here is a car that is smart, dependable and *economical* at a price right down with the lowest. In addition, these extra-value features: Weather-proof internal hydraulic brakes . . . *full size* . . . Safety-Steel bodies . . . safety gas tank in rear, with gauge on dash . . . and the kind of speed, power and quality that is the exclusive result of Chrysler Motors engineering. More car, more satisfaction, at no extra cost!

PRICES

4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625; Convertible Coupe, $695. All prices f. o. b. factory.

SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

FULL Plymouth SIZE

(Continued from Page 40)

of *Silene hookeri* and the lewisias, though they are both plants that require a little skill in handling, being among the shy beauties of our real mountains. You will need a moraine pocket in the rockwork for these. The *Silene hookeri* is a far more striking plant than are the others of its family. It has soft gray foliage in starlike rosettes, and carries its beautiful true-pink blooms singly on two-inch stems profusely all through the summer. So deeply are the petals cut that each one seems completely cleft. Winter wet is its greatest enemy, and the stone-chip mulch will need close drawing around the plant collar.

There are nearly a dozen lewisias, of which *L. howelli* is perhaps most known to gardens. This is to be found in the mountains of Eastern Oregon. It has attractive wide rosettes of narrow grayish fleshy leaves with crinkled edges. The narrow-lobed radiate flowers are a soft apricot, streaked and flamed with rose. It, too, resents winter wet, and is a plant for careful handling. *L. columbiana* is rather similar, but the bitterroot *(L. rediviva)* has a different manner of growth, bearing the flowers only with the complete disappearance of its leaves. All lewisia blooms have somewhat the waxy texture of the waterlilies.

The campanulas are represented by several very fine members, principally *C. rotundifolia*, very, very similar to the English harebell, and found also in the Swiss Alps. The preference is for a well-drained, rather rich sandy loam. This is a particularly good stand-by for the rock garden.

You must not feel confused with the mention of so many plants and soil preferences. In the main, alpine plants possess extreme adaptability. They are very much inclined to be far too busy making the best of what is at hand to have time to sulk over that which is lacking. It is because of this very characteristic that they have been able to survive. Nature has refined them with much hardship. They are sturdy, in general fed upon a Spartan diet, and they run to quality rather than size. But there is one thing they all do have, one thing they demand in whatever environment they may be placed. That thing is drainage. Alpine plants can be grown without rocks; they cannot be grown without drainage. The steep slopes of their mountain homes give them this. The rocks, the glacial débris, the gritty soil, everything in their native home supplies good drainage.

A sandy loam is a good base for a rock-garden soil. A few pockets may have a little leaf mold mixed with it; more will need some gravel or a few stones. Moisture-loving plants can be watered by an underground pipe that is finely perforated, but those I have suggested here are sufficiently sturdy to take their water as it comes, provided you use discretion with the lewisias and *Silene hookeri*. When sowing seed, a surfacing of sharp sand will do much to prevent the dread damping off. If you have not had much experience with seedling plants, I would suggest that if you want lewisia or the silene, you purchase small pot-grown plants. American alpines in American gardens already have much in their favor. The most important thing in their handling is the substitution of a few spadefuls of common sense in place of the rich manure that is given border plants.

These alpines suggested here for the garden are now upon the market, though several nurseries are necessary to obtain the entire list. You have the advantage of plants already acclimatized to lowland conditions, when you buy them.

Their Second Small House

(Continued from Page 37)

maple highboy and ladder-back chair, adding only a dressing table, bench, easy-chair and small table of modern make, also of maple. In as much as the floral pattern of the wall paper was rose and green, we decided to put rose rag rugs on the floor, which we previously had had painted soft dark green. At the window, a glazed-chintz roller shade looked pretty under rose point d'esprit ruffled curtains in which rose and yellow were the predominating colors.

BROUGHT FROM THE OLD HOUSE

Governor Winthrop desk.
Wing chair.
Grandfather clock.
Grandmother clock.
Four-poster.
Highboy.
Books.
Pictures.
2 Carpets.
1 Room-size rug.
8 Small rugs.
Chintz.
Net curtains.

NEW PURCHASES

LIVING ROOM

8 Yds. 50" linen @ $6.00 per yd.	$ 48.00
Love-seat, linen-covered	185.00
Queen Anne chair	74.00
Gateleg table	19.75
Coffee table	23.00
Clock	69.00
Total	$418.75

DINING ROOM

Table	$ 70.00
6 Chairs	76.00
Buffet	69.00
China	65.00
9′ x 12′ Hooked rug	150.00
Total	$430.00

MASTER BEDROOM

Beds, @ $48.00 each	$ 96.00
Chest	76.00
Dresser	92.00
Dressing table	73.00
Bench	14.50
Night stand	16.50
10 Yds. damask @ $6.00 a yd.	60.00
Total	$428.00

GUEST ROOM

Vanity	$ 57.00
Bench	10.00
Spinet	38.00
Candlewick spread	2.95
Total	$107.95

MAPLE ROOM

Table	$ 15.00
Chair	77.00
2 Rugs @ $3.85 each	7.70
Vanity and bench	100.00
Total	$199.70
Grand total	$1584.40

Home Decoration Booklets

COLOR can make you feel cooler—or warmer—if you use the right color in the right light. USING COLOR IN DECORATION, by Lois Palmer, tells you what colors look best with light from north, east, south or west, and how to use them to the best advantage. Illustrated. Price, 20 cents.

SLIP-COVER MAKING, by Lewis R. Hastings, shows every step in the making of a slip cover, tells how to measure, seam and trim. Illustrated. Price, 5 cents.

Other illustrated booklets of practical use to the home decorator are: FOR YOUR WINDOWS—GLASS CURTAINS AND HANGINGS; PERIOD FURNITURE FOR MODERN HOMES; THE SELECTION AND ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE, by Lois Palmer. Price, 5 cents each.

These booklets will be sent upon receipt of the required amount in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped envelopes. Address the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

After Eighteen.. every woman should begin to watch for...

on Nose..

...Chin..

...Forehead

Coarse Conspicuous Pores...

THE SPELL of a beautiful skin!

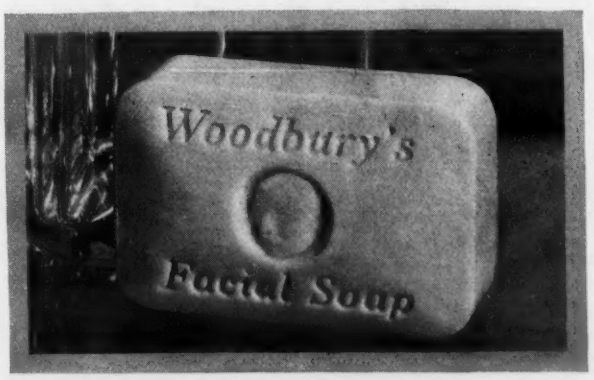
Almost every girl has it at eighteen when the pores of her face are small and fine!

This is the time to begin to watch for the gradual coarsening that starts right after eighteen—and shows especially on nose, chin and forehead.

To keep your pores small and fine, use Woodbury's Facial Soap. It actually *shrinks large pores to fineness*, and guards against big pores.

Formulated by a skin specialist who spent a lifetime studying the skin and its needs, Woodbury's keeps the face pores small by freeing them of the hardened fatty substance that causes them to enlarge—contracting them to their natural size. The very first time that you use Woodbury's you will notice its astringent action on your skin.

Begin using Woodbury's today! With each cake of Woodbury's comes the booklet of the most famous skin treatments in the world.



It will help you to keep the clear, fine skin texture that is your right.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes. *John H. Woodbury, Inc. —Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Send for the large-size trial set

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 1815 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."
In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1815 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© 1930, J. H. W., Inc.

Is he still the man you married?

PERHAPS it's hard to see any *striking* change in him. His voice may still have the old cheery ring; his step the same old energy.

But watch him in his off moments. Do you notice a little too much droop in his shoulders? Is he inclined to be just a little irritable when the soup isn't quite so hot as it might be . . . when the children are just a trifle too exuberant . . . or when he can't find the evening paper?

Nothing to be alarmed about, of course. Yet all too often these little signs are nature's warnings. Perhaps they tell of lunches gobbled down on the rush . . . of hectic, heedless business days . . . of the healthful, outdoor exercise he *doesn't* get!

Is it any wonder that nature slows down in her work of elimination . . . that waste material accumulates to interfere with the proper functioning of his entire system? Is it any wonder that he finally joins the ranks of those countless men whom irregular habits handicap?

Here's a beneficial *food he'll actually enjoy!*

What he requires is a *daily* ration of bran—for bran-bulk is nature's *own* laxative—gentle, normal and effective.

And Post's Bran Flakes is a cereal that *any* man will eat, day after day, eagerly and with relish!

They are so crisply delicious—these fairy-thin toasted flakes. A shower of "golden" goodness in milk or cream to gladden the 8 a.m. eye!

And how temptingly they blend with fruits and berries! How gloriously good they are, baked into fluffy, flavorful muffins!

Give him this gentle help toward health—every day

See how soon you'll notice that he feels and acts much better. See if he doesn't soon enjoy life with a new vigor—a new zest. Wouldn't you like to bring back into being the old smile, the old energy, the old companionship of the man you married? Is tomorrow too soon to begin?

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

A LAXATIVE FOOD
Post's BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED WITH MALT SYRUP AND SALT
A laxative food for everybody everyday
READY TO SERVE
POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 10 OUNCES

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

"Now you'll like bran"

A PRODUCT OF
GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

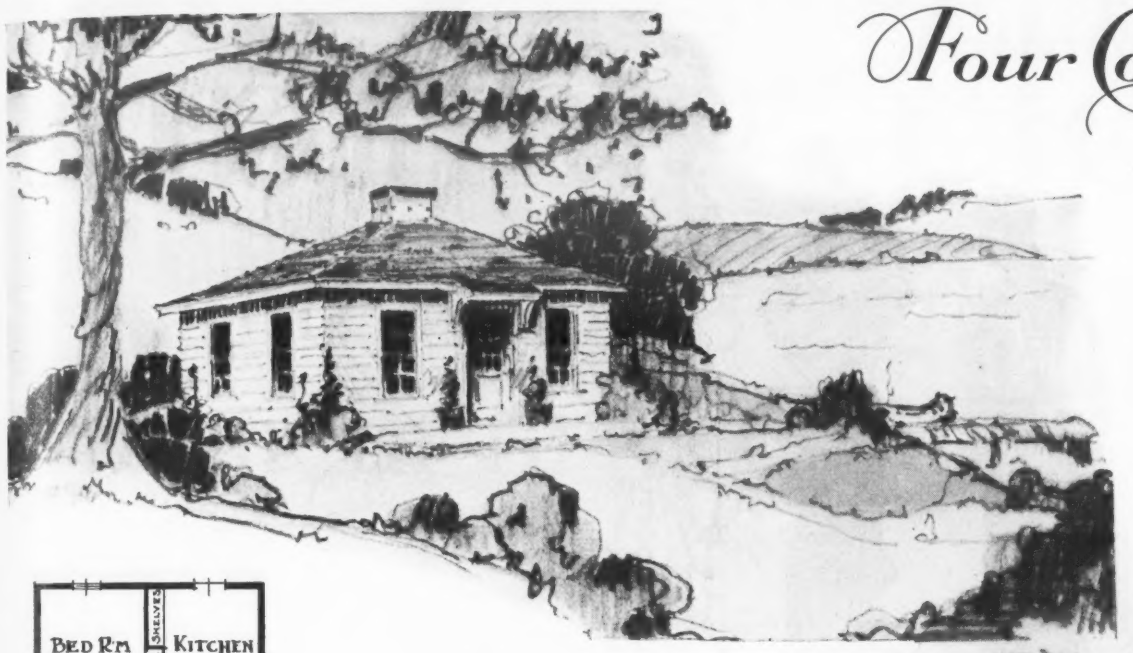
Four Cottage Patterns $1

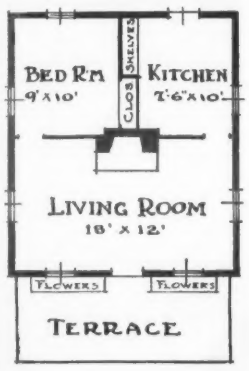
Designed by **E. A. MARTINI**, *Architect*

Sketches by **LOUISE GILLEO**

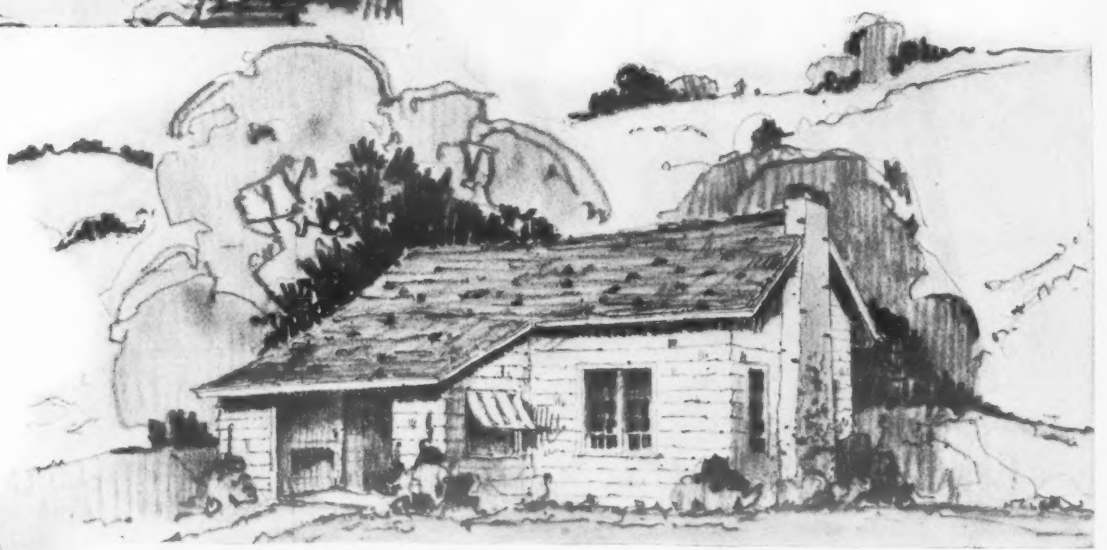
WHAT family doesn't long for a summer cottage of its own? The informality and the rejuvenating rest of a simple vacation home work marvels to city-frayed nerves. At a minimum cost this desired retreat can easily be realized. Send for this JOURNAL Cottage Pattern—No. 324—and begin planning for that place in the woods now!

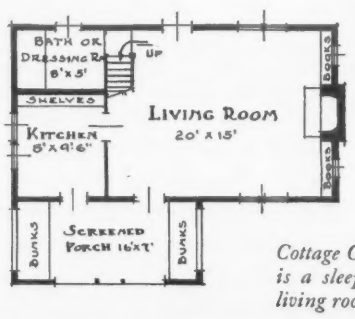
What is a JOURNAL Cottage Pattern? It is a reproduction of the architect's actual working plans for all four of the cottages shown on this page. Send one dollar to the Architectural Editor for the complete set of plans—No. 324.

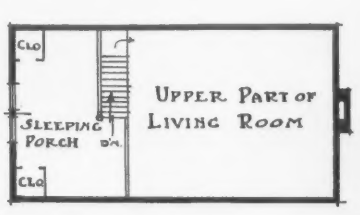




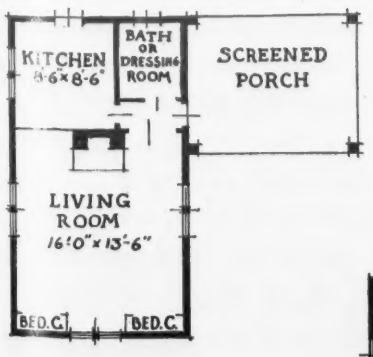
Cottage A, above, with its large living room, provides ample space for extra cots to accommodate several guests. There are 440 square feet of floor space.



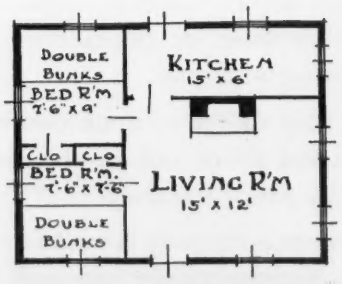




Cottage C, above, has an unusual layout in that there is a sleeping balcony overlooking the high-ceilinged living room, as well as a screened porch with built-in bunks at both ends.



Cottage B, above, has a porch to be screened which could be used for sleeping. There are two bed closets in the living room.



Cottage D, at right, sleeps eight people in four double bunks. For a fishing or hunting shack this will be ideal.

Lace frocks are colored like French bonbons
Even the conservatives are wearing silken beach pajamas
. . . and sweaters can be woolly or as thin as lace
The new "sheenless" silk stockings look very sheer indeed
Printed cottons are decidedly in the mode
and who could get along without one informal chiffon dress?

Your "... and *Ivory is safest,*"

When salespeople in the leading shops of 30 large cities were asked about washing fine things—they advised Ivory without reservation for everything from baby woolens to printed silk frocks. They quoted their own experiences. They described tests made in the stores. They reported the recommendations of manufacturers—all with one conclusion—"Ivory is safest for fine things."

They were thirty girls who went "fashion-scouting" in the best shops. East, West, North, South, they went into the leading department stores and the small exclusive shops in 30 cities—finding out about clothes.

And information! They came back with tons of it . . . "It's a good season for——" "You ought to see" . . . and they all had their favorite fashion items—pastel lace frocks, or sheenless silken hose, or frocks made out of striped shirting, or the new rayon fabrics.

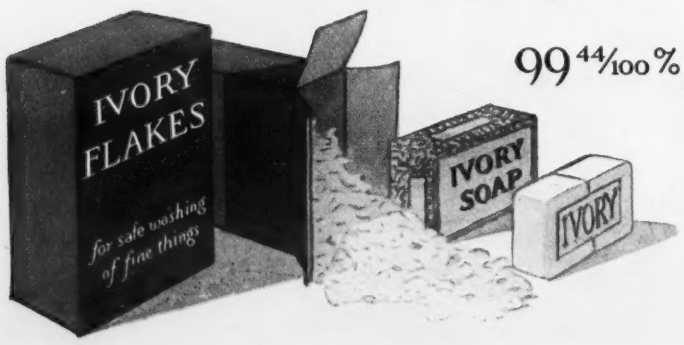
But they all agreed upon one important point. Salespeople, when asked about washing these new things, said, *"Use Ivory—it is safest for all fine things."*

"Almost everything is washable this year," salespeople said, "if you use the proper care and—Ivory." Or—"Even when

IVORY

– kind to everything it touches –

99 44/100% *pure*



summer clothes . . .

and what 30 girls learned about them in the country's leading shops

for washing these fine things, salespeople said everywhere

fabrics are plainly marked 'washable,' don't be careless about washing. Use Ivory. Then you are sure of good results."

Everywhere, all over the country, salespeople urged Ivory to protect the lovely things they were selling.

Why salespeople recommend Ivory

Salespeople gave many reasons for advising Ivory—As was said in a smart Washington specialty shop, "Ivory is the only soap to use for these pastel dresses. We are constantly getting complaints from customers who use other soaps. You will never have any trouble with Ivory, because it is mild and yet cleanses perfectly."

And in one of New York's leading department stores—this advice, which was typical—"This sweater is a silk and wool mixture. When you wash it, use Ivory—it's the only soap to use for woolens. It is so much milder."

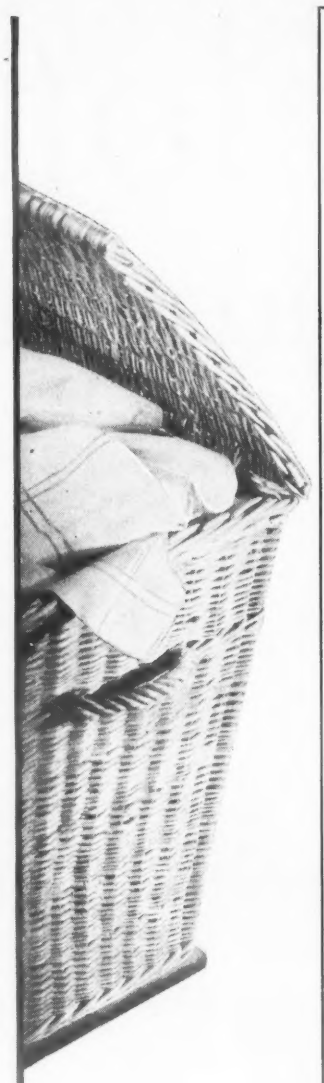
And in San Francisco—"Ivory is best for all silks. It is safest for the pastel colors so popular this year."

And in Dallas—"To get the greatest wear out of silk stockings, use Ivory. A stronger soap injures the silk."

Why a discouraged wardrobe before the summer is over?

Salespeople in the fine shops of your own city will tell you that Ivory tubbings will keep your own gay fluttery summer things fresh through the whole summer. Your silks and rayons, woolens and bright cottons—Ivory will guard their light-hearted colors and delicate textures as carefully as it protects the sensitive skins of the millions of babies it bathes every day.

Sign away *half* your washday work!



SIGN THE COUPON! Back will come a free test package of La France to save you half the work of your next washing!

Try La France! That's the test that has freed more than a million women from the hardest part of washday work.

Wash the clothes the usual way—but *without hard rubbing*. It isn't necessary. La France searches out and loosens every stubborn bit of dirt! More—*it blues them perfectly while they wash, without streaking, without spotting.*

Out of the buoyant suds come the clothes! Whiter than ever are the white ones. Bright and freshened are the colored ones.

Are some of the garments delicate? La France cannot harm the filmiest fabric! Are some of the colors dainty? La France will not fade them! Are some of them white silks? La France prevents yellowing of white silks!

Your hands? La France is so *mild* it cannot possibly hurt them!

You need La France! It will save your time. It will save your clothes—for it spares them the stretching and straining that hard rubbing always inflicts! *And when you use La France in a washing machine you don't have to run the machine so long!*

Prove all these things at our expense! Send the coupon *today* for the free trial-size package—enough for a large washing!

Try Satina for Easier Ironing

With La France we will send you also a sample of Satina, to make your ironing easier. You add Satina to hot starch. It prevents irons from sticking, gives a fine, soft lustre to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer.

With the samples will come a copy of the new booklet, "The Easier Way to Perfect Laundering"—a treasure-house of hints and helps for the home laundress.

Your grocer sells La France and Satina

Products of General Foods Corporation

SIGN HERE FOR **FREE** TEST PACKAGE OF LA FRANCE SEND TODAY!

L. H. J.—8-30

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO. (INC.)
113-125 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, a test package of La France—enough for a family wash—together with a sample of Satina. And P. S.—Please include, free, the booklet "The Easier Way to Perfect Laundering."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Print name and address—Fill in completely

In Canada, address General Foods, Limited
Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

Home Building Suggestions

Contributed by Journal Readers

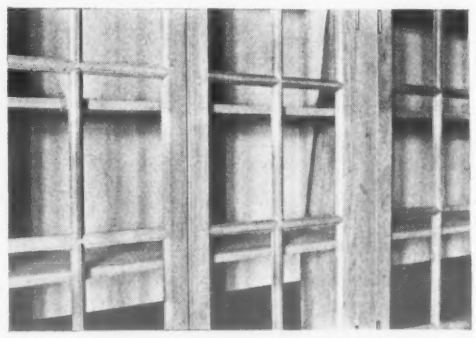
PLANNING a home is much like buying a dress. The first question to be settled between the gown shop attendant and Madam is the approximate size—32, 34, 36, and so on.

The same type of question should be the first to be settled by the family planning to build a home, only in a more detailed manner—that is, each room should be decided upon by itself, as to size, shape, probable furnishing, exposure, and its location in relation to adjoining rooms.

The majority of us live a different sort of life than our grandparents lived. Just the automobile, not to mention other outstanding developments, has turned our houses around. Instead of the barns being located at the farthest corners of the lots, we now have our garages on the fronts of our lots, and our houses facing the rear, where the gardens hold private court.

Planning a house today is a different problem than it was a few years ago.

I HAVE RECENTLY VISITED a number of new houses built by commercial builders and offered for sale. After looking them over carefully my husband and I decided to build our own house. This is not intended as a knock against ready-built houses, because we saw many houses that appealed to us very much. What we did not like about most of the houses was the use of inferior materials in such places as hinges, for instance.



Muntin bars and shelves should coincide.

A real-estate man showed my husband and myself a lovely, white Colonial house that took our fancy as we drove by it. When he opened the screen door to unlock the front door I noticed black splotched on the pure white paint just under the screen-door hinges. Calling his attention to the stain, he said, "Oh, that is nothing. That will paint right over all right."

"But if it stained once, why won't it do so again?" I asked.

"That's just the damp weather," he said, and swept on into the house.

The house itself was lovely, but the stains under the hinges kept us from seriously considering buying. If the builder had used solid brass or bronze hardware, there would have been no stains, and we might have bought the house. And, knowing that the builder had used cheaper hardware, we were inclined to imagine he had used cheaper materials in other places where we could not see.

—Mrs. A. R. B., *New York.*

WHEN PLANNING CHINA CUPBOARDS in the dining room or in the kitchen take care that the shelves are placed on a level with the muntins, or division bars, between the panes of glass. Nothing mars the appearance of an otherwise attractive china cupboard more than the sight of the edges of shelves in the middle of panes of glass, instead of being concealed behind the muntins. It is especially discouraging, when arranging a china cupboard where beautiful and rare pieces are to be proudly displayed, to discover that the wooden division bars are directly in front of favorite pieces. The accompanying illustration shows a cupboard designed without regard to the arrangement of shelves and muntins. Forethought would have prevented this unpleasant appearance.

—M. T., *Pennsylvania.*

SNOW ON FLAT ROOFS, contrary to popular thought, instead of a winter hazard is a winter help—that is, provided the flat roof is properly constructed. It has long been general practice to build slanting roofs so that winter's blanket of snow will slide off. A flat roof can easily be made strong enough to carry the weight of snow. If the flat roof is too large to be constructed of wood, there are steel beams and joists available at satisfactory prices.

The main objection to snow on flat roofs has been not its weight, but the fact that it melts and freezes, thus causing possible trouble with roofing materials and in the matter of disposal of water. The answer to the melting and freezing problem is adequate insulation. The flat roof of an ordinary-sized house can be insulated on top of the ceiling joists, under the roofing material, and also on the bottom edges of the ceiling joists. This double insulation will insure against the heat within the house melting the snow on the roof. With the flat roof pitched to drain through a wrought-iron pipe leading down within the house, the drainpipe will be kept warm enough to take care of what water results from the melting of snow by heat from the sun, or unseasonable warm weather during the cold months.

A blanket of snow on the roof acts as insulation itself. The expense of roof insulation, together with outside wall insulation, will be more than offset by the saving in cost of a smaller heating unit and the lesser amount of fuel consumed.

—WM. C., *Michigan.*

Journal House Pattern Leaflet

ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR,
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Please send me the House Pattern Leaflet. I inclose four cents in stamps.

Name.....

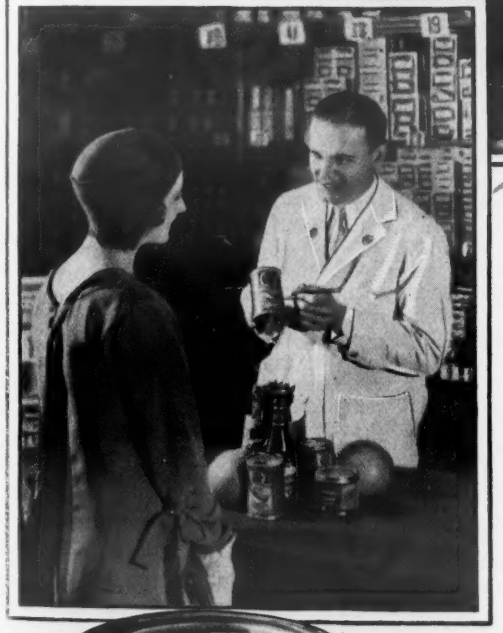
Street.....

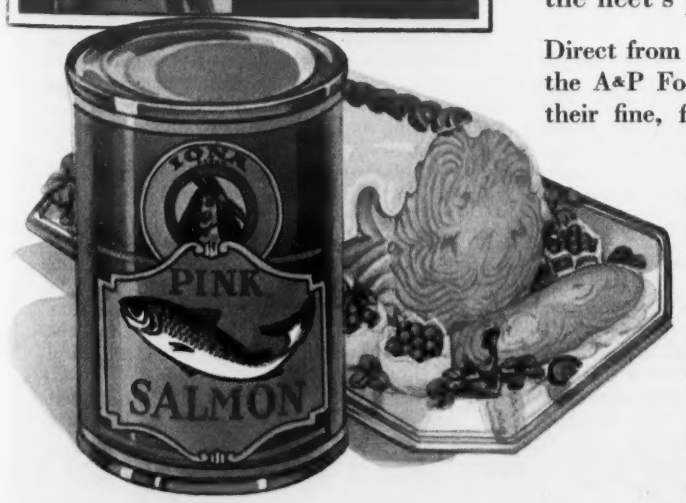
City.....

State.....

In cold ALASKAN WATERS *where the silvery* SALMON *run*

The Petrel, flagship of A&P's Alaskan salmon fishing fleet.





A&P nets and packs for you these beauties of the deep

RIGHT NOW the silvery salmon are running. Great schools of them rushing through Alaska's icy waters, bound for the raging rivers swollen by melting snows. Off shore, lying in wait for them is A&P's trim fleet of vessels, manned by hardy fishermen of that north country. On shore are A&P's six great salmon canneries waiting to receive the fleet's prize catches of the deep . . . shimmering, silvery salmon.

Direct from the boats, these salmon are expertly packed for shipment to the A&P Food Stores in your neighborhood. Their delicate flavor . . . their fine, firm freshness never fails to delight, however you choose to serve them.

Going to the icy waters of Alaska for salmon is typical of the great lengths to which A&P goes to provide its customers with better foods.

5,000,000 women throughout the United States and Canada shop daily at the A&P Food Stores because experience has convinced them that rarely, if ever, are A&P's fine quality and low prices equalled elsewhere. Why not cut your food bills? Shopping at the A&P Food Stores will do it.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

Women THE WORLD OVER rely on "LYSOL" for feminine hygiene...

The women of France use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

A typical German beauty envied for her radiant health.

An Englishwoman of the smart hunting set.

Radiant health adds to the charm of Vienna's élite.

IN the brilliant capitals of the world, fastidious women agree that the correct practice of feminine hygiene is an essential part of truly radiant health and feminine loveliness.

And for this intimate purpose these women use "Lysol" Disinfectant—have used it for forty years.

"Lysol" is the safe, sure, personal antiseptic for general use. There can be no doubt as to its effectiveness. Its germicidal action is powerful. It kills harmful germs under conditions where many preparations are ineffective. Yet when diluted and used according to directions, "Lysol" is non-poisonous to humans. And its safety is assured by the fact that its use is standard in hospitals during that most delicate and dangerous of periods—childbirth.

"Lysol" is inexpensive to use because it contains a minimum of water, and is so highly concentrated that a little goes a long way.

Return the coupon below for booklet, "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene," written with genuine understanding by a woman physician. It is free.

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

LEHN & FINK, Inc.,
Sole distributors
Dept. 428, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me, free, your booklet, "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8

© 1930, L. & F., Inc.

Marriage is a Compromise

(Continued from Page 8)

They left the fire and went up the beach several hundred yards. A fruit crate and a bushel basket picked up from the flotsam on the way served very well for improvised clothes racks, and in no time at all they were gingerly feeling their way into the water. An agonizing step or two and Sidney gasped and struck out. In a minute his body had adjusted itself to the water, which really wasn't cold, and he was able to give himself up to the most voluptuous of all sensations—swimming naked. A pleasure, he reflected, usually reserved to small boys and Channel swimmers. With each stroke a shower of cold sparks glinted in the swirl of water, and when he turned his head to the side he could see a few yards away a gleaming ghostly patch of phosphorescence that he knew must be Bill.

For a few minutes he drove through the water with all his power, then turned on his back and relaxed on the rather restless cradle that the deep provides at high tide. The moon was rising, looking very much as Sidney felt—simply a head, unusually light, emerging from darkness. He wondered what had got into him, what forgotten ecstasy.

HE REMEMBERED his piqued curiosity and found himself speculating with pleasant, though impersonal, absorption as to the thing that once in Alix's life had "gotten" her.

Resentfully they donned once more the shackles of civilization, but the habits of convention are strong. A cigarette or two to give the girls plenty of time, and then they started back toward the red glow of their beach fire.

"The most unspeakable thing has happened," Helen exclaimed as they dropped down on the sand. "The fire in its excitement fell apart and with it the coffee. Can you bear it?"

"It's my dumbness," Alix said contritely. "It just never occurred to me that a fire would do a thing like that. I owe you a new coffeepot, Helen. This one is simply a charred and blackened ruin."

"Don't be silly. The real tragedy is that there is absolutely nothing to eat now but a few sandwiches that Sidney missed and some gooey pears. Somebody packed the frying pan on them." She pinned up wet strands of hair as she spoke, and Sidney pictured with delicate revulsion a home life with a woman who must be the æsthetic prey of every summer shower.

Bill got to his feet and stretched luxuriously.

"Come on, Helen," he said, "the moment calls for action on the part of the host and hostess."

"I simply draw the line at going back," Helen protested. "It's forty miles."

"Please don't——" Alix began, but Bill interrupted her.

"It's only fifteen to Seaside Heights," he said, "and we might be able to get some at the lighthouse. We can borrow a coffeepot there, anyhow. Let's try it."

"THE lovers seem to have made up," Alix observed as Bill and Helen set out, quite obviously arm in arm, for the road over the sand dunes where they had left the car. Sidney, comfortably tilted against the driftwood log, looked puzzled.

"Made up?"

"Yes. Don't you remember the rubber we won last night? If they hadn't been married they probably would never have spoken to each other again."

Sidney remembered. It really had been awfully amusing. Helen and Bill had got politer and politer to each other and more and more insulting. Alix was right. If they hadn't been married they unquestionably would never have spoken to each other again. Yet here they were, twenty-four hours later, lovers in the moonlight; and the past was past.

A restless little wind had risen with the moon, ruffling the surface of the white path on the sea and the hair above Sidney's high forehead. He felt again that ecstatic sense of inflation, so unlike his accustomed placidity; the reconciliation of Bill and Helen became, for the exuberant moment, a thing symbolic, an altogether-fitting illustration of this altogether-perfect night.

"YOU know," he philosophized expansively, his hands behind his head, "I never thought of it before, but there must be something pretty wonderful about marriage to make people forget their bitterness. It must bring people something——" he waved an explanatory hand. Alix traced an A in the sand.

"It's brought Helen something—three children in four years," she observed, "and the necessity of making over clothes when the Lord didn't give her either the knack or the figure."

Sidney frowned. That was true, of course. Helen had no style. But then she never had had.

"Think what it would mean," he mused, "to have three children—I don't care how many years it took them. To see yourself coming out in them as the years went by, and to know that the old Sidney strain—I mean Bill strain—was perpetuated and multiplied. It makes a man sort of—well, almost sort of immortal."

Alix picked up a bit of seaweed and threw it into the fire from where she sat.

"Does it?" she remarked. "And what about his accommodating wife?"

Sidney was slightly shocked—on such a night.

"What about her?" he asked stiffly.

"She's more apt to get a feeling of old age. Children date you so. I was having lunch with a crowd one day when Helen stopped at our table; and several of the younger girls stood up. Homage to the mother of three. I don't imagine that her sensation was exactly one of immortality."

THE same little restless wind, and something else, perhaps, had ruffled her hair and the calm color in her cheeks. Firelight danced in her eyes. Sidney found that without any conscious volition on his part his arm had slipped off the log and around Alix.

Now you've done it, he said indulgently to the amorous arm. Can't you ever learn?

He was prepared for a reaction of some kind—protest, righteousness or acquiescence. He remembered Elsie, his last before he succumbed to boredom and voluntary abstinence; her enraptured struggle. You just knew that it was a big moment in her life. Yes, there was always the preliminary reaction.

It took him a moment, therefore, to collect himself to the point where he could realize that Alix had risen as effortlessly as the wind itself, and was no longer beside him. She stood by the fire, as she had stood before, and talked to him without looking at him; and her voice was unexpectedly childlike.

"When I was twenty," she said, "I fell in love. It meant a great deal to me, both because it was real love and because the man was everything that made me most happy. Since then, I've done everything to fill the—the hole that he left, but I've always known that nobody could ever take his place. I suppose that's why I feel the way I do about marriage and—this kind of thing."

Beneath her fleeting look, Sidney felt his arm wither at his side. So it was a

(Continued on Page 53)

These days · when your skin feels and looks so DRY

. . . what are you doing about it?

This quick-melting cream will restore the natural moisture. . . keep it soft and pliant

You don't have to be told—you *know* when your skin is too dry. You can feel it. You can see it. Taut and drawn, with little lines showing themselves around your mouth, under your eyes. Tiny lines that so soon deepen into wrinkles—rob your complexion of its youth and loveliness.

And these days when you just must expose your face to the merciless sun and wind, your skin is getting drier and drier, as it loses more and more of its natural moisture.

What to do about it? Tonight, and every night, cover your face and throat with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. Its fine, soothing oils quench the skin of dryness—penetrate down into the pores—cleanse and lubricate at the same time.

After just one treatment with Woodbury's, your skin feels soft and pliant—glowing with the look and color of health. And, remember, this cream was specially formulated in the Woodbury laboratories to correct dryness—keep the age-betraying wrinkles from creeping in. It puts back into your skin the natural oils that it loses through exposure.

Then as a powder base, and to protect your skin, too, apply just a touch of Woodbury's Facial Cream. Light and fluffy and vanishing, it brings a velvety softness to your complexion.

You can get the Woodbury Creams, in jars or tubes, at drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or, if you'd like a generous trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder, just mail the coupon with 10 cents in stamps or coin.

THIS COUPON WILL BRING YOU A GENEROUS TRIAL SET

John H. Woodbury, Inc.
Dept. J-8, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c (stamps or coin) please send me trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder.
(If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. J-8, Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

WOODBURY'S THE COLD CREAM THAT MELTS AT SKIN TEMPERATURE

© 1930, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

TRUST a woman to appreciate instantly those finer qualities in Body by Fisher which result in more luxurious motoring. The moment she opens the door of a Fisher Body car, the richer upholstery and the deeper, form-fitting cushions assure her of greatest riding ease throughout the life of the car. The complete and tasteful appointments offer her many conveniences for really restful travel. And when she herself takes the wheel and drives, she appreciates such features as the Fisher adjustable driver's seat, the Fisher non-glare vision and ventilating windshield, the unusual quietness of the Fisher rattle-proof wood-and-steel type of construction, and many other body features of extra value found only in General Motors cars—the *only* cars with Body by Fisher.

CADILLAC • *LA SALLE* • *BUICK* • *VIKING* • *OAKLAND* • *MARQUETTE*
OLDSMOBILE • *PONTIAC* • *CHEVROLET*
GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

(Continued from Page 50)

broken heart, after all. And yet there was something rather noble about it. He wondered whether it was death—or what; it didn't seem delicate to ask. To think that this had happened to Alix, whom he had known all his life. He felt suddenly wracked with emotion.

"Poor little kid," he said tenderly. "Please forgive me."

IT BROUGHT them closer together. She told him a little, fragmentarily, of the man she had loved—not much, and he did not press her. She seemed to have loved the fellow very much. He told her a great deal about himself, in the platonic intimacy of their new friendship; of his experiences with life and women, and his ensuing misogynism. He mentioned Elsie and Dot and Esther and the Langdon girl, and as he talked they lost their irritating reality and became plastic and colorful, figures of clay and pigment that adorned so fittingly and necessarily the shrine of his past. And the moon rolled up to the zenith, hung there benignly, and started down the western sky, blotting out the constellations in her path.

Alix shivered suddenly.

"Isn't it getting cold?" she said. "What in the world do you suppose has happened to Helen and Bill?"

Sidney gazed about him like a man whom cold water has rudely roused from a trance.

"Helen and Bill?" he said vaguely. "I'd forgotten all about them. Lord, it must be quite late!" Hastily he fumbled for a watch. "My heavens, it's quarter of one! Do you suppose they've had a puncture?"

Alix sat down helplessly on the sand.

"Glory, they're miles from a garage," she said, "unless it happened near Seaside Heights."

"They'd have been back by now if it had," Sidney reminded her.

There was a sudden sweep of wind across the dunes. He got to his feet stiffly and burrowed about in the heap of sweaters and coats that had impeded their light-hearted progress six hours before. "Lucky we have these," he muttered. "We'll need them before morning."

IT WAS at that moment that the larger view of the situation struck him. Forgotten stories swept luridly through his mind. There was Bob Benson and that girl from New York whose rowboat had cut adrift from the Seal Harbor slip without oars, and nobody picked them up until the next morning. It had been mighty unpleasant for Bob—he got out of it somehow, but there never had been anything chivalrous about Bob. And there was that younger sister of the fellow across the hall from him in Seventy-nine, at Princeton, and the boy from Boston Tech; they'd got left on an island when the rest of the picnic went home, and he *did* marry her. That was thirteen years ago, but Sidney could still feel the awe-stricken horror with which he had first heard about it. And only last night Bill had been telling him about a young couple in their crowd whose whole married life had been based on the fact that there was only one train a day to the inaccessible haunt in the Catskills where they were week-ending, and the chaperons missed it. They had five children, Bill had told him. Sidney's imagination dwelt horribly upon dawn among five children. Security! Had he ever thought such a thing existed, with convention doing that to you just because you unavoidably spent the night with an unmarried girl? He laughed mirthlessly as sand hissed across the beach and the wind blew dusty confusion into the clear night.

Alix sat very still by the fire, with that odd repose that seemed to characterize her. She seemed entirely unperturbed. Sidney piled on his armful of wood.

"This is a terrible situation," he said at last, turning to dry the back of his coat. "Do you want to try walking, or anything?" His voice was lame. The warmth of the fire was blunting the edge of his discomfort.

"Fifteen miles? Or nine? Please, not in this wind." She looked suddenly tired. After all, it was getting on toward two o'clock.

"This is rotten for you," he said.

"Why, no," she said, "I've camped out often, you know. Don't worry about me. Let's worry about Bill and Helen, instead. I hope they're not in jail." She laughed suddenly and pushed back the blown mass of her hair. Sidney watched her incredulously. Didn't she realize—could it be possible ——

"Alix," he said, "you understand the—the dickens of this situation, don't you?"

For the first time she looked at him, her eyes startled. Then she smiled, first her eyes, then her lips, and relaxed her erect position. She had pulled on an angora sweater that caught the firelight in curious lights and shadows, in which the curves of her body were unexpectedly etched and shrouded. Sidney, watching her, felt suddenly that there is method even in the madness of fate.

"I suppose," she volunteered, "that I'm compromised."

Wilbur Daniel Steele

Many times winner of the O. Henry Prize for the best short story, is writing for the JOURNAL

His First Story

Green Vigil

is a Saga of the West

It is in the SEPTEMBER JOURNAL

And she looked around her as though, with that simple phrase, the now familiar beach had taken on new and interesting features. Her face was absorbed.

Sidney scanned the horizon. Not a flicker of light punctuated the darkness of the land, and on the sea nothing but the intermittent flash of a revolving beacon, miles and miles away. Well, how about it? Could he pretend that it was all a glorious lark and go happily home on the morrow—provided Bill and Helen found them—leaving Alix's reputation with the sievelike Helen? He could not. He squared his shoulders. Regardless of his own personal sentiments—Alix had turned again to him, her smile unconsciously soft in the flickering light. He cleared his throat.

"Don't think for a minute, Alix," he began, "that this is going to turn out badly for you." A panorama of the girls that had longed to marry him unrolled in his brain. "I'm not a cad, you know. I fully realize what you have a right to expect under these circumstances." He cleared his throat again.

"Expect?" Alix's voice was sweet and cool. "My dear, I expect you to roll up in that blanket and go to sleep. I'm a regular squaw, you know—and you're not used to camping. So don't try to give it to me."

"Don't you think," Sidney's voice was grave, "that you'd better try to understand me? When a man and a girl—an unmarried girl—find themselves in a situation such as this one, the consequences can be very serious—for the girl." He paused emphatically.

"My word, Sidney," Alix was mildly remonstrative, "are you seducing me?"

Mingled rage and hauteur warred over Sidney, but the hauteur won.

"Don't be facetious, Alix. You don't seem to realize that in a sense I'm responsible for your—well, your welfare, both tonight and after tonight. How do you think this will look to the rest of the world after Helen has embellished it from her fertile imagination?" He wished the firelight would concentrate elsewhere. It gave a curious witchery to Alix's cheek and the curl of her hair. To think that he had watched that curl grow from its first infant spear. He felt suddenly expansive. Something could be arranged—a soundproof bedroom, or a whole children's annex, if necessary.

"I am ready," he concluded with finality, "to marry you just as soon as we get within shouting distance of a justice of the peace. So don't have a moment's worry."

THERE was a long silence, during which Sidney gazed out over the now quiet sea with heavenly calm. It was the supreme sacrifice, but he had made it—made it to uphold the tradition that to him was one with being a gentleman. His soul basked.

Then Alix spoke.

"Sidney," she said, "I appreciate your thoughtfulness. I know you have my interest in mind. But of course you understand that it's out of the question. And I think you've been—very courageous." She was not laughing. Her face was unexpectedly sober, and very sweet. Sidney was disturbed. He had certainly done his part. Why should he pursue it? And yet you couldn't just leave a thing there.

"You mean," he began, "that your reputation means nothing to you?"

"I mean," she returned with sudden vehemence, "that I wouldn't marry you if the entire destiny of the race hung on my reputation." Then she smiled, a healing smile. Sidney, however, was not healed. The way she'd spoken you might think he was cross-eyed or something.

"If that's the way you feel about it," he said in injured tones, but Alix interrupted impetuously.

"Please," she begged, "forgive me. I'm not a bit polite. It's so late, or so early, that I've lost my perspective. I can't think how to say it, but I really would rather not marry you, much as I love—your asking me." Her eyes pleaded with him, as though by that assurance his soul should be flooded with delight.

WELL, here was escape. Here was escape dignified and honorable, and security, his blessed security given back to him. Alix was a square-shooter all right, not to take advantage of the situation. He could just imagine how Elsie, or Esther or Dot or any of the rest of them would have fallen delightedly into his arms and onto his neck for life. But not Alix. She'd given him an out. He looked forward to long years of peace in the freedom so few men know how to keep and congratulated himself, but somehow he didn't feel exactly in line for congratulations. After all, Alix had been more than fair to him. He ought to give her every break.

"Alix," he said, "you have simply got to think of your reputation."

"I do," she said, "and I think this will be the making of it. I'll be the most popular girl in town; you'll see."

"You won't marry me—under any circumstances?"

She looked at him.

"You only gave one circumstance. Are there others worth considering?"

"Why, yes," said Sidney, thinking aloud. "It wouldn't be half bad, really. You're

(Continued on Page 55)

SIMONIZING

The secret of keeping cars beautiful for years

EVERY car needs Simoniz to protect the finish, make it last longer and keep the colors from fading.

Mile after mile in all kinds of weather Simoniz guards the finish from dust, dirt, traffic fumes and other elements that dull, age and eventually destroy the lustre. Even after traveling thousands and thousands of miles the Simonized car still sparkles like new and is worth more when traded in—because it looks so much better than the car that has not been Simonized.

Nothing equals Simoniz Kleener—it quickly and easily restores the original lustre to cars that are dulled and discolored. Then, the famous Simoniz provides that remarkable surface of protection that can be kept clean and bright for a long time just by wiping occasionally with a dry cloth.

Insist on SIMONIZ and SIMONIZ KLEENER—and your car will always look bright and new.

THE SIMONIZ CO.
CHICAGO
U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO
CHOOSE A SIX

The CHEVROLET SIX *is an unusually easy car to drive . . .*

Many women are denying themselves the pleasure and convenience of a personal car because they are hesitant about learning to drive.

For such women, Chevrolet has an interesting message: *You'll experience no difficulty whatever in driving the Chevrolet Six—for it was expressly designed to offer exceptional handling ease.*

You realize this the minute you take the wheel. The motor is velvety smooth and quiet—there is no disturbing mechanical noise to distract your attention. You can steer it with little more than the weight of your hand. The clutch and brake pedals need only the slightest pressure. The gear-shift is quick and easy. And—most important of all—the motor is unusually flexible, and accelerates easily from the slowest speeds.

Your Chevrolet dealer will gladly confirm all this with a demonstration. Call him today. Learn how simple it is to drive the Chevrolet Six—and how easy it is to own one on Chevrolet's easy terms.

Roadster or Phaeton	*$495*
Sport Roadster	*$555*
Coach or Coupe	*$565*
Sport Coupe	*$655*
Club Sedan	*$665*
Sedan	*$675*
Special Sedan	*$725*

(6 wire wheels standard)

Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 53)

young and attractive and pretty, really terribly pretty, and we think the same way about so many things—we'd have a lot in common." Alix leaned forward a little, seeming to search his face for something. "It's all very well to joke about your reputation," Sidney went on, "and maybe a lot of men will give you a rush when they hear this story, but the right sort won't. Alix, we ought to get married."

Alix sank back listlessly. "I have a rule never to do the things I *ought* to," she said. "It makes life more interesting."

Then there was silence, except for the scale the waves played on the beach, starting with basso profundo when they broke, getting higher and thinner like the waves themselves, until it ended in a hiss of foam and began again. Sidney stared out at the white curl of the waves that broke on the bar, hardly more than an impression of unrest out in the darkness—and felt a corresponding unrest in his soul. He was used to having his own way; it was hard for him to resist the desire to shake Alix. Instead he put his hand on hers, which happened to be near his on the log.

"Doesn't this get you at all?" he cried desperately. "Can't you feel the romance of a night like this?"

She looked at him at last and smiled, and didn't take her hand away.

"Why, yes," she said, "can't you?"

Then she turned abruptly as long white fingers probed their solitude. The headlights of a rapidly approaching car were sweeping across the beach. Light also broke upon Sidney.

"No compromise, no marriage," Alix observed, "and that's that." She got to her feet and started toward the road.

"Alix!" Sidney shouted wildly, bounding after her. He seized her by the shoulders almost roughly. "You can't run out on me like this. Maybe now I don't have to marry you, but you've got to marry me. You've got to—because I love you!"

Bill and then Helen plowed pantingly round a dune. "You must think we're too awful," Helen chattered, "but the ignition went flooey a million miles from nowhere, and we just thought we'd pass out when we finally did walk in to a garage and the man said he couldn't leave to fix it because it was Saturday night and he was the only one on duty. Well, we simply had to wait till he got hold of someone else to stay at the garage. Honestly, I thought Bill would have a fit!"

"And rightly," grinned Bill. "From what I saw coming around that dune we didn't get here a minute too late."

"No, just a minute too soon," said Sidney. "I had almost persuaded Alix to marry me." The amorous arm slipped boldly around Alix, this time without even the gentlest rebuke from Sidney. He held her tightly so that this time she could not escape, but there was no need of any such precaution.

"I'm going to be a little short on sleep tomorrow," Bill said as he flopped into bed, "but it's all in a good cause. Sidney's been getting entirely too much fun out of life. I'm glad to see him hooked."

"It was a divine idea," Helen exulted, "and about time. Alix has loved him for nearly six years. She deserved to get him."

"What beats me," Bill muttered sleepily, "is how a guileless girl like you could think up such a scheme."

Helen chuckled as she leaned over Bill for a good-night kiss. "I didn't."

Please Go to the Net

(Continued from Page 15)

foolish." Miriam seemed restless and perturbed. "And any girl who is a real sport would neither ask nor expect it."

Lance Jessup laughed.

"How you women love one another! I suppose if there were twenty of you here you'd all vote for Jed to go in and lambaste this girl with everything he had."

"We certainly would," Miriam declared, "and it would be because we know sport is sport and not a game of pillows. Jed always takes the net against me and I wouldn't play him any other way."

Janet flushed.

"You never went to the net against me, Lance."

"Different times, different manners, I suppose." Jessup saluted gravely. "And I am quite willing to admit, Miriam, that we are old fogies."

"A man is a man and a woman's a woman, any age or generation." Graydon brought his hands together to emphasize his tone of finality. "And look here, Janet, you didn't have any ideas of saying anything to Jed about this, did you?"

"You mean, let him work it out?" Janet's eyes were doubtful.

"Of course. By all means. I don't know much about the kid, but I'll gamble if we go to talking about it, it will bust him all up."

Janet hesitated a moment, then nodded.

"I think you're right. I'm sure you are. Miriam, you won't say anything to Jed, unless he does? I'm asking this as a favor."

"Very well, I shan't." The girl tossed her head. "But I could say a lot."

"Thank you, dear."

Janet's mood in the afternoon relapsed from keen apprehension to one of dreamy introspection as she led her party into the box in the covered stand which bounded the west side of the court upon which Sybil Galbraith and her son were to play, a stand whose excellent state of repair, whose fresh paint, did not conceal an engagingly mellow tone of time.

Everything made for memories; for here, as a girl, herself an outstanding player among her sex, Janet had sat watching the now-legendary giants of the game; here was the repository of many a dream of a brave and beautiful youth.

"I wonder," she said, smiling pathetically at Jessup, "who it was who said that brave memories are more beautiful than the deeds of youth that live in memory?"

She leaned to one side, touching her husband upon the shoulder as a rather plainly dressed but none the less distinguished-appearing woman entered an adjoining box.

"That is the English girl's mother," she whispered to him. "The Biddulphs are with her."

Graydon nodded, grimacing mischievously.

"Be a sport. Introduce yourself in the reputed Yankee manner. Tell her you hope her girl loses."

Janet, who had been trying with but mediocre success to deny to herself that she was completely on edge, turned from her husband not deigning to reply. She caught sight of Jed lurking behind a corner of the open stand on the other side of the field, politely waiting for his opponent to appear before taking the court.

The next instant a flutter of handclapping arose as Sybil Galbraith and Jed entered the arena, making their way to the umpire's stand.

"Really a stunning girl, Hamill," Janet spoke in a low voice, lest her words carry to the next box. "She and Jed seem to be getting on casually enough." She watched the two as the girl tossed her racket to the ground, apparently winning the choice whether of service or of court. "Lance, doesn't she ever smile?"

Jessup shrugged.

"Pretty self-contained. Businesslike. But a perfectly decent sort."

Miriam Chivers shrugged. Throughout she had been watching Jed's opponent with her level, unwavering eyes. "Huskier

summer!

YET YOUR POWDER CLINGS, ROUGE STAYS ON AND YOU LOOK ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up. Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect — or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent — just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base Powder — the softest, most clinging powder ever made — and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And of course Princess Pat's wonderful new lip rouge!

Princess Pat

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set — enough of each preparation for two weeks' use — to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self." All fragrant and beautiful — all charming—all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly*.

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. A-1328
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

TREAT that

corn

properly

There's a *pleasanter* treatment for corns than "grin and bear it." There's a *safer* treatment than "trim and pare it." There is, in short, a *proper* treatment for corns—provided for you by one of the foremost producers of surgical dressings.

It is Blue-jay, of course—the simple, efficacious 3-day treatment that millions have used these thirty years. Blue-jay's soft felt pad instantly relieves the pressure-friction that causes the throbbing pain. Its mild medication soon softens and loosens the corn.

Blue-jay is so easy to apply, so comfortable to wear, that it is a pity to think of anyone's enduring the anguish of a corn a minute longer than from here to the druggist's! . . . 25 cents (in Canada, 35 cents).

Blue-jay
CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

than Helen Wills," she confided to Janet. "Jed's never been crazy about Amazons."

Janet nodded silently, struck by the tacit confession of this poised, sophisticated girl that fundamentally she differed not at all from girls of any age or any generation.

Jed and Miss Galbraith were stroking the ball back and forth now. The boy, so far as Janet could observe, was not at all nervous, matching, in fact, the sang-froid of the girl across the net who was sending the ball to him in a long, free stroke, side or underhand, accurately and with a world of pace.

Miriam seized Janet's hand, as she saw Jed go to the net.

"Thank heaven, Mrs. Graydon, Jed is going to act like a sensible person."

"Well ——" Janet glanced at her husband. His face was inscrutable, save for the deepening of a little line between his eyes. Jessup's lips were drawn in an amused smile.

"I wonder?" Janet was flushed as Jed smashed several lobs without error and dropped into his back court.

CLAMBERING up to his rostrum the umpire asked the players if they wanted linesmen. Jed deferred to his opponent who hesitated, then shook her head negatively.

Self-contained to the point of facial immobility, yet gracefuly dynamic in action, her first serve sped against the net cord with a resounding smack. The second, its pace hardly diminished, shot nicely over the net and Jed sent it back with a sting. But the girl did not mind. Nipping the ball as it shot up from the turf she drove a streaking forehand shot which Jed caught waist high, sending it into the backhand corner.

"Now!" Janet and Miriam exclaimed simultaneously, leaning forward, seeing Jed's chance to take the net and put the ball away as Sybil, just reaching it, struck with a makeshift backhand.

"Oh, Jed!" Janet sank back in her chair. Her son was remaining on the baseline. He stroked the parabolic return to the other corner, intending a placement, but failing as the ball zipped to the turf a few inches over the chalk.

"Do you mean to say ——?" Janet turned to Hamill Graydon who winked and shrugged in a husbandly I-told-you-so.

Thenceforward the gallery sat tense under a slam-bang exhibition of tennis as vivid, as thrilling in its junctures as the game can produce. Always unemotional, yet always vibrant, the English girl was meeting Jed's pace with speed equally great, with precision which with amazing consistency was finding spots an inch or two within the baseline.

Jed was consistent enough for that matter; but there could be no doubt that he was playing his opponent's game, one in which she would have been a match for almost any man, while always he ignored the tactics which as surely would have given him the advantage. Time and again at critical junctures he could have gone to the net and killed off rallies, but consistently he stayed in the back court while the set went to four-all and then finally, as he double-faulted twice, to four-five, with his opponent having the serve for the game which might prove to be the deciding one.

JANET had sat, not moving, as game after game was played, her eyes half closed. Was all this magnificent, or was it an absurdly foolish gesture?

The second set went on as the first, nip and tuck, but with the girl holding just that fine knife-edge advantage in accuracy which seemed to insure, no matter how gallantly Jed fought, that she would win.

Two forehand drives, so forcefully delivered that in striking the net cord the balls fairly fought their way over, enabled Jed to bring the games to four-all.

Janet stared pathetically at Jessup.

"It may be gallantry, Lance. Men talk about it so much—men of our generation, that is. But I never before realized the cost. Does it always cost like that?"

"Jed isn't counting any cost, sweet lady. He's his father's son."

His father's son! It was rather a new thought to Janet. In her heart somehow Jed had always been hers utterly.

With the set at four-all there came a pause on the court. In some subtle way an impression of something sensational impending filled the gallery which sat in tense silence as Sybil Galbraith stood on the service line of her court hesitating, flushing vividly—the first sign of emotion she had shown throughout.

THEN, as though she had formulated her decision, the girl walked to the umpire's stand and spoke to him.

"Please ask my opponent to play the net."

"'My opponent!'" Miriam's face was red with anger. "Doesn't she know Jed's name?" And indeed thus far Miss Galbraith's demeanor had been that of one playing against a lay figure.

But Janet was not thinking about this as a storm of applause rose. She was watching Jed. And Hamill Graydon, leaning forward, rigid, was equally intent. The boy's face was red as fire. He was twisting his racket uneasily. Obviously his doubt was not unakin to the question everyone was asking, whether his opponent were returning gallantry kind for kind, or, as the saying is, were feeling her oats, confident she could win no matter what Jed did.

After, as it seemed to Janet, an eternity, every eye fixed upon him, Jed straightened, picked up three balls for service and went to the baseline. His face was still flushed, but was set. Doubt, it was plain, had vanished; it was as though he knew exactly what to do and was going to do it.

But Janet did not know. It seemed that she could not bear the suspense. From a certain rigidity in Jed's demeanor, an occasional involuntary shake of the head, she knew he was angry. How would this affect his game? But, chiefly, what influence would this have upon his tactics? Would he take the girl at her word? Of course he would, not being an idiot.

His mood showed in the calculated venom of his first serve, a whistling drive which, however, he did not follow up to the net.

"He's not going up, Lance!" Janet's voice was a whisper.

"No, but he's vitriol. Watch." Jessup pressed her arm as the girl, having weakly returned the serve—she was lucky to touch it—missed Jed's vicious drive to her backhand.

"Fifteen-love!" Miriam's hands were clenched. "Oh, go to the net, you poor thing. She asked you to."

ANOTHER serve. Sybil laced into a nice bounce, whanging the ball with all that was in her. Jed returned it powerfully and Sybil slugged it in turn. No cleaner, free-hand hitting had been seen at the Casino all summer and half the gallery was on its feet following the volley until a back-hander of Jed's lodged in the net.

It came to be a tribute to the girl's undoubted back-court genius that she should be able to stand up as well as she did against the game Jed was playing now. With the dynamic energy of a dervish he covered his defensive area, stroking back-handers on the run, slashing forehand shots which only a girl as great as his opponent could have returned.

She was a brave girl. Nothing Jed did dismayed her and in the end when Jed won the game after it had gone deuce four times there was nothing to differentiate the play of the two save an abandon of effort on Jed's part which only those subconscious elements that so often bulwark an aroused athlete conserved from sheer wildness.

"I like that." Janet sat back with a relieved smile. "He's beating her at her

(Continued on Page 58)

"Mello-glo stays on longer," says beautiful Miss Wynn Terry, musical comedy star, 25 W. 55th Street, New York. "No more shiny noses with this new French process Face Powder."

"This new wonderful face powder will not enlarge the pores," says lovely Miss Doris Mave, Ziegfeld beauty, of 39-49 59th Street, Woodside, L. I. "It never causes that pasty, flaky look."

© 1930, M.-G. Co.

Women, Famed for Beauty, Tell of Wonderful Powder

Marvelous New French Process Produces MELLO-GLO *Face Powder*

MELLO-GLO Facial Tone powder comes to you as the last word in fine face powders. Beautiful women everywhere praise its smoothness and purity. Made by a new French process, it stays on longer and will not enlarge the pores. MELLO-GLO banishes shiny noses, and protects the skin from that rough, aged look.

Its colors have passed the rigid tests of the United States government. MELLO-GLO is sifted and sifted through a fine silk mesh—mixed and remixed until it presents perfect uniformity. The special shade blends with your complexion and renews the tint of youth.

Your skin will never have that pasty, flaky look with MELLO-GLO. It is the smoothest, purest powder made, and will not irritate or smart the skin. To look younger—use MELLO-GLO. It has no substitutes. Only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula. One dollar at all stores.

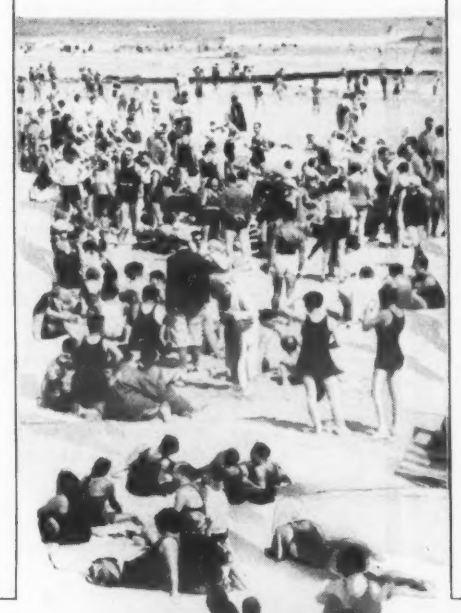
Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address MELLO-GLO, Dept. 16, Statler Building, Boston.

A QUICK PICTURE

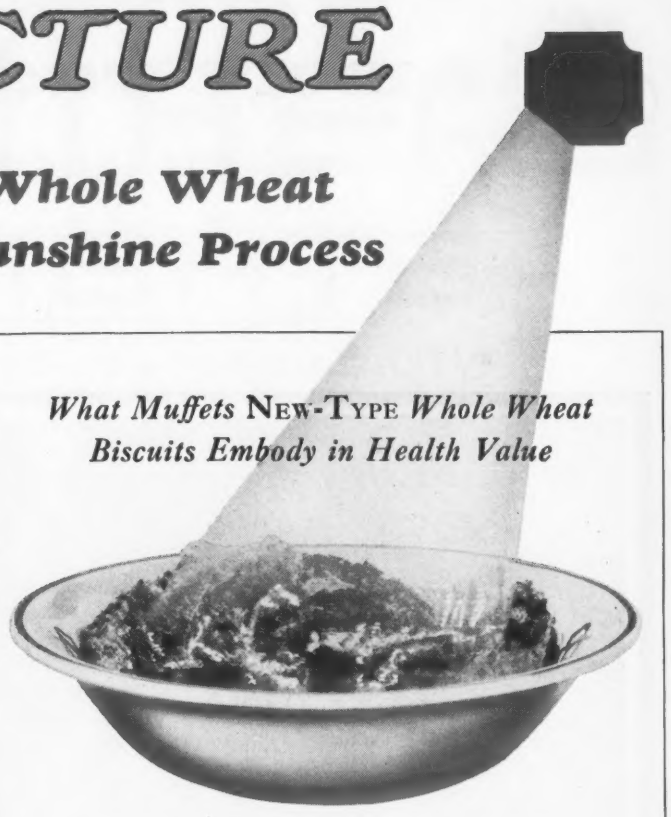
Of The Health Difference Now In Whole Wheat Due To The Remarkable Steenbock Sunshine Process

What OLD-TYPE *Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value*

Protein Fat Minerals
Carbohydrate Roughage



What Muffets NEW-TYPE *Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value*



exactly the SAME elements as the old type, PLUS the SUNSHINE VITAMIN "D"!

The Ultra-Violet Health Benefit Of A Full Hour In The Sunlight In Each One You Eat!

ITS flavor is the toasty flavor of finest whole wheat biscuit . . . ribboned whole wheat in its most enticing, crispy form. Its food elements, minerals and roughage—the same.

BUT—each one you eat provides, in addition: the "SUN" VITAMIN HEALTH BENEFIT, according to careful laboratory tests, of exposure to *20 minutes' Midsummer Noonday Sunshine*, or *3 hours' Winter Noonday Sunshine.*

A great scientist, Professor Harry Steenbock of Wisconsin University, invented the Sunshine process it embodies.

Then—"in the interest of humanity"—refused $1,000,000 for the commercial rights to use it, so that its benefits would not be restricted, but given to the world.

A great University attests its Sunshine Vitamin Element to you. The makers of Quaker Oats make it for you under special license from Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation.

Millions Changing To It

If you believe in the Sunshine theory that is bringing all the world to the beaches, outdoors, and the use of violet ray lights, you will do as millions have already done; change to this new-type whole wheat biscuit.

Lacking In Milk, Bread, Meats, Vegetables, Cereals

The element it embodies is the priceless Sunshine Vitamin "D".

The ONE element that milk—rated the "perfect food!"—is almost totally deficient in.

That butter—bulwark of the diet—is almost totally without.

That bread, meat, cereals, vegetables of all types—all the common articles of diet—are either without entirely or contain in such minute quantity as to offer no accepted benefit.

Yet—the one element children *must have* to build bone. And thus avoid rickets. *Need to gain and hold weight.*

An element adults *must have* to fortify against bad teeth, lowered vitality and ill health.

The one element previously found, in consequential quantity, ONLY in Cod Liver Oil, and from Direct Exposure to the Sun's Rays.

Now you get it, in the adventurously delightful whole wheat biscuits called Muffets, as easily as any other needed health element.

Eat Sunshine 7 Days

The price is the same as ordinary whole wheat biscuits. The health value—multiplied. No other cereal in the world but one—Quaker Farina—enjoys this process.

Try, in your own interest, for 7 days. Eat at breakfast, at luncheon. Give to the children. Note the new energy, new ambition, new vitality and strength that come. Get at any grocery.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

How Professor Steenbock Puts Sunshine Into Food

More publicity, more front page newspaper space has been given the Steenbock process than any food invention known to science.

This method—through a peculiar and *patented process*, controlled by Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation—exposes certain foods to Ultra-Violet Rays of tremendous intensity.

The result is that those foods *absorb the actual "Sun" Vitamin Benefit of Sunlight*, which in turn, through eating foods so irradiated, is absorbed by the body.

WARNING
Grains though grown in the sun do not contain Vitamin "D". It must be *processed* into the grain; it cannot be *grown* in.

162

Skin more radiant

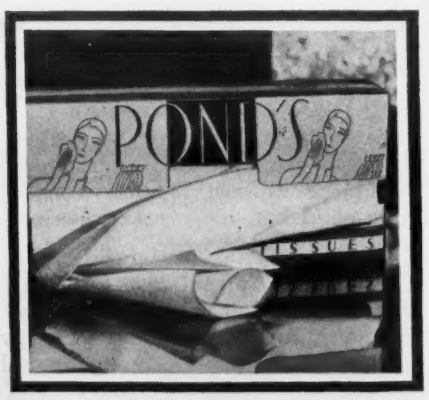
when you complete your cream cleansing this refreshing way

Charming Mrs. Alister McCormick, of the distinguished Chicago family, guards her lovely skin with utmost care . . . "Pond's Cleansing Tissues," she says, "remove cream better than anything I have ever tried . . . Pond's Skin Freshener is marvelous to free the skin from oiliness and shine."

TO bring a more radiant beauty, a more exquisite bloom to your skin . . . follow each cream cleansing with generous use of these two delightful accessories prepared by the makers of the famous Two Creams.

To wipe away the cream, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are more luxuriously soft and fine than anything you ever used. Ample in size, they are so marvelously absorbent that, with the gentlest touch, they *lift off* cream and dirt, leaving your skin immaculately cleansed to the depths of the pores.

Enchantingly perfumed, Pond's Skin Freshener is the perfect mild astringent women have sought to banish that last lingering oiliness after cream cleansing. Scientifically compounded, this delightfully bracing tonic *has no drying effect* upon your skin; it acts so gently it is safe to use as often as you please. It tones and firms the skin; reduces the pores; refines the texture; brings color to sallow cheeks; keeps you fresh and radiant as a May morning.



Pond's Cleansing Tissues, to remove cold cream

Pond's Skin Freshener, to banish oiliness

Check Offer You Wish

☐ Free sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues.

☐ For 10¢ enclosed please send me samples of Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. Y
107F Hudson Street . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

(Continued from Page 56)

own game—the better way, I begin to feel."

"Not yet. Wait a minute." Jessup shook his head as the girl delivered a serve at the farthest point on Jed's backhand which he could but reach to return weakly, the ball rising in an arc, drooping just over the net where the English girl smashed it at an ungettable angle.

But the next instant the score was fifteen-all as the girl with becoming sportsmanship called a back-line placement of Jed's good when it was really doubtful whether it was good or not. Pausing, Jed stared at Sybil who, however, shook her head impatiently.

"It was quite all right. Please play."

Then Janet, staring, bemused, sighed as Jed, whether deliberately or otherwise, slammed the next ball into the net.

But at the next juncture it was thirty-all and to Janet it seemed she was viewing the game through a mist as the score came to vantage in Miss Galbraith's favor, now back to deuce as Jed launched into an acrobatic get. Now vantage to him. Then the score became deuce once more.

VANTAGE returned to Jed when his opponent flubbed a shot she ought to have made, but he lost the lead a second later when his return of a hard serve struck the net cord.

"Oh, dear!" Miriam was biting her lips, rising then with an exclamation as Jed, having venomously returned a serve, rushed to the net, killing off the girl's weak return.

And then, the end came in that most dreadful of all sporting anticlimaxes, a double fault. It was as though the girl had suddenly grown tired. Perhaps it was a nerve lesion. She stood immobile after that fateful second serve, staring at the net.

"Well!" Janet seized Miriam whose eyes were still gleaming with the light of vicarious battle and kissed her. Feeling a hand upon her shoulder she turned to meet her husband's eyes. His brows were raised quizzically.

"Oh, you!" Janet tapped him playfully upon the cheek.

Then, as her party left the box to promenade before the finals in the Invitation were played, Janet saw that Lady Galbraith was pausing in the aisle. Somehow Janet divined that the woman intended speaking to her, which, in fact, she did as Janet came up.

"That was your son playing my daughter?" Her smile dissipated Janet's fear that the woman had overheard fragments of conversation in the Graydon box. So she nodded cordially.

"It was rather thrilling, wasn't it?"

"Oh, quite." Lady Galbraith made a little gesture. "And satisfactory, too, don't you think, since each won a set? I rather admire your son's not going to the net."

"WELL, I don't know, really." Janet frowned. "You see, he won the second set. Didn't that seem to destroy the moral point?"

"H'm. I don't know." The stately woman smiled grimly. "I'm afraid moral points are so out of fashion these days they are hardly worth saving, don't you think?"

"Why—I—I—don't know." Janet stared after the woman as she moved on. Then, turning with sudden thought, she saw Sybil Galbraith, who had paused near the umpire's stand to speak to some acquaintance, a woman, who had accosted her. Jed, as though waiting for her to precede him out of the arena, was standing alone on the turf near the exit.

Janet started with an exclamation as Miriam Chivers, who had left the box the instant play ceased, approached Jed, beckoning imperiously.

"No. No. She mustn't scold him!" Moving to the field gate Janet hurried across the court toward the two. But before she reached them, before Miriam could say whatever was in her mind to say, the English girl left her friend, coming directly to Jed.

"Mr. Graydon," she said, quite ignoring Miriam and Janet, who had come up at the moment, "I'm afraid you didn't understand when I asked you to take the net."

"Oh, that's all right." Jed seemed very ill at ease.

"Yes, but you know," she persisted, "I really meant to be sporting. I really did."

"I'm sure you did, my dear." Janet's intervention was simply beyond her control to prevent. "I am Jed's mother. And this," she added, turning to Miriam, "is Miss Chivers."

"OH, YES." The girl nodded, smiling graciously now. "You see," she said to Jed, "I've been thinking. They very much want me to enter the mixed doubles at Longwood next week. They can make a place for me. And I'm permitted to choose my partner. I'm wondering, Mr. Graydon, if you'd play with me. I'd adore it if you would."

Jed's guerdon, graciously extended by a grateful princess! Janet's breath caught. Sybil Galbraith, no girl, could by any possibility have made a warmer gesture, a gesture more significant in all its implications.

Janet knew and Jed knew that association with this international luminary in the championship doubles at Brookline would do more for his reputation than anything that had yet occurred in his career on the courts. He would forthwith be dramatized, would become a figure nationally known; in truth, for the time being at least, internationally noted.

Then, as a thought occurred, Janet turned to Miriam. The girl stood rigid. Her face was white. There was to be, Janet had recalled, a tournament next week at their home club, an unimportant local affair, in which Jed and Miriam, as usual, were entered in the mixed doubles.

Janet did not look at Jed. She could not. But covertly she watched him. The flush had died upon his sweat-streaked face. In his eyes was the pain of doubt. So, his mother knew, he, too, was thinking about his engagement with Miriam. But, of course, Janet told herself fiercely, the girl would not stand in the way of the boy's opportunity—not if she was worth anything at all as a girl of fairness and sensibility. She would understand, of course. Why, Miriam—but Jed was speaking.

"MISS GALBRAITH, you are awfully fine. And you don't know how grateful I am. But, you see, I have an engagement near Philadelphia next week that I simply cannot break."

"Oh. I'm so sorry!" Sybil's voice was cold now.

"I am too. But—but ——" The girl, not waiting to listen, nodded in the manner of finality and walked toward the gate, Jed following.

For a moment Janet stood staring after them. Then she glanced at Miriam, doubtfully.

Would the girl understand that Jed's chivalry had now made her a beneficiary in a way much larger and more signal than anything he had laid at Sybil Galbraith's feet on the tennis court? Would she know? Would she understand?

Their eyes met. Miriam's eyes were soft, suffused. Generations of girls, so the swift thought crossed Janet's mind, are after all fundamentally unchanging and the quick unveiling of some eternal verity is ever sufficient to reveal this.

Now, as Janet stood before her, half quizzical, wholly eager, the girl's eyes turned toward Jed's retreating form. And they were tender. In one corner a tear glistened. Miriam tossed her head in her characteristic way, dashing the tear away with a flip of her hand. A little smile writhed about her upper lip as she pointed toward Miss Galbraith.

"Mr. Graydon was wrong," she said. "She really hasn't got big feet."

DODGE BROTHERS
SIXES AND EIGHTS
UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

The Dodge Six quickly wins the friendship of the woman who drives. » » It is surprisingly roomy and comfortable, yet it responds alertly to the steering wheel, and stops quickly and easily with its weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes. The Mono-Piece Steel Bodies are free from squeaks or rattles and are the strongest, safest bodies that are built today. » » The car is characterized throughout by beauty and good taste, just as it is possessed throughout of the dependability that is a Dodge Brothers tradition. And the surprisingly low price gratifies every woman's keen sense of value.

DODGE SIX
$835
AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

© 1930 by Dodge Brothers Corporation

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

We invite you at our expense to try Hires Root Beer

THIS is our treat. We've found that it wins new friends for Hires Root Beer.

May we send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer?

This trial will show you how easy it is to make delicious, refreshing Hires Root Beer at home—how to save money on beverages.

You and your family will like the distinctive, appealing flavor of Hires Root Beer—its refreshing, invigorating results.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. [12-8-3]

Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

At Brigade Headquarters

(Continued from Page 5)

the Green Line to which they might have to retreat if the enemy broke through. He must keep his mind on his job—must keep his mind on his job—must think of nothing else. He enforced that upon himself. He avoided looking at Dunkley as the brigade major passed him the message forms now being brought from the signal office. "Intensive bombardment all calibers A A A gas and H. E. A A A thick fog visibility nil." The reports were identical from all three battalions. Dunkley wrote a report for Division, passed it to him for approval. He scrawled a signature.

They existed in a timeless eternity amid that never-ceasing inferno of noise. The whole area was being shelled as never before had an area been shelled. The fog was still everywhere thick. All units were in their battle positions. That was all that was definite. There were no reports of the enemy's infantry. There were few orders that he could give. Their watches marked five o'clock—five-thirty—six o'clock. There had not been an instant's alteration in that vast throbbing thunder where the drumming reports of rapidly firing field guns were whelmed in the open-mouthed roar of the heavies, in the ubiquitous riving crash of bursting shells. The attack had not yet been launched. They could but wait.

Against his will, the brigadier found himself looking at Dunkley as the brigade major, pipe in mouth, frowned over his own map, noting localities where the bombardment seemed most intense. That was the man Elsie had loved—"in memory of seven days"—it was incredible—he could not couple the thought with her—but it could not be doubted. It would have been less dreadful to have heard that she was dead. And Dunkley sat there, cool, calm, efficient, giving prompt orders when it was reported that some of the telephone cables had gone, talking every now and then encouragingly over the phone to one or another of the battalion commanders. It was fantastic. He must try not to think of it now, must concentrate himself on the job in hand. Presently, when the infantry fight started, he would need all his wits. Afterward—when this business was over—he would try and think it all out, decide what was best to be done. Now he must focus on not hating Dunkley, on eliminating him as a human being, on regarding him impersonally merely as an officer, an indispensable officer.

JONES touched him on the arm, shouted into his ear that breakfast was ready. He nodded. He might as well eat, now that he had the chance. As Jones fussed around him, put everything ready to his hand, he glanced up at him. The man was still deathly white, dark rings under his eyes, a picture of wretchedness.

"You'd better get everything packed up. We may have to move."

"Yes, sir," replied Jones, forcing his voice to be heard. "We're all ready in the kitchen, sir. I've kept some bully beef out for lunch, sir. I thought it was better to 'ave something cold and 'andy, sir."

Poor devil! The brigadier thought of the man's choking voice last night. Now he was gamely doing his best to carry on as usual. Last night he'd never imagined that he'd be in the same boat with him. . . . Forget it! Forget it!

Just as he was finishing the meal, Dunkley came to him, a bunch of message forms in his hand. He had to shout to be audible.

"Things seem to be beginning, sir. Division reports that counter-battery bombardment is becoming more selective, while gas is diminishing in the forward area. Our own units report whirlwind H. E. shelling of outposts and all strong points. That looks like the attack, though there's no regular barrage as yet. The fog is as thick as ever."

THE brigadier looked up at the curtly efficient staff officer. Did Dunkley guess that he knew? He must restrain that almost overmastering impulse to leap at his throat, to tear confession out of him. He must resist that wild temptation to pull out his revolver and shoot him dead on the spot. They were fighting a battle—and he and Dunkley were both but parts of the machine, both indispensable to their own show while they lived. He compelled his voice to loud normality as he took the message forms.

"All right, Dunkley. You'd better get some breakfast yourself. I'll relieve you."

He resumed his seat before his big map. The hurricane bombardment of all their forward positions continued. Messages came in one after another every few minutes, reporting heavy casualties. He set his jaw. Casualties or not, they must hold firm. He sent orders to that effect. No withdrawal without his express command. Individual fates mattered nothing. The brigade was the sole entity, its preservation as an effective fighting force his sole concern.

The suspense became acute in this brigade headquarters still functioning normally and expertly, ignoring the incessantly violent near concussions which shook the earth, made it impossible to keep a candle alight. They worked by electric torches permanently switched on. So habituated was he now to the monstrous thunder of the opposing artilleries that he forgot it. With long experience, he sensed the beginning of the infantry attack, was alertly keyed up to meet its possible emergencies. So far it had not been reported. Dunkley had come back to his place, sat peaceably smoking. What iron nerves the man had! He forced back that wave of hatred. Afterward. Afterward.

The hands crept round on his watch. It was past eight o'clock. There was no diminution in the violence of the artillery battle. The units reported losses more and more ugly. Patrols sent out never returned. Whole bodies of men were cataclysmically wiped from existence. To emerge into the open was almost certain death. But not yet in that vast multiplicity of explosions could he deduce the definite line of the barrage—the creeping barrage which would surely herald the attack behind it. He could but wait—wait. Only a couple of buzzer lines still

(Continued on Page 62)

Clarence Budington Kelland

in his most fascinating manner exposes the hypocrisies of charity in an unusual series of short stories, beginning with

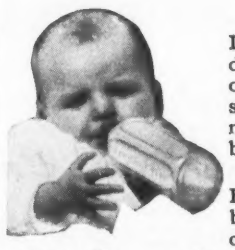
Bittersweet Charity

in the
SEPTEMBER JOURNAL

Doctors recommend

PYREX Nursing Bottles

safer, boil-proof



DOCTORS — hundreds of them, all over the country—strongly recommend this safer, boil-proof bottle.

Pyrex Nursing Bottles will not break in sudden changes in temperature. You can plunge them, cold, into boiling water; or, hot, into cold water.

Think what that means for your baby—no more risk of bottle breakage when you are heating his milk—his feeding schedule made so much more certain.

Give your baby these benefits of Pyrex Nursing Bottles—designed according to physicians' recommendations.

Six-sided—they will not slip from your hand or baby's. Free from sharp angles on the inside—they are very easy to clean.

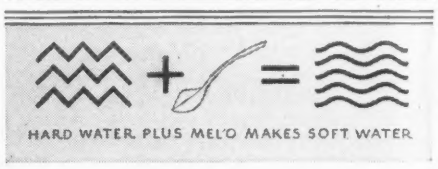
Flat-bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. They are made by the makers of Pyrex Ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



No more dirty rings on bathtubs!

YOU'VE wondered why that dirty ring appears, in spite of frequent bathing. *Hard water*—water filled with harsh alkalis—is the cause. The alkalis combine with soap and whatever dirt there is to form a gray scum that clings to the side of the tub at the water line.

But try *soft water* baths! Add two or three tablespoonfuls of Melo to a tub full of the hardest water. Instantly it is softened. Watch the rich, soft suds pile up! Note the quick, clean rinsing! And you will find there *is* no dirty ring afterward.

Melo simplifies every washing and cleaning operation, saves soap, and spares hands from irritation. Sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

MEL'O
WATER SOFTENED WITH MEL'O IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER
10 CENTS

DOROTHY DIX *says . .*

"Romance doesn't always demand Moonlight"

EVEN PICNICS *have their opportunities—and simple frocks their charm*

WHY is it so many girls think romance must wait for just the right moment? That moonlight, music, atmosphere are essential?

Romance is everywhere—afternoons at the beach, hiking in the country—simple picnics—*all* have their opportunities.

But you must always look dainty, colorful, attractive—your charming best!

You should know above all the significance of *color* in clothes. For you needn't wear expensive things if you know this secret.

Men respond quickly to color—as the old saying goes, "It's color that takes a man's eye." Even on a picnic, where old clothes are called for, *avoid* faded blouses, color-dimmed prints. For loss of *color* in a garment means a corresponding loss of *allure*. Therefore, let me give you two simple hints:

MEN LOVE COLOR
An inexpensive little tennis frock and scarf will "catch his eye" if kept fresh and gay and colorful!

FIRST: In even your simplest frocks, choose pretty, becoming colors.

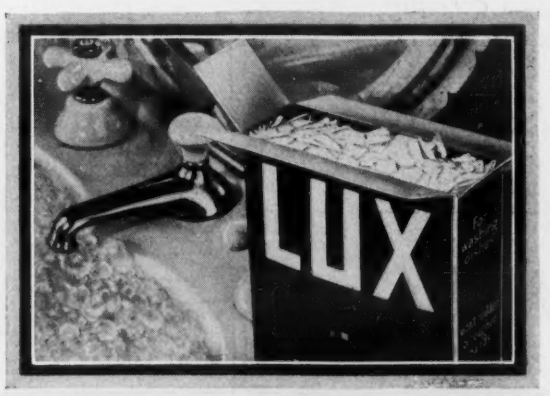
THEN: Guard colors from even slight fading.

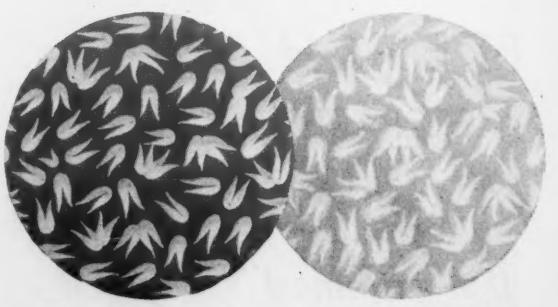
When I say this, girls often reply that frequent washings—which daintiness demands—too often take the loveliness from colors. If that is the case, you have probably been using the wrong soap.

Ordinary "good" soaps are sometimes not good enough—and *some of the color goes with the dirt*. To play absolutely safe, use Lux, which is made *to safeguard colors*. Lux has a slogan . . . "if it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux." And that's true.

AT HOME, TOO, let the charm of color add glamour to you. Even the simplest home makes a lovely frame to your dainty, feminine self, if *everything*—from the cushions on the porch swing to the curtains in the living room—is kept *colorful as new* with Lux. Remember, men love color.

DOROTHY DIX





THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Sample after 12 Lux washings—unfaded, live, vibrant as when it was bought, all the magnetism of color is retained.

Sample washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap—undeniably faded. Not actually ruined, yet color allure gone.

If it's safe in water . . . it's safe in **LUX!**

. . . It's
"CREAMED"
to bring out all the goodness of its choice ingredients

FRENCH'S
PREPARED
MUSTARD
it's "creamed"

NO other mustard has a flavor like French's, for no other mustard is made like French's! The finest mustard seed . . . blended with choicest spices . . . "creamed" to velvet smoothness . . . no wonder French's Mustard tempts the appetite. French's Prepared Mustard is *really* different.

Just a touch of French's Prepared Mustard transforms even everyday foods into marvels of fine flavor. Try a dressing of French's Prepared Mustard combined with an equal quantity of sweet cream on Cole Slaw . . . on Potato Salad . . . Chicken Salad . . . Deviled Eggs! You'll be delighted with the added zest it gives these simple dishes.

FREE: *Mail this coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards . . . Address The R. T. French Company, 45 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

(Continued from Page 60)

functioned to the forward area. Mercifully, the telephone to the Division was still intact.

Dunkley was speaking into it. The brigade major pushed the instrument along to him. "You'd better speak yourself, sir," he said, his voice blurred in the incessant detonations.

The brigadier put the receiver to his ear. "Yes. Speaking. What?" It was hard to distinguish the voice at the farther end: "Attack has commenced—infiltration through our posts—the two forward brigades seem to have been overwhelmed—no communication with them—delay enemy as much as possible, but commence withdrawal to second position." The voice ceased.

He looked to Dunkley, who had evidently received the same message and was already writing orders to the units. He took the message forms from him one by one, scanned them, signed them. He had no modifications to make. It was impossible to conceive better-drafted orders. Even in that moment of crisis the brigadier could not help but admire that soldierly precision. Though he hated the man—hated murderously, as he had never hated in his life—the staff officer was perfect. He thanked God he had him.

A SIGNALER brought a couple of buzzer-telegraphed messages from the adjoining dugout. Two of the units reported that they were outflanked—that some of their strong points had been rushed. He pushed the messages before Dunkley, commenced to modify the already written orders to meet the new circumstances. Dunkley did likewise. Again he glanced at those rapidly written alterations, again he could not but approve. They were precisely adequate. The bunch of messages was handed to the waiting signaler.

A moment or two later the man came back. "Both the lines gone, sir," he reported. "No communication with any of the units."

"Runners!" shouted Dunkley.

Stiles came to him. "No runners left, sir. Everyone out—even the orderly clerks."

"All right." Dunkley sorted the messages. "Take these yourself. Quickly. Send Cramp and Howard and Watson here."

The machine-gun officer, the trench-mortar officer and the gas officer appeared before him.

He divided the messages among them. "Get these through yourselves," he ordered. "Then take charge of any scattered parties without officers, and get them back to C 35 b 3." He pointed to the spot on his map. "Got it?" He glanced for approval to the brigadier. The general nodded. "Quickly, then!"

They disappeared.

Dunkley turned to his superior. "Don't you think we ought to get ready to move, sir?" he asked coolly. "As far as I make it out, Fritz is already here—and here." He indicated on the map. "Unless these two posts hold him, he'll be infiltrating around us in a few minutes. We don't want to be caught."

"Yes," agreed the brigadier. "Pack up." He frowned at the map. "We'll establish brigade headquarters here," he pointed. "In that quarry. Inform the units as soon as possible."

AS HE spoke Stiles rushed back into the dugout. "It's impossible to get through!" he shouted. "The others are killed. And we're pretty well surrounded. I heard machine-gun fire in rear."

The brigadier and Dunkley had jumped to their feet.

"What's it like outside?" asked the brigadier curtly, his mind leaping to this peril. "Gas still bad?"

"No, sir. Concentration very thin. Fog as dense as ever."

"Fall in!" shouted Dunkley. "Rifles! Everybody!" He looked to the brigadier. "Shall we make a break for it, sir?"

The dugout was immediately full of the signalers and the three mess servants adjusting their gas masks for instant use, their rifles slung at their shoulders.

"Yes," said the brigadier. "Come on!" He led the way up the stairs of the dugout.

Outside in the trench was still thick white fog, lit luridly with broad flashes.

The brigadier and Dunkley climbed onto the parados of the trench to look around them.

"There they are!" shouted Dunkley. He pointed to a little group of wraithlike figures, indistinct in the fog, toiling over the churned-up ground, carrying heavy objects. A machine-gun crew. "Line the parados!" The half-score men sprang to obey, leveled their rifles. "Let 'em have it! Rapid!"

THE rifles spurted in an irregular volley, renewed thrice. The enemy disappeared, annihilated.

On their flanks, at some distance, they could hear the fierce rattle of infantry combats, evidently at close quarters. There was nothing to be seen. They could not even guess which British units were involved.

"What's to be done, sir?" shouted Dunkley.

The brigadier listened intently. Toward what should be the old front he could faintly distinguish reiterated volleys in that monstrous universal whelm of noise. One of their own units probably. Still resisting. There might be others. Cut off from his brigade he was useless. Yet never was his command of it more needed.

"We'll try and rally the brigade on one of the strong points," he said. "If we can reëstablish some sort of cohesion, we may be able to cut our way out." In that noise it was like shouting in a gale of wind. "Keep together, and make for the fight we can hear there." He pointed. "It must be the Joly Redoubt."

They began a mud-clogged progress from shell hole to shell hole over ground that was churned on every foot of it. There was a faint smell of gas in the air. Once or twice they saw dim scuttle-helmeted figures moving through the mist, flung themselves down and fought them in a quick rattle of rifle fire until the enemy ceased to reply. Their numbers dwindled. Stiles was gone. A machine-gun burst from somewhere had mown down others. They were now only the brigadier, Dunkley, two signalers and Jones, the mess servant. In front of them what they guessed to be the Joly Redoubt still maintained its furious resistance.

THE two signalers vanished in a riving upgush of black earth and dense smoke. The three others lay prone in the shell hole where they had hurled themselves as the wail had changed to the hissing rush of the descent. Then they rose, and again toiled onward.

They had approached to within little more than a hundred yards of that fiercely continuing fight. A short way in front of them to a flank, dimly discernible in the fog, German machine-gun crews were serving their weapons, their backs toward the trio. Farther away others were working trench mortars, revealing themselves by a luridly brief glare as they fired. Evidently the redoubt was completely surrounded.

The brigadier considered the map in the case at his belt, Dunkley peering over his shoulder. "That's certainly the Joly Redoubt," he said. "And by the sound of things it's well garrisoned. Johnson has probably rallied there all that's left of his battalion. That's a nucleus for us, at any rate. But we've got somehow to get it out of here. If we could march it here northwestward"—he pointed on the map—"along this dip—you may have noticed that there's been very little firing in that direction—we could take up a covering position

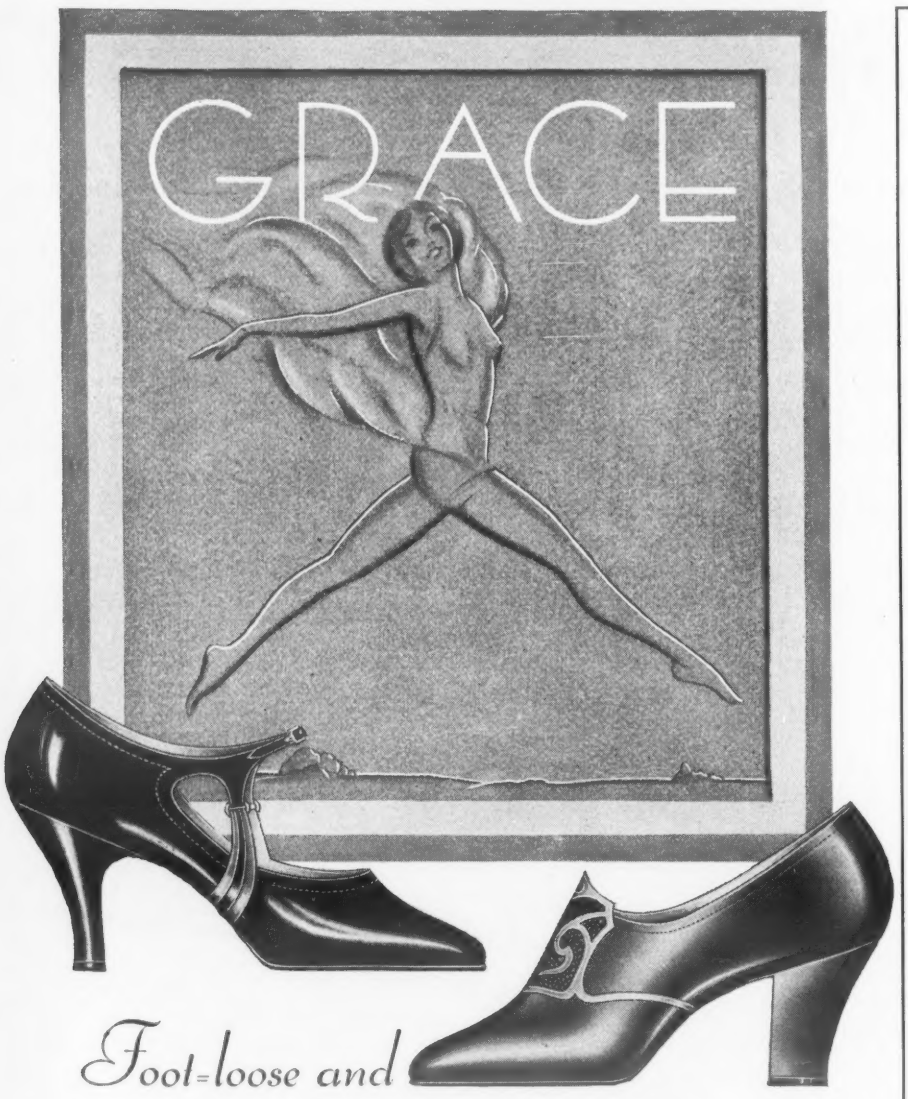
(Continued on Page 64)

A joyous car for golden summer days

MANY are the delights of the Ford Roadster these golden summer days. Short the miles and pleasant because of its alert and sprightly performance, its safety and its easy-riding comfort. « « « « « «

And what a joy it is to travel along the way with the top down, the blue sky overhead and the fresh, cool air brushing a rosy glow upon your cheeks! Rare indeed the woman who has not hoped that some day such a car might be her very own. That dream, long cherished, may now come true. For the Ford Roadster, with all its beauty of line and mechanical excellence, is most conveniently priced. Many months of glorious motoring await your beckoning. « «

THE NEW FORD ROADSTER



Foot-loose and Fancy Free with the New

FOOT SAVER SHOES

EASY rests the mind when the feet wear Foot Savers! Tense sole-nerves yield gently to the firm moulding of the arch. Wilted muscles fling off fatigue. Cradled safely by the pliant patented inbuilt construction of the shoes, grateful feet relax into tranquil poise. Then . . . steps swing free! Spirits soar. There's a verve and a lilt in the Foot Saver walk!

There's smartness, too, in color, line and mode. And a tactful knack of shedding over the ankle an air of enchanting slimness!

Let us send you this New Style Portfolio!

Foot Saver has some particularly spirited ideas on the new shoe-mode. They're all in the booklet. Tell us where to send it.

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 438 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

Please send me, without charge your portfolio of FOOTWEAR Fashions.

Name_____

Address_____

LJ-30

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

(Continued from Page 62)

on this ridge here—send out patrols to try and get in touch with other fractions of the brigade—and rally on the Green Line."

"Yes, sir," agreed Dunkley. "But how are we going to get 'em out? They're obeying orders. Not withdrawing without your express command."

"We've got to get an order in to 'em—tell 'em to break out here—in this direction—and then wheel sharp right. It sounds as if the attack is being pressed chiefly from the other side. These fellows in front would crumple up if a machine gun were put there—outside the redoubt—before the rush—and in the fog it could be done."

"The trouble with this fog is that whoever takes the message will surely be shot by our own people even if he escapes the enemy," remarked Dunkley. "Their fire is hotter than ever. We barely reached this crater in time. It's certain death to climb out of it now."

"For all that, it must be tried," replied the brigadier.

As he spoke something leaped in him. It was, indeed, almost certain death to send a man on that mission. Certain death. He looked at Dunkley. Certain death. And he could order it.

JONES, the mess servant, had lain close during this conference, had overheard. He shifted nearer to the brigadier.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "Let me try with a message, sir. Don't matter if I'm killed, sir—but I'll do my best to get through."

The brigadier contemplated the white haggard face, the eyes desperate with misery. Poor devil! He could understand his wanting to get killed. This mere batman's life was militarily less valuable than Dunkley's or his own. It was right that it should be risked first.

"Very well, Jones. Get through, and I'll see you are recommended." He wrote a detailed order on the pad of message forms, gave it to him. "If you are wounded, destroy it."

"Very good, sir." The man swallowed. "And if—if I get knocked out, sir—p'r'aps you wouldn't mind telling my wife, sir—that—that I forgive 'er, sir—I don't suppose it was 'er fault, sir—she's young like. I'd take it kindly of you, sir."

The brigadier touched him compassionately on the shoulder. "Of course I will, Jones. Now, off you go. Dodge from one shell hole to another. As quickly as you can. Every minute counts."

"Yes, sir." The man adjusted his shrapnel helmet, tightened himself for a spring. He dashed up the slope of the crater, took a step, fell headlong backward. His face was a bloody mask.

Dunkley coolly removed the order from the dead man's pocket, looked up at the brigadier.

"Well, sir? That leaves the two of us."

The fight round the redoubt was suddenly yet more fierce. It sounded as though the Germans were trying to rush it. Evidently they failed. They heard a faint cheer.

THE brigadier had not answered. An atrocious temptation was gripping him, a temptation which made his heart beat fast, made his head swim. David and Uriah—reversed. He had but to give the order. It was essential that the order should be given. It was his duty. At all costs that remnant must be extricated from the redoubt. Either of them would be competent to do it. One must make the attempt. Both, if necessary. But who first?

He wriggled closer to Dunkley, made his voice clearly audible in the noise.

"Dunkley," he commanded. "Give me that photograph. My wife's photograph."

Dunkley stared at him, startled, a sudden fear in his eyes. The brigadier read it. Dunkley didn't mind the ordinary chances of battle. He did recoil from being ordered out of that shell hole—in a private vengeance. The brigade major hesitated, set his jaw firm.

"No," he said. "I won't! I'll obey your military orders, sir—but that is a personal matter."

In an almost unconscious automatism the brigadier had whipped out his heavy revolver, was pressing it against Dunkley's side.

"Give me that photograph! At once—or I'll blow the scoundrelly heart out of you! Quick, now! I mean it!"

Trained as he was in a long habit of command, never had he given an order with such imperative force, breaking down the resistance of another man's will. He felt even Dunkley's stubbornly hostile volition give way—just in time. In that overwhelming gust of suddenly released passion, his finger was beginning to compress the trigger.

THE brigade major fished the photograph from his tunic pocket, tossed it to him. "There you are!"

The brigadier put his revolver back in the holster, picked up the photograph. He tore it into little fragments, scattered them.

"Now, Dunkley," he said. "Our personal matter is finished. This is still brigade headquarters. My orders are military orders. To be obeyed. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir," said Dunkley suspiciously, his eyes uneasy.

"Very good. Now, you are going to do your best to get into that redoubt. If you succeed, you will lead them out of it on the lines I indicated. You will bring them across this rise, and I will rejoin you. I shall watch you as you go. If you become a casualty, I shall make the attempt myself."

Dunkley took a deep breath, looked him in the eyes.

"Very good, sir." He was again merely the efficient disciplined soldier. Then he hesitated. "About that photograph, sir—I'd like you to know ——"

The brigadier mastered himself.

"That's enough, Dunkley! I want to know nothing about it. It's sufficient now that her photograph will not be found on your body. If we both pull through this we'll settle the matter after the show is over. If we're both scuppered, we'll attend to it in the next world."

"Very good, sir." Dunkley shrugged his shoulders, forbore to argue. "I may as well start now. The quicker the better."

FROM the rim of the crater the brigadier watched him go, floundering heavily in and out of the shell holes, ghostlike in the fog. While yet he was faintly visible, he saw him throw up his arms, pitch headlong. A fierce satisfaction surged up in him, primitive, elemental. It startled him to realize how vehemently, in a profundity of himself remote from the military duty which justified his action, he had murderously willed Dunkley's death.

Now it was his own turn. He squirmed over the rim of the crater, made a crouching dash for the next shell hole, thence to another. He took a slightly different route, left Dunkley to one side. There was a comparative lull in the fight around the redoubt. The bullets came less thickly through the fog. He saw the German machine gunners were shifting position. He might slip past them while they toiled over the mud. He did so, unobserved. Overhead the sun was trying to break through. The fog thinned a little. He got a glimpse of the sandbags and gabions of the redoubt, rifles spurting from them. Bullets phutted around him. Had they spotted him—vaguely—in the mist? He flung himself down, crawled forward on his stomach.

Now! He stopped, lifted his tin hat from his head as he lay prone, agitated it. They ought to be able to see the difference

(Continued on Page 67)

(Continued from Page 64)

between it and a Hun helmet. Apparently they did. The rifles in front of him ceased fire.

He sprang up, made a dash for it, scrambled over the breastwork, dropped into a group of infantrymen crouched at the loopholes.

A captain came toward him, recognized him, saluted. "I'm in command, sir. Colonel and major both killed."

"How many men have you left?"

"About a hundred, sir. All that's left of the battalion."

"All right. Now, we're going to get out of this. Listen!" He sat down on a sandbag, rapidly sketched the breaking-out operation he had planned. He would at least save something of his brigade.

The dash was completely successful. The German machine gunners were wiped out from a flank before they realized what was happening. These scant survivors of the brigade hurried through the fog toward the covering position he had selected. As they plowed over the churned-up ground, one of the men caught him up, saluted:

"Beg pardon, sir, but I found the brigade major in a shell 'ole, sir. Dead. I brought along 'is message pad, sir—in case the 'Un found it."

Not until the similarly foggy morning of the next day, when the brigadier had posted yet other retrieved fragments of his brigade to await the renewal of the German attack, did he remember that message pad. In this moment of leisure he glanced through it before destroying it. The last message was marked Personal, was addressed to him, was written in a feeble hand.

"Dear General," it said. "I've got my packet. In case we don't meet in the next world—and on the off chance that you'll get this—you may as well know I did meet the only woman—you know who. We went to a matinée together—once—and talked of you. The photograph was given me for you—you ought to have had it last leave—I stuck to it—that's all—D. . . ." The message ceased in an undecipherable scrawl.

A qualm gripped the brigadier, sickeningly. No. He denied it. There had been nothing personal in that order. It had been a military necessity. Poor old Dunkley!

A signaler looked up to him from the field telephone at which he was crouching.

"Division wants to speak to you, sir."

He knelt down, took the receiver. "Yes? Brigade headquarters speaking. Yes. I've about two hundred—well posted—yes—we can hang on. By the way, while I have the chance—one never knows what'll happen these times—I'd like to have poor Dunkley specially mentioned—exceptionally gallant conduct—you'll note that? Thanks. . . ." As he spoke he thought of Jones similarly devoting himself, equally deserving of record. But he didn't know the poor devil's regimental number—no use asking them to try and identify an insignificant "other rank" called Jones out of the multitude of such. Let it go. He'd done what he could for Dunkley. He hung up the receiver.

As he straightened himself stiffly, Dunkley's personality seemed oddly near to him, peculiarly vivid—Dunkley ruthlessly efficient, always impenetrably enigmatic in his curt reserve, giving away none of his private secrets.

"Look out, sir!" Simultaneous with the shout, he heard the sudden horrible hissing downrush of a shell, dodged in a convulsive spasm of escape. Too late! In that smoky blur—that appalling shock hurling him to an abyss—his whirling consciousness was shot with a new, a startling thought: It would be like Dunkley chivalrously to have lied to him! *They were going to meet.* . . .

"Good-by! I'm off with my Girls' Club dollars for a good vacation!"

More Money for Vacation Joys!

OFF on the gypsy trail! Borne away on horseback through the summer woods to the little cabin by the rippling stream!

Can you hear, as night comes on, the laughter from the merry groups around the camp fire? Don't you wish you were sharing vacation joys with happy members of The Girls' Club?

Now, at this time of year, the gypsy blood begins to call. Why not be a member of our happy Club and earn the extra dollars to enjoy the great outdoors? Many of our members use their Girls' Club earnings for this purpose—either for trips to see the wonders of our beautiful land, or just to spend pleasant hours in some quiet spot near home. But they have money to enjoy the golden glory of summer!

Why not use your spare time to build up a vacation fund and have these pleasures? The work is easy and pleasant as Mrs. Malcolm, of New Jersey, tells us in this interesting letter:

Indeed I have had many pleasant experiences in my Club work. Like many others, I clipped one of The Girls' Club coupons, attracted by the idea that even though I am a very busy mother and housekeeper — cooking, cleaning, and sewing for my husband and two children—I could earn some money during spare time, whenever I had it.

You see I can give no set hours to Club work, although I try to devote about an hour each day. But I felt gratified when I made $3.70 in one hour.

$18.20 in Three Days!

NO MATTER how busy you are, there will still be an hour or so out of each day which you can give to the Club and which will never be missed. Miss Mabel Slegel, of Washington, says:

If you have only a short time to give to the Club, you can still earn substantial amounts. The Girls' Club has footed the bill for many of my wants, from pleasure trips to dentist's bills. In three days I earned a total of $18.20 through the Club. I think that is pretty good for a spare-time worker.

And it is not too late to turn your spare time into money. Just write me today and learn all about our Club.

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
837 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

All that is beautiful shall abide forever

THE beautiful modern adaptation of the classic Calvary Cross, illustrated above, is at once the symbol of Christianity and of family love and devotion.

Standing against the natural loveliness of a modern cemetery, its crystalline clarity in pleasing contrast to the contours and colors of its verdant setting, the cross memorial carved in Vermont Marble perpetuates the cherished name that it proudly bears and honors.

Write for our free booklet, "All That is Beautiful Shall Abide Forever." It simplifies the problem of selecting memorial designs for your special requirements, and explains the nation-wide service of our Department of Plan and Design, available to you without obligation through the co-operation of a Master Craftsman in Marble in your vicinity. Address: Dept. J 303, Vermont Marble Company *(world's largest quarriers of marble)*, Proctor, Vermont.

In addition to the distinctive beauty of Vermont Marble is its resistance to the wearing effects of climatic conditions. Of these, the most destructive during the course of centuries is moisture. Bulletins of the governmental Bureau of Standards show that Vermont Marble absorbs only about one-third as much water as the average of other memorial stones. Vermont Marble is imperishable and everlasting.

VERMONT MARBLE

This twelve-year-old girl will suffer through life because both her lower six-year molars were lost. Her teeth came in crooked and her lower jaw failed to develop. She will always have a "weak chin." This could have so easily been prevented by proper care of the teeth.

DON'T LET NEGLECT OF JUST ONE TOOTH MAR YOUR CHILD'S APPEARANCE

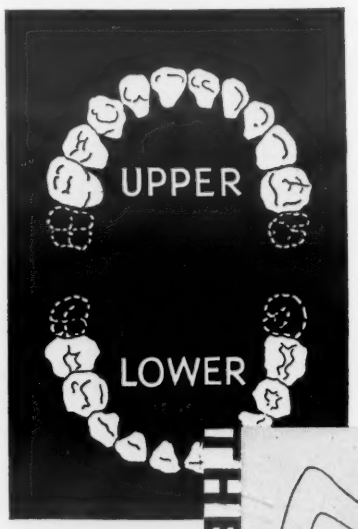
Did you know that around six years of age a child cuts the one most important tooth of his life—which directly affects the shape of his face?

THE chances are your parents didn't know the true importance of the six-year molar. And maybe, by good fortune, your appearance didn't suffer as a result. But take no such chances with your child.

Actually, there are four of the six-year molars. Two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. Nature sends them in advance of the rest of the permanent teeth—to hold the jaws in proper relationship and to guide the even placing of the permanent teeth.

So, if any of the six-year molars are lost, your child's permanent teeth may come in crooked, his jaws develop improperly and the appearance of the whole lower half of his face may suffer. The so-called "jimmy jaw" or protruding jaw is an example.

All too often the six-year molar is lost because it is thought to be one of the "decaying baby teeth"—and the child's face is affected. Is not that too great a price to pay for neglect of baby teeth? Indeed their condition directly affects the development and health of *all* the permanent teeth.



There are ten lower baby teeth and ten upper. The six-year molars erupt just back of the baby teeth, one on each side of the jaws; they are shown by the dotted lines in the chart above. Count back from the middle of the child's teeth and if there is a sixth tooth, it will be the six-year molar.

★ *The cross-section of a tooth at the right shows The Danger Line, where gums meet teeth. Notice the tiny crevice at each side, shown by the arrows. That's where fermenting food particles collect and irritate the gum tissues and cause the delicate gum edge to recede.*

How to protect baby teeth

Squibb's Dental Cream is a wonderful dentifrice for children. It is mild and safe and its formula definitely recognizes the *cause* of decay and the best ways to *combat it.* Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate the crevices and fissures of the teeth and render harmless the destructive acids given off by germs *which cause tooth decay.* It penetrates where the tooth-brush fails to reach—where ordinary dentifrices are ineffectual.

In addition, Squibb's soothes irritation and so helps the gum tissues keep sound and firm. It safeguards The Danger Line, the vital gum edge. You'll find it greatly lessens the pain of shedding the baby teeth. See that your child uses Squibb's twice each day. And you can be sure that this dentifrice so good for children is also safe and effective for you—for all your family. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

Educating for Leadership

(Continued from Page 12)

to Dearborn. And gradually the system will be extended until, he hopes, it will be able to take care of at least a million children. To quote Mr. Ford:

"In the Edison School we are trying to stimulate boys to think for themselves by working out practical problems and doing practical work, and their principal books will be the basic things—the materials and forces of nature and human society—the machines, appliances and tools that they see about them, and we hope that with so much of Mr. Edison's life before them they will fall into the spirit of independent invention and discovery.

"They will have before them one or more of every tool and article that has been used in the United States from the earliest time down to the present; in addition they will have a complete series of all the devices which man has ever used for artificial lighting, and finally they will have authentic examples of every form in which motion has ever been transmitted by man.

"Therefore, if a boy be given a problem to solve, he will be able to see for himself how others in the past have approached his problem, and if no one before has ever had his exact problem, then he will at least gain some very good suggestions of combinations that might be made. And possibly out of these combinations he will devise something entirely original."

Developing Individuality

"THE collection of objects which has already been made comprises hundreds of thousands of pieces, and the mere putting of these in order will require years of the most useful possible work on the part of the advanced pupils in the Institute. This is in the way of learning the A B C's of industry by learning to work from the ground up as the earlier men did.

"For each division of work we have an old and highly skilled worker. He works with and directs the boys, and the accuracy of their work is remarkable. They have thus far been busy restoring the old types of things, which involves very accurate labor, and among their interesting jobs was the restoration of the famous Gog and Magog clock which for more than a century hung in Cheapside, London. We acquired it as a noteworthy example of ingenious clock making. Two great figures, Gog and Magog, stand by the clock dial and, with swinging hammers, strike the hours and their divisions on big bells. We shall mount the clock in the village when it is completed.

"In the Menlo Park Laboratory—using the first floor only, for the second floor will be preserved as it was when Mr. Edison invented the electric light—several young men are working on the very practical problem of the extraction of low-grade iron ore. It is not now economical to use the low-grade iron ores because transporting them to the smelters costs too much.

"In the grist mill another group of boys is learning to grind flour, and others will learn baking and cooking. In the little frame building where Mr. Edison had his first bulbs blown other boys are learning the arts of the glass blower, and on through a long list of village industries. The design is to rotate the boys through all these branches of fundamental industries in order to give a comprehensive and practical background of knowledge and also to give the opportunity for a boy to find out what he is best fitted to do, as well as what he most likes to do.

"The more a boy or a man knows, the more chance he has to become a leader and, with everything at hand to be seen, felt and worked with, most certainly the road to knowledge can be shortened.

"All the boys in the Institute spend their time at useful and interesting work, and for it they are paid at current rates, so that they are entirely self-supporting. The present group of students range from seventeen to nineteen years of age. Some of them came from the trade schools, several from the Wayside Inn school and others from the outside. They are only the nucleus of the eventual group, but we have not decided—and we may never decide—how many will be in this final group. There will be no fixed course. Some of the more promising boys may stay well into manhood in order further to develop themselves or to carry forward work in which they are interested and which holds promise. Others may graduate into our own industries, still others may go outside. We do not try to hold men whom we train; we are glad to see them dispersed throughout industry. And as for leaders, we are taking for granted that they will be recognized as they appear, for there will be an entire freedom in the development of individuality."

This Edison Institute, it will be noted, is a kind of university except that, instead of books being supplemented by working with things, the order is reversed and the working with things is supplemented by books.

The elementary-school feeders for the Edison Institute will all be managed along the general lines of the trade schools with the practical work in which the pupils engage varied according to the locality.

"The trade schools," said Mr. Ford, "are not apprentice schools nor trade schools in the usual sense. They are schools in which academic training and industrial instruction go hand in hand. The boys range from thirteen to eighteen. They spend one week in the classroom, where they are given instruction in the usual elementary-school subjects. Then they spend two weeks in the school shops working under competent scientific instruction, with the most modern machinery, on practical articles."

Every item has to do with real work, and this work is paid for at current rates and is accepted only after the most rigid inspection. The revenues from this work make the schools entirely self-supporting. The boys work or study—they are both the same here—through an eight-hour day.

Producing Ideas

THE students are supported by a scholarship allowance which maintains them while preparing themselves to be useful citizens. Under sixteen years, the scholarship amounts to twenty cents an hour, at sixteen it advances to twenty-five cents, at seventeen to thirty cents, and at eighteen to thirty-five cents. In addition to the scholarships, each boy receives his luncheon free and two dollars a month which he must deposit in a savings account.

"It will be seen, therefore," remarked Mr. Ford, "that first of all a boy is taught that which will enable him to earn his living and at the same time he is given enough academic training so that he can go as far in his book studies as he likes. We are not producing machine men; we are producing self-sustaining citizens.

"We hope to evolve an education which will make both for invention and for leadership. A boy who can know what has been done in the past in the way of invention and design, not simply by reading about it but by seeing and working with the actual objects and machines, ought in a short time to acquire a knowledge such as could not otherwise be given. He can take advantage of all the experience that has gone before and, with this start, his mind should be so opened that it will be bound to produce many new ideas. These new ideas may result in creating a new race of industrial leaders."

All of which is something to think about.

Benjamin Wagner Strawbridge is the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Z. Strawbridge of Philadelphia

BENJAMIN WAGNER STRAWBRIDGE

. . . a blithe soul out of Philadelphia

He can thank his mother's careful health régime for his boundless good spirits

LATER on, he may be interested in ship brokerage as his mother's family have been for years and years. Twenty years from now he may be zealous to play his part in Philadelphia's philanthropic life, like his father and his grandfather.

But right now, Benjamin Wagner Strawbridge, one year old last March, is wrapped up in just three things. A calico cat, a teddy bear—and *food*.

Cheeks aglow . . . eyes very blue . . . hair (what there is of it) very blonde, Benjamin wields a doughty spoon.

He's a cheery, amiable youngster—save in one respect. He refuses utterly to eat any cereal other than that one long thought of as the children's own—Cream of Wheat. The baby specialist told the family to give him Cream of Wheat and Benjamin takes the order literally.

"The baby has marvelous health," says Mrs. Strawbridge of her little son, "and we try to bring him up by rote. Cream of Wheat is a very definite part of our schedule."

Cream of Wheat is the baby's first solid food, the country over. When we asked 221 leading baby doctors in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, what they thought about cereal feedings, they *all* gave Cream of Wheat their approval.

They know, as mothers do too, that Cream of Wheat supplies in abundance the energy young children use up so fast. They know that its simple granular form is easily assimilated by inexperienced little stomachs. And that you can rely on it, even in the sultry summer months, for uniformity of quality and freedom from spoilage. The cost is very small—*less than one cent a serving*.

If your baby hasn't joined the ranks of enthusiastic Cream of Wheat eaters, and if he's ready for solid food, start him out now.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

CREAM OF WHEAT

© 1930, The C. of W. Corp.

FREE—an authoritative booklet, The Important Business of Feeding Children—giving correct diets from infancy through high school. Send coupon today, to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. B-51, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name .....

Address .....

If sample of Cream of Wheat is desired, check here ☐

More and more you'll find the

MONITOR TOP *imitated*

But its amazing record of trouble-free service . . that *belongs to General Electric alone!*

A mere glimpse of it through the open window—and you recognize it. *A General Electric*—modern in design as this electrical age itself! The aristocrat of all refrigerators—as distinguished in its appearance as it is in its matchless performance. Little wonder they seek to duplicate the individual beauty of the Monitor Top.

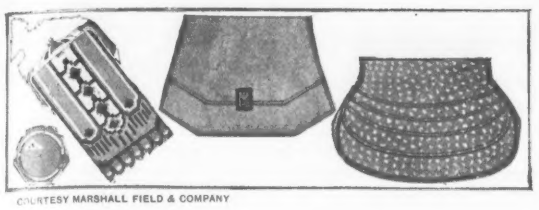
But the sealed-in-steel mechanism of the Monitor Top—and its world-renowned record of trouble-free service—are beyond all imitation. *These* belong to the refrigerator that *you* are going to want for *your* home. The General Electric!

Prices as low as $205 at the factory. Easy payments. For booklet, write Section J-8, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

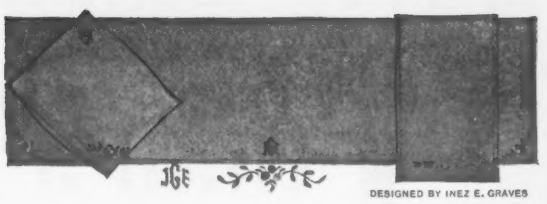


COURTESY MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

Directed by **MARGUERITE ASPINWALL**



DESIGNED BY INEZ E. GRAVES

THOSE of us who love summer and an informal, out-of-doors life, rather dread seeing "August" appear on our calendars. Not that we have any particular grudge against August as a month; but we do hate to realize that it's the last rose of summer, so to speak. It makes the end of vacation seem depressingly near, and we immediately begin, mentally, to crowd a few extra parties, picnics, hikes or summer sports into the days ahead, just to be sure we aren't missing anything.

And among those last-minute gayeties, why not try the Indian party in turbans suggested on your page this month?

New Summer Bags

OF PLAIN shantung, with matching enameled clasp; of gay printed silks; and of lovely, colorful beads is the new summer collection of bags which the Sub-Deb is privileged to choose from to carry with her warm-weather frocks.

Sometimes the bag is matched in a dainty enameled compact to keep in it—noses *do* seem to require a lot of powdering under hot summer suns.

The original models of the printed-silk purse and the plain shantung one with the square enameled clasp were shown me in a delicate green, but since our page is blue this month, I took the liberty of telling the artist to make them blue instead. Either way, they are equally smart and summery, and will give you an idea of what the new styles in bags are to be this season; for these I am showing you are, of course, only three out of a wide variety which the shops are putting on the counters to appeal to beauty-loving girls this year.

An Indian Party

EVERY girl knows how boys grumble over the idea of "dressing up" for a costume party. Yet once in the costume—with all the bother of planning and contriving over—they almost always enter into the spirit of the occasion whole-heartedly and have quite as good a time as the girls who greet the original idea with such joy.

So a costume party that is not only a bit different but is guaranteed to please your masculine guests from the first delivering of the invitation is sure to be hailed with relief by all youthful hostesses.

And here it is! An affair that requires practically no dressing up for the boys—that is, they can wear whatever clothes they want, with just one slight change.

I gave this one at the end of last summer, when everybody's seashore and mountain tan seemed to make it particularly appropriate. It is easy to look like a Hindu in the late summer, and any man can look a rajah merely by turbaning his head!

Why not try it for yourselves this month? An East Indian party is a delightful way to close the season. If you want it to be rather formal, dinner clothes, with a red band across the shirt front and a turban on the head, will do the trick for the boys, while the girls can go in for as elaborate costumes as they wish. Ladies of the Harem, Nautch Girls, and Dervish Dancers all turned up at my own party. Of course the boys can stick to white flannels, if they prefer, with the addition, of course, of turbans. The turban is obligatory.

I gave a prize for the boy who wore the best turban—best meaning the most effective at the least cost. The invitations specified, of course, that the turbans were to be made by the boys themselves and not by some kind-hearted feminine friend. It was really astonishing, too, what varied ones there were, from cheesecloth to gold brocade; plain, jeweled, intricate in design, or simply folded.

The food, of course, carried out the East Indian idea also. We had curried shrimp and a curry of chicken, and later some sweet fruit compote and poppy-seed cookies, which made a good midnight supper. However, a Sunday-night tea could use almost the same menu.

You will be delightfully surprised to see how well your friends respond to the novelty of a Ball at the Maharajah's Court.

—NANNINE JOSEPH.

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride

For Your Own Room

AS WE know from your letters, you Sub-Debs are tremendously interested in new ideas for your own pretty bedrooms—things you can buy and things you can make at home yourselves.

So here is a suggestion for a set of bureau scarf, small pillow and finger towel, to match or to harmonize with the prevailing color of your room. It will be charming to take to boarding school with you, and it will also make an attractive and very acceptable birthday gift for one of your friends.

The set can be made from a yard and a quarter of linen thirty-six inches wide. Straighten the linen at each end and trim off the selvage on both sides. Now cut lengthwise down the center. This gives you two pieces forty-five inches long and eighteen inches wide. Use one of these for the dressing-table or bureau runner, turning a half-inch hem on all four sides and catching down with tiny stitches, using thread the color of the linen.

The little spray in the corners is done with No. 5 twisted cotton; the stems and leaves in dark green and the flowers in colors. Each flower is done in two shades of the same color, using the darker for the center.

Use the wheat stitch to make roses, and wrap the thread around the needle from six to twelve times to make different coils in the rose. The stems are done in regular outline or back stitch, and the little leaves with the lazy-daisy stitch, which is a loose chain stitch. The initials are done in the same loose chain stitch, with an extra stitch to hold it firm.

The pillow slip is twelve by seventeen inches when finished. To make this, you cut off twenty-five and a half inches of the remaining piece of linen and turn a half-inch hem at each eighteen-inch end. Now fold together, lapping one hem over the other. Seam the other two ends together and turn pillow slip on right side, working four buttonholes in top hem and sewing buttons on bottom hem for opening to slip the pillow in.

Work a spray in one corner to match those on the runner, and embroider the initials in the diagonal corner.

The little finger towel is made from the remaining piece of linen, cut to measure twelve by nineteen inches. Make a very tiny hem on each long side and a half-inch hem on each end. Fold down the center and embroider a rose—to match any in the spray used on the other pieces—in the center of the towel as it's now folded, which will make it come about two and three-quarters inches from one side of the narrow hem. A set of these finger towels in harmonizing pastel colors would prove a most attractive prize for your next party.

—INEZ E. GRAVES.

A Girl and a Hobby

SUMMER is a good time for cultivating hobbies for both girls and boys. So many of your activities are group affairs in vacation time that it's not a bad idea to concentrate a bit on some individual taste, talent or specialty, just to keep you from becoming too completely absorbed by the crowd *as* a crowd, no matter how delightful they all are, and how much you like them.

In any case, you'll have just that much more of interest, charm and originality to contribute, if you have at least one thing you do rather specially well, or one particular subject that you can make highly entertaining to your listeners because you yourself find it so very absorbing.

Perhaps you're particularly good at getting up amateur theatricals; that's a marvelously valuable asset for the summer holidays.

Try to make yourself the best stage manager and producer you can possibly become,

THE BETTER THE WRINGER THE WHITER THE WASH

It has been more than a wringer all the time

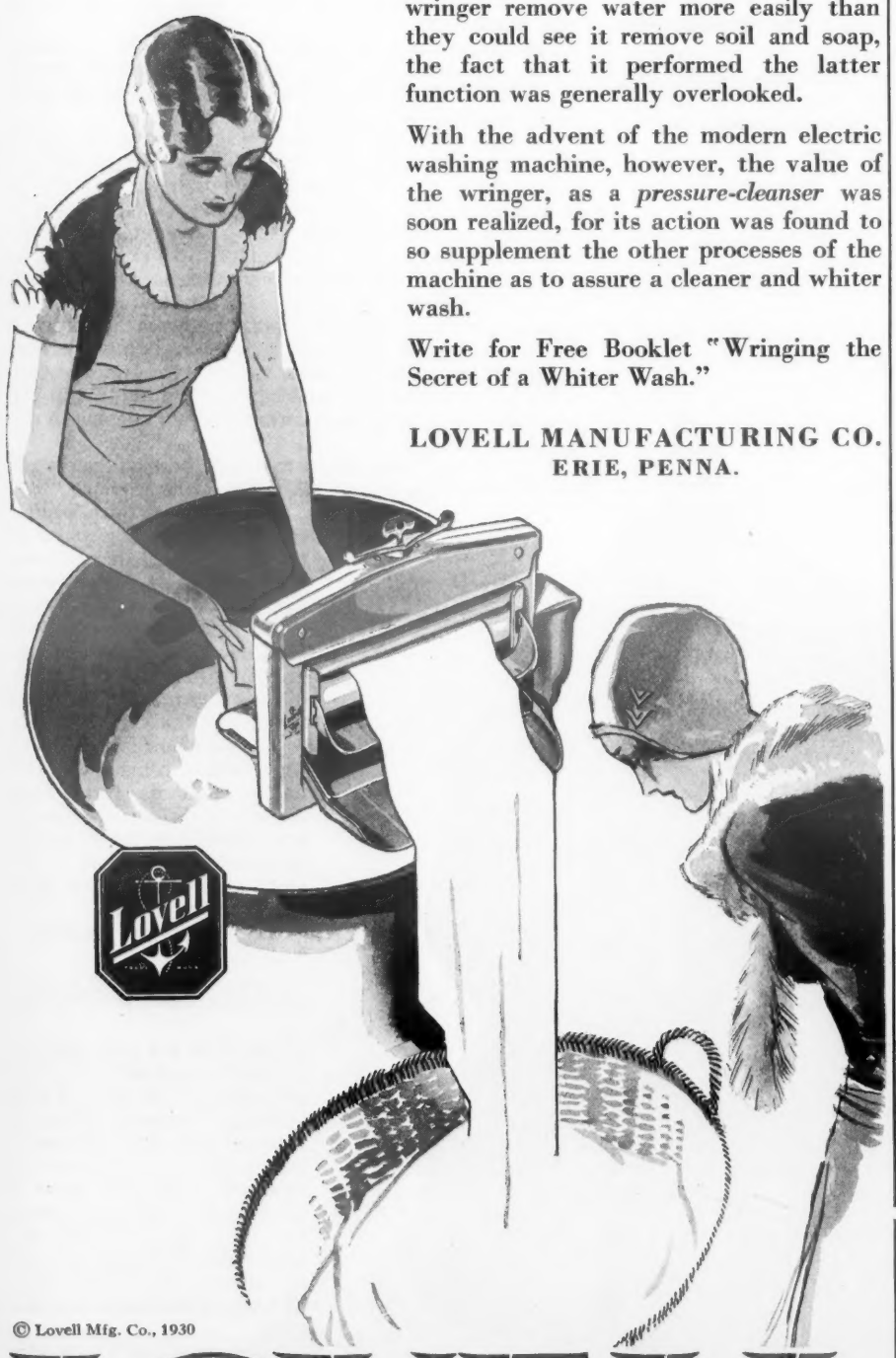
THE properties of a clothes wringer that make it an auxiliary cleanser on your washing machine have existed ever since the Lovell Manufacturing Company made their first wringer—nearly fifty years ago.

Yet, because, the users could see the wringer remove water more easily than they could see it remove soil and soap, the fact that it performed the latter function was generally overlooked.

With the advent of the modern electric washing machine, however, the value of the wringer, as a *pressure-cleanser* was soon realized, for its action was found to so supplement the other processes of the machine as to assure a cleaner and whiter wash.

Write for Free Booklet "Wringing the Secret of a Whiter Wash."

LOVELL MANUFACTURING CO.
ERIE, PENNA.



© Lovell Mfg. Co., 1930

LOVELL
PRESSURE
CLEANSER

HAND OPERATED POWER OPERATED

AND PRESSURE IS NEEDED TO MAKE CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN

and you'll find your services in constant demand.

Or perhaps you have a good voice and can lead group singing at outdoor evening parties—picnics, canoeing trips and beach suppers. If you don't sing, but instead can play one or another musical instrument, keep in practice and train yourself to be ready with all the old and new favorites.

Every young crowd loves music with its parties, and if you are really good in your line, you will find that you can earn popularity easily and pleasantly through your finger tips.

Instead of any of the artistic talents, your tastes and abilities may run in athletic channels. That, of course, is equally valuable.

The better-than-ordinary tennis player, golfer, swimmer, rider or water-sports enthusiast is always sure of an enviable place in the summer life of the sub-deb and her group. Dancing is another popularity-bestowing hobby. So is a gift for acting, or telling stories amusingly.

Then there are hobbies you may take up for the enjoyment you yourself will get out of them, with no thought of your friends' appreciation or applause. Gardening is one of these more individual hobbies; so is butterfly collecting, the absorbingly interesting study of bird life, or of flowers, trees and stones.

Summer is a splendid time for the young artist too. Sketching the beauty corners of your particular little world will not only provide you with hours of very real happiness at the time but will leave you a record, in your sketchbook or canvases, of the summer long after green trees and flowers, birds, butterflies and sailboats on blue seas have vanished into a rose-colored memory.

So—I am asking it of each of you busy, eager young sub-debs—what is *your* hobby? It isn't too late to start a new summer interest this month.

Earn Money And Prizes for Your Hobby!

WHAT'S *your* hobby? For I know that *you*, like every modern outdoors girl, are following one.

Do you like to play tennis in the early morning? Or perhaps you practice new swimming strokes in your leisure hours? Is your photograph album filled with "snaps" you've taken on your hikes . . . or do you sketch instead?

Then, of course, you'll be interested in a club that will help you win money and prizes for your hobby—a club that will make you carefree and independent. Our Girls' Club is *so* helpful that way, as hundreds of happy, money-earning members know.

They are the girls who are winning tennis rackets . . . red, white and blue water balls . . . handy cameras for hikes, water colors for sketching. They are the girls who write me letters like these:

$4.00 in a Day

Dear Manager: I never thought I could earn as much money as I have in The Girls' Club. Think of $4.00 in one day! I'm going to wear my blue-and-gold Club pin on my best dress.
—Bonnie C., *Texas.*

$5.00 in the Bank

Dear Manager: What a thrill I received when I deposited $5.00 of my Girls' Club earnings in the bank! I'm saving it up to buy a summery sports dress. —Fern R., *Indiana.*

$26.00 for Expenses

Dear Manager: Was I happy over the $26.00 I earned in The Girls' Club? With the money I bought a new hat, gloves and a dress. I've won a wrist watch as a prize too.
—Evelyn B., *Pennsylvania.*

Whatever your hobby, you can earn for it.

Your First Step—Write Me

YOU'LL be just as delighted as were these girls at how easy it is to earn your own money. You'll be thrilled, too, with the prizes. When you write me: *Dear Manager, Please tell me how to earn money and prizes,* I'll let you in on the secret. No expenses or obligations. And tell me your age—that's important. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
851 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sub-Deb Booklets

ANY of these booklets, prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, will be sent upon receipt of the amount required in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes. Address the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FINGERS TELL TALES. A little discussion of different types of hands, the characteristics they indicate, and simple rules for the care of each kind. Price, 2 cents.

BOBS OR LONG HAIR? Twelve charming coiffures from Paris for the Sub-Deb. New suggestions for bobs, for long hair and for growing bobs. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB CROCHETS HER HATS. Three smart, simple designs and directions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB'S BEDROOM. With suggestions and sketches to help any girl plan a charming room of her own. Price, 2 cents.

RAINY-DAY SMARTNESS. Containing suggestions and smart, practical fashions for the Sub-Deb's rainy-day outfit for all sorts of occasions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB GIVES A PARTY. Entertainment suggestions. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS SOCKS. Directions for making the new, low-rolled kind. Price, 2 cents.

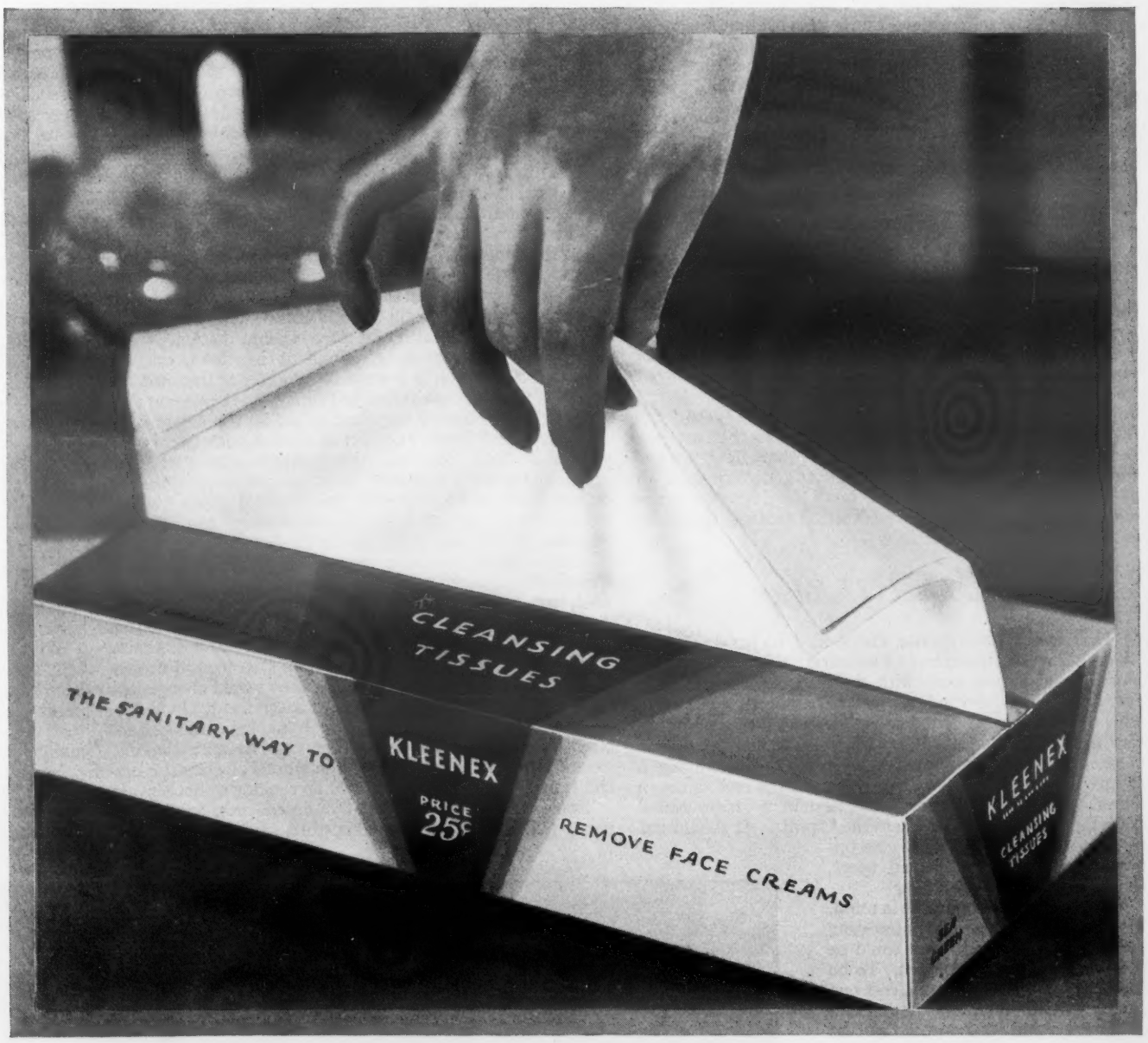
KNITTED SPORTS CLOTHES AND WOOL PURSE. Price, 2 cents.

A TRAVELING BEAD CASE. Directions for making. Also six smart new designs for stringing your own bead necklaces. Price, 2 cents.

DESIGN FOR CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

APPLIQUÉ SCARFS. Designs and directions for scarfs for sports, afternoon and evening. Price, 2 cents.

You'll enjoy the Kleenex way to remove cold cream



VERY SMART *are these Kleenex tissues in softest pink, green or yellow. The colors are guaranteed pure and harmless. There's white, of course, for those who prefer.*

"I USE KLEENEX for removing cold cream because the tissues are so very absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary."

Elaine J. Boardman

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away surplus cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads! Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is so injurious in itself. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and even premature wrinkling, many experts believe.

Kleenex just can't irritate the skin in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It *blots up* every bit of surplus cream, and lifts up impurities from the pores.

More and more people—men, women and children—are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Cold germs are discarded, too.

Kleenex comes in lovely tints, as well as white, at drug and department stores. Colors are pure and safe.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

L-8

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

The Modern Homemaker

A DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD ADMINISTRATION—DIRECTED BY LITA BANE

The Homemaker's Vacation

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

"I DON'T believe I'll have a vacation this year," said Martha, in a dull voice, as she folded tissue paper in her sister's best dress and laid it in the trunk. "It's all right for you, your children are older. But with small children, and little money—I'm staying at home."

"But, Martha, you need a vacation!" exclaimed Ethel, in dismay. "You'll just naturally go to seed!"

Martha laughed affectionately and went on packing. But after the flurry of seeing her sister off, the words she had said kept coming to her mind. "You need a vacation," Ethel had said. "You'll go to seed!" The phrases recurred as she cooked and mended and washed grimy little hands and faces.

Was it true that one did need a vacation? Not just that one liked one? If there was a real need, what, then, of the many sorts, was the right variety of vacation for a homemaker who spent her days—mostly healthy, happy ones—keeping house, cooking meals, straining spinach for a one-year-old, mending clothes for a vigorous six-year-old and letting down frocks for a rapidly growing Miss Four? And trying all the while to be a good companion to the best husband in the world—one mustn't forget that, though sometimes in the whirl of living it did almost get overlooked, for he was so much the background of all her days that it was easy to take Bob for granted. Martha thought the whole subject over as she worked.

The Ideal Holiday

THERE were three counts, she decided, on which a homemaker really should have a vacation: First, to rest tired muscles and nerves worn with the duties and conflicts of everyday living. Second, to rest tired minds, gone seedy with the petty round of tasks no one of which seemed important in itself, but all much too necessary to be neglected or omitted. Third, for relaxation of tired spirits craving a change of thought and scene to bring out the real values in living. The ideal vacation, then, should re-create rested bodies, renewed minds and refreshed spirits. It should not be too strenuous and should give opportunity for that neglected sport, thinking—just plain thinking.

With the threefold purpose in mind, Martha began the very interesting business of finding out what could be done and the cost of doing it. To be sure, she knew that what will cost one person a hundred dollars another can do for fifty, and so she would not be deterred from a desirable plan just because it appeared a bit too expensive. But some idea of cost she must have, because she had little to spend and because she must be sure of getting returns in rest and joy.

To her delight, she began finding so many kinds of vacations that she decided to set them down in a notebook with such facts and figures as she could collect on each.

There was the trip Jane and Dick were planning to take, with little Mary, a year and a half old, going with them. They were driving in a leisurely way the nine hundred miles to Dick's old home, stopping overnight as inexpensively as possible at wayside inns recommended by friends.

Next, Martha thought of exchanging homes. Beth, her college roommate, lived in a tiny village where yard and garden, shady porch and rambling old house made housekeeping very different from in the city. Wouldn't it be a good idea to write to Beth and see if they could exchange homes for two weeks, thus giving both families a change at a very small expense? Worth considering surely, so she put it down in her book.

Then there was a sight-seeing trip, which would be easy to manage, as with a car one could include a pilgrimage to near-by literary and historic spots and to art shrines.

There were many other outings—tours abroad, tours in our own country, a journey through the Panama Canal, lake cruises, and such, that Martha might have considered. But she well knew that when the time came for such traveling she had only to write a postal to a railroad company or a travel bureau to bring a wealth of interesting information.

Making vacation plans brings to light the often-overlooked fact that a vacation is a state of mind. For instance, the vacation the Browns enjoyed last summer. Repairs on their house took the money they had saved for a holiday; they faced July and Bert's vacation of a week with twenty-five dollars available for fun. Twenty-five dollars and five people—it seemed hopeless! Bert worked in an office and craved freedom from crowds; Sally would enjoy freedom from three meals a day and housekeeping; the children, fourteen, twelve and eight, wanted stunts and diversion.

After a family conclave they decided that the vacation should officially begin at noon on Saturday and last till a week from the following Monday morning—eight and a half days are much more than seven. Next, the children looked up and listed all the things they would like to do; setting down a desire in definite form is a big step toward accomplishment. Then they decided that they would change jobs so that no one should do his regular assignment. In the interest of saving time for all, Sally volunteered to work for one hour each morning—sixty minutes and no more—baking, cleaning the ice box and oiling the wheels of domestic machinery. Otherwise she was to do no cooking or housework.

Two of the precious twenty-five dollars were invested in paper plates, cups and napkins, thus saving considerable dishwashing and laundry. Bert, with some assistance from the children, did the marketing, using only the regular food allowance, so that there was no extra expense. Some of his results were delightful; some—well, less so; but it was all novel fun. All desserts were eliminated and fresh fruits and uncooked vegetables were used as much as possible.

Housework was reduced to a minimum partly by Sally's careful going over the house on Friday and putting away every article not really needed. For instance, extra silver was packed in the cupboard with a cake of fresh camphor; some of the curtains were taken down, brushed and put away and various oddments were put on the top shelf in the pantry. All this saved work during vacation and gave the house a different look that contributed to the sense of change.

Two days, not in succession, Sally went into town by herself. She left early, dressed in her best, and did exactly what she pleased during the whole day.

Release From Toil

ON OTHER days the family took outings; they went to the city, doing a round of the parks and sights and taking a meal at a hotel—a treat never before attempted all together—and another day driving to the forest preserve, where a steak dinner was cooked over a camp fire. One evening, fortified by afternoon naps, they went to the city for a concert in the park. The second Monday morning found them refreshed and rested and with ten cents left as a nest egg toward next year's vacation.

With all this information at hand, Martha determined to talk vacations over with her husband. Maybe they had been hasty in deciding that they could have no holiday just because they couldn't have a conventional one. However that was to come out, at least she had enjoyed the fun of making inquiries and learning so many ways of having fun.

Not all of us are homemaking for a husband and three young children. Some can manage easily, some will think an outing impossible, but every homemaker can have some holiday if she has but the wit to plan and the will to carry through. Arrange for the welfare of those you leave; then forget home cares and don't allow one single worrisome topic to spoil your fun.

And sometimes take a vacation for yourself alone. Does that seem silly? Or selfish? It isn't. Go to your club convention or your class reunion; if you can't be away that long, spend a whole day with a friend, go in town for luncheon and a matinée or movie—do *something*. Make an event of it; prepare for it in advance and enjoy the anticipation as well as the reality, and don't leave your mind at home a-worrying when you go.

What shall you do? How should an outsider know? Something different from the daily task; something that comes to the back of your mind when you are tired; something that, for you, has the appeal of release from toil. "Have a hankering," as my grandmother used to say.

But the money? With every department of the family budget clamoring for cash, should one spend for such an unessential as a vacation?

Indeed one should! Let the house go a bit; allow the Joneses to get ahead of you; what difference does it make? Save nickels and dimes from food and clothing; get your vacations, and never, never say they are not important. They are.

They were driving in a leisurely way to Dick's old home.

Savory Premium flavor...perfect with omelets

THE omelet's a lady of fashion, airy, light, and charming . . . but at her best only when in good company. Good company for an omelet may include tender little buttered peas, or chopped, aromatic parsley. But it must include one special kind of bacon—Swift's Premium. Premium's aristocratic distinction of flavor, its subtle, barely perceptible salty tang are just what my lady Omelet needs.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Bacon

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

YOUNG TEETH
need this care
MORNING and NIGHT

DO YOU KNOW that cleaning teeth is one of the important uses for Arm & Hammer Baking Soda? Dentists recommend it both for this purpose and as a mouth wash.

Used as a dentifrice Baking Soda both cleans and protects teeth. Its natural "bite" removes stains, discolorations and film without injuring the enamel. Its mild alkalinity neutralizes the mouth acids that cause decay. To use, pour a quantity in the palm of the hand and pick it up on a moistened brush.

Baking Soda as a dentifrice is most economical. You can buy it at any grocery store. To make sure of the best, always ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

E-17

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Roadside Cookery

By HORACE KEPHART

MOTOR campers seldom find good firewood at their stopping places. Too many people have been there before them. But gas must be carried anyway, so why not save time and trouble by using a camp stove that burns gasoline? Cooking can then proceed at once, without scouting around for wood and waiting for it to burn down to coals. And with the stove there is no new art to learn; for it works like the gas stove at home and uses the same kind of utensils.

It does not pay to buy the cheapest camp stove in the market. Such a one is too small for full-size pots and pans, and its wire grid is not very lasting. Get one with eight-inch iron grates.

The stove should have a windshield, or an oven that serves as such. A built-on folding oven is best. When not in use for baking, the top folds out of the way or is used as a hot shelf. On raw mornings the oven heats a tent and dries it out.

The outfitter from whom you buy the stove can supply a siphon to draw gas from the car tank. A small funnel is convenient in filling the stove. An adjustable stand that holds the stove at proper height will save many a backache.

Care must be taken to set the stove level and not to flood it at the start nor let coffee boil over on the burners.

Equipment

SPACE and weight are saved by getting a nested set of pots and pans and tableware, such as camp outfitters carry in stock. One can do better by making his own selection. For instance, enamel cups, with handles open at the bottom for nesting, are pleasant to use. Enamel plates that nest with the kit are nice too. They should be full nine-inch size.

If the frying pan is aluminum, it should be thick enough not to burn food or make it stick fast to the pan. There is a steel pan, with an ingeniously contrived wire handle, that is cheap and satisfactory.

Pots or pans with removable handles are not recommended. The handle may be missing—under the leaves, maybe—just when a pot threatens to boil over.

No nested set is complete in itself. The campers need a milk pan, or something similar, for a dish pan; a large tea ball, if tea is on the menu; a butcher knife, a long cooking spoon and a cake turner, plenty of paper towels, and some steel wool for obdurate pots and pans.

Common domestic utensils take up much more room in the car than a nested set, but they have their points. Nothing quite takes the place of a double boiler, or a stew pan of conventional design, or a coffeepot equipped with insulated handle that will not burn unwary fingers or force one's knuckles against the hot side of the pot.

A wire broiler is an excellent thing for grilling meat or toasting bread over the open wood fire that you will have at times. And regular kitchen utensils cost less than half as much as a nested set.

Get from the camp outfitter a tourist's refrigerator box or basket—one that will keep ice for thirty-six hours or more. It is a necessity. There is no other simple way to keep in good order such things as fresh meat, butter, milk and cream, tomatoes, mayonnaise, ginger ale, and the like.

With the help of this little refrigerator, one can have just as good meals by the wayside as at home. Without it he will suffer hardships. And, as old Nessmuk wisely said: "We don't go camping to rough it; we go to smooth it—we get it rough enough in town." A scorn of comfort and of cleanliness, on camping trips, is a sure mark of the tenderfoot.

The outfitter keeps in stock all sizes of pry-up tin cans. Get enough of them to hold your flour, cereals, sugar, and so on. Salt is best carried in a wooden box. Don't stow such things in their original pasteboard containers; the contents will spill out as you travel, and the cartons will get limp from moisture.

A little forethought about packing the food supply will save trouble three times a day. It should be snug enough not to rattle and yet be easy to get at. Partitions of corrugated paper solve the problem and keep glass jars from cracking.

Have a large milk bottle for fresh milk and a small one for cream. There should be a can or two of evaporated milk for emergencies.

The best way to carry eggs is in a strong case such as is made for shipping a dozen eggs. Stuff soft paper around small eggs to keep them from jolting about.

Take along some parchment paper for wrapping bacon or other greasy things.

Baker's bread keeps three or four days before it starts to mold. If it gets a little stale, toast it. On a longer side trip than four days, some baking must be done in camp. Crackers are poor substitutes for bread as a steady diet. Biscuits and pancakes are easy and quick to make.

When staying for some time in a remote camp, a place should be chosen where supplies of ice and fresh meat can be delivered every other day. Do not depend on bacon and canned meat as substitutes for fresh steaks and the like. Even if there be good fishing near camp, still there should be one meal a day at which fresh meat is served; otherwise the diet will be very monotonous.

If a ham is taken along on the trip, it must be carefully looked after, or it will soon spoil or get flyblown. Canned ham and canned chicken, as they are now put up by some firms, are wholesome and palatable.

Supplies

DEHYDRATED vegetables and fruits, as well as powdered milk and eggs, are much used by explorers and big-game hunters who go far into the wilderness and must make every pound of supplies count to the utmost; but they are not satisfactory substitutes when it is possible to carry the fresh articles.

Canned fruits, vegetables and milk are much better, besides being more convenient to use.

When outfitting for motor camping, select food that is quickly and easily cooked. It is not often that campers are in the humor to wait an hour or two for a meal.

Do not put too much confidence in reports of good fishing in the country where you expect to camp. The streams may be fished out when you get there, or the weather may be unfavorable.

Campers should not carry guns in summer. All game is then out of season, and mere possession of a gun in the party may cause trouble with wardens.

The following list of supplies is intended simply as an *aide-mémoire*. The amount of each article will depend upon size of party, length of stay, and on whether there be a farm, grocery or other supply store convenient to camp: Bread (for three days), crackers, cookies, flour, baking powder, breakfast cereal, fresh meat (for two days), canned ham, bacon, canned chicken, butter, milk (fresh or canned), cheese, eggs, lard or other fat for frying and shortening, potatoes, onions, canned vegetables (what you like), canned spaghetti (for quick meal under difficulties), canned fruits, jam, sirup, pickles, mayonnaise, fresh tomatoes (when obtainable), sugar, candy or sweet chocolate, coffee, tea, salt, pepper and other condiments.

More than a skillet

NOT only an excellent skillet—but an excellent roaster for smothered chicken, chops, small roasts. It is thick cast iron, heavy and even, with no thin spot anywhere. The cover is also thick cast iron, and due to patented drip-rings is self-basting. The bottom of the skillet is level. This conserves heat. The ring and lip of the cover fit the edge and lip of the skillet. This conserves flavor. Still another virtue—this skillet will last all your life. Ask to see Griswold Cast Iron Skillets at a department, housefurnishing or hardware store. The Griswold Mfg. Co., Dept. H, Erie, Penna.

Ever eat a bouquet of flowers? French Melange is like that, really! Make it in the Griswold Skillet, and serve it on nut-buttered bread at tea. For the recipe, write to "Aunt Ellen," Dept. H, The Griswold Kitchen, Erie, Penna.

How to fry "Chicken Louisianne" . . . make corn pones . . . make green pea pancakes . . . marshmallow pudding—are all told you in "The Aunt Ellen Booklet on Waterless Cooking." Write for this.

GRISWOLD

Reg. U. S. GRISWOLD Pat. Off.

"—if an Italian recommended it—I knew I could ask for nothing better!"

. . . . writes Mrs. Fox.

Corn Products Refining Company,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

As a salad oil, Mazola is certainly without an equal. For several years I had used olive oil for salad dressings—with no particularly unusual results.

One day I was in a fruit store and was amazed to see some cans of Mazola on their shelves. Knowing that the men were all Italians in this store, I said to the manager—"How is it you have cans of Mazola on your shelves and no olive oil? I know very well that all good Italians never would use anything but the best olive oil!"

"Why, we use Mazola all the time," said the fruitman, waving his hands to aid his explanation and to add to his enthusiasm. "No more olive oil—this Mazola is very, very fine. You try it sometime!"

So I did. I tried it then—for if an Italian recommended it—and with such whole-hearted enthusiasm, I knew that I could ask for nothing better—and I can't! It is far more economical, more time-saving and more space-saving—by no means small items of importance. Perhaps it is laughable, but it is very true, that I do not like salad dressing made with olive oil any more!

Here is our favorite French Dressing and I believe that a French Dressing is the best test of oil:—

½ teaspoon paprika — 1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons vinegar — 8 tablespoons Mazola

This is delicious on either lettuce and tomato salad, water-cress or cole slaw.

Very sincerely,
Mrs. Walter S. Fox
370 Chestnut Hill Avenue
Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Fox is one of the many progressive women who have discovered that Mazola equals the finest imported oils in every respect—yet costs about half as much. For purity, quality and flavor—the world affords no finer oil for salads than Mazola.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S famous book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" contains nearly 300 new, helpful recipes. Write for your copy today. (See coupon.)

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. L-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station
New York City.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____

State_____

. . *when* Yankee Doodle *drives to Town as fast as he can go, sir, You know his mother has sent him down to the Apple Butter Grocer . . .*

And if his kiddy-car should stall, it wouldn't slow him up at all. He'd run and run and run and run to get that jolly errand done, so that he'd soon again be able to see upon the dining-table the jar with the apple on the label, "with the big, red apple on the label."

And there's nothing surprising in his haste, to any who've had the luck to taste that appley, cidery, spicy flavor. Grown-ups say, "Yum," to its pungent savor as they take tea-biscuits, piping hot, and spread them thick with Lippin*cott* Apple Butter. (Yes, *Lippincott.*)

It's chocolate-colored and firm and rich. There's no ordinary apple butter which is *quite* so luscious and scrumptious and smooth (no, there could hardly be, in truth) for this is made of the finest spices . . . of Saigon cinnamon that entices the drowsiest appetite to quicken . . . of golden cider, too, to thicken the pleasure you get from that apple butter . . . and there's nothing quite so "utterly utter" as the Fancy Apples, the pick of the crop, that put this condiment "right on top" . . .

Thousands of mothers not only give their children Lippincott Apple Butter on between-meal snacks; they also use it to add variety to every meal. It has helped them to devise a dozen new desserts; it makes a marvelous pie-filling; it is quite amazingly good as a seasoning cooked into meats; and, of course, it's always welcome as a relish with cold cuts.

No wonder they so often send their small sons racing to the grocer for Lippincott Apple Butter. They only need to remind them: "the tall jar with the big, red apple on the label." Most days, of course, they telephone the order . . . as you, no doubt, will do today.

Put these in the cookie jar and watch them disappear

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER COOKIES

2 cups sugar (1 brown and 1 white)
1 cup butter
3 eggs
1 cup flour
3 cups oatmeal
1 teaspoon baking-powder
¾ cup nuts (preferably pecans)
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup Lippincott Apple Butter

Blend together sugar and butter, add beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Add flour and oatmeal alternately, then Lippincott Apple Butter, baking-powder, and lastly nuts and vanilla. Drop from spoon onto greased cookie-pan (a level spoon for each cookie) and bake in a moderate oven. This makes 75 cookies. Let the cookies stand on the pan until cooled, then remove. If removed when hot, they will break and crumble.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY • *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

© 1930, The L. Co.

What's New?

What the Modern Homemaker Wants to Know

WHAT happens when mayonnaise separates? The thin film of vinegar and egg yolk which surrounds the droplets of oil breaks and the oil escapes, collecting on top. Oftentimes the film of egg yolk and vinegar is stretched around so many droplets of oil that the film is exceedingly thin and it breaks readily.

The emulsion can be restored by beating the broken mayonnaise into another egg yolk. This merely increases the amount of material that forms the film around the oil droplets. The same result can be accomplished by beating the separated mayonnaise into a tablespoonful of water. Chilling the mayonnaise bowl, the beater and the oil makes extra work for nothing. Experiments have shown that the oil can even be heated and still make perfect mayonnaise. Mayonnaise can be made using melted butter instead of oil. Use your regular recipe but substitute butter for oil, making a delicious dressing with the salty flavor of butter. It does not keep so well as oil mayonnaise. Since it becomes quite hard in the refrigerator, store it in the cupboard. Many people substitute mineral oil for the olive oil or vegetable oil of mayonnaise.

—Margaret House Irwin, Foods and Nutrition Department, Iowa State College.

It is now possible to determine in advance the digestibility of milk for infants. This test measures the toughness of the curd that will be formed from the coagulation of the milk in the infant's stomach.

The milk from some cows in every breed so far studied forms a soft curd on coagulation that is readily digested even by delicate infants, whereas that obtained from other cows in the same breed forms a rubberlike curd that cannot be digested by infants and is difficult for many adults to digest. Milk that is very soft-curded is almost as easily digested as is human milk. Remarkable results have been obtained by the use of soft-curded milk.

In a number of the high schools in Utah, where the test has been perfected, teachers have obtained equipment and are testing the milk for their localities. In other sections health clinics are giving this service. A crude test has been devised whereby the milk can be tested in the home.

Half-pint samples are placed in fruit jars and warmed to body temperature—96° F.—in warm water. About two teaspoonfuls or 25 cc. of pepsin solution are added to each jar and rapidly mixed with the milk. After allowing the samples of milk to stand for ten minutes for coagulation, they are poured into oblong pieces of finely woven cheesecloth and gently twisted. The soft-curded milk forms a curd that readily passes through the cheesecloth; the hard-curded milk does not.

The pepsin solution is made by dissolving one level half teaspoonful of dry 1–3000 scale pepsin in half a pint of water and adding to this solution one-third of a measuring cupful of a 37 per cent solution of calcium chloride.

It should be remembered, however, that this is only a crude test. For more accurate results special equipment is required. For complete description of above test, write for Circular 66, Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, Logan, Utah. A more accurate test is described in Bulletin 207 of the same station.

—R. L. Hill, Utah Experiment Station.

Watermelon! The American public does not need vitamins as a reason for eating it, but how reassuring to learn that the Tom Watson variety of watermelon, making up about 90 per cent of the commercial shipments, is a good source of vitamin A.

—Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. D. A.

A new American beverage is bottled tea—for iced tea, which is as clear as crystal and does not cloud and, unopened, keeps indefinitely. In serving, it may be diluted with an equal quantity of water.

—Sprague, Warner & Company.

Rarely has a single length of heavy rustproof wire been made into a more handy little kitchen device than this one. One of its many uses is in canning or preserving to transfer whole fruit to jars without danger of bruising them. Another is in removing boiled eggs from the saucepan.

—"20-in-1."

This serving fork is practicaliy automatic, for with one hand hot foods can be served quickly and conveniently.

—General Appliance Company.

A new feature in the household models of this electric refrigerator is a water chiller. A narrow two-gallon metal tank is concealed behind the center partition between the doors. The chilled liquid is removed by means of a faucet that swings out from the lower part of the tank.

—Copeland.

To bandage with heat is now possible with this new electric pad, four and a half by eighteen inches in size; so designed that it can be easily tied in any position desired.

—Universal.

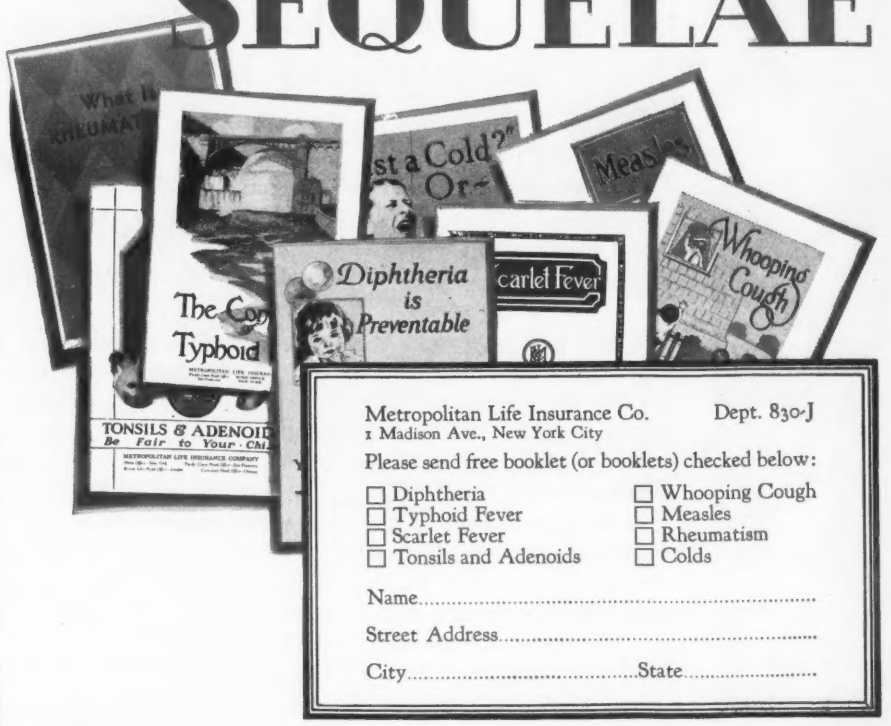
A beverage mixer now on the market is made of the new metal which does not discolor or react with acids. The specially constructed slotted strainer top allows free pouring with thorough straining.

—Crusader.

The juices from foods being chopped on this new board drain off into a wide depression at one end of the board. The set is complete with a small one-blade chopping knife.

—Seeds & Company.

Perils of SEQUELAE



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Dept. 830-J
1 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send free booklet (or booklets) checked below:

☐ Diphtheria ☐ Whooping Cough
☐ Typhoid Fever ☐ Measles
☐ Scarlet Fever ☐ Rheumatism
☐ Tonsils and Adenoids ☐ Colds

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

"SEQUELAE" (seh-kwee'-lee) is the doctor's word for the whole range of consequences and serious complications following certain illnesses. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may be the Sequelae of many diseases.

There is a homely old expression, "not out of the woods yet", which fairly describes the condition of a patient who has successfully passed the crisis of a serious illness.

Your doctor will tell you that sometimes the Sequelae, or after-effects, are more to be dreaded than the disease from which you are apparently recovering. Don't think him an alarmist if his orders are strict about not getting up from bed too soon, or if he makes a thorough physical examination after you think you are entirely well.

The Metropolitan health booklets tell in plain language how some of the Sequelae of diseases may be avoided. If anyone in your family is suffering or recovering from one of the diseases which may leave serious after-effects, send for the Metropolitan's booklet concerning it and learn just what you should know about the possible Sequelae. Address Booklet Dept. 830-J and name the booklet you want. It will be mailed free.

COLDS break ground for pneumonia, influenza, or tuberculosis. Deafness, sinus infection, or chronic rheumatism, or a weakened heart may follow an ordinary cold.

SCARLET FEVER may affect the heart, kidneys or ears.

RHEUMATIC FEVER often seriously injures the heart.

DIPHTHERIA may injure the heart dangerously or cause paralysis.

MEASLES may be followed by pneumonia, kidney trouble, loss of sight or hearing.

WHOOPING COUGH may be followed by pneumonia or tuberculosis.

TONSILAR INFECTION may be followed by rheumatic fever or heart trouble.

TYPHOID FEVER leaves the patient more susceptible to other diseases and sometimes affects the heart and gall-bladder.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

First — *Delicious!*

Every child delights in this new cereal by HEINZ of "57" fame

Second - *A new effect!*

. . . one of vegetables' best, and never offered in any cereal before

We offer here a boon to Mothers whose children "don't like vegetables" and, therefore, do not eat enough of them to keep health-habits regular. HEINZ experts spent eight years in perfecting it. Some of the world's ablest scientists collaborated.

Strange as it may seem, this new efficiency comes in *oven-toasted, crunchy, crisp, delicious rice flakes*—the most alluring breakfast food your young folks have ever known.

Not only will the flavor of this luscious food win your entire family's immediate approval, but these benefits will *surely come;* because HEINZ retains in this delicious cereal an edible, pure *vegetable-cellulose* which provides a bulk-and-roughage content of *practical proportions.*

ALL BRAN REMOVED

No, it isn't a bran food. HEINZ has *removed* all bran to make this bulk and roughage *mild* and *gentle;* suitable for all; children especially.

As HEINZ prepares this vegetable-cellulose, its bulk in the rice flakes increases *four to six times* when moisture is absorbed after eating.

As used by HEINZ, its cost of preparation is several times that of the rice grain itself, yet you pay no more for it.

ONE WEEK PROVES

Simply let your family *know the flavor* of HEINZ Rice Flakes, and all the benefits will follow . . . *cordially invited* by the smallest tot.

Serve *twice daily for one week*—in the morning and for dessert at lunch or dinner —to *start* the regulating "vegetable effect"; once daily thereafter to maintain it. Conclusive tests by authorities have proved its efficiency beyond all doubt. Naturally all of the fine, energizing food value of rice—one of the most nutritious of all cereals—is included in HEINZ Rice Flakes.

Don't use in place of vegetables, of course, but in addition to them—*to complete in a delightful way* an adequate amount of bulk and roughage that people who don't like vegetables are liable to miss.

The right diet . . *"is the material on which to build the foundation of success", says a well known food expert.*

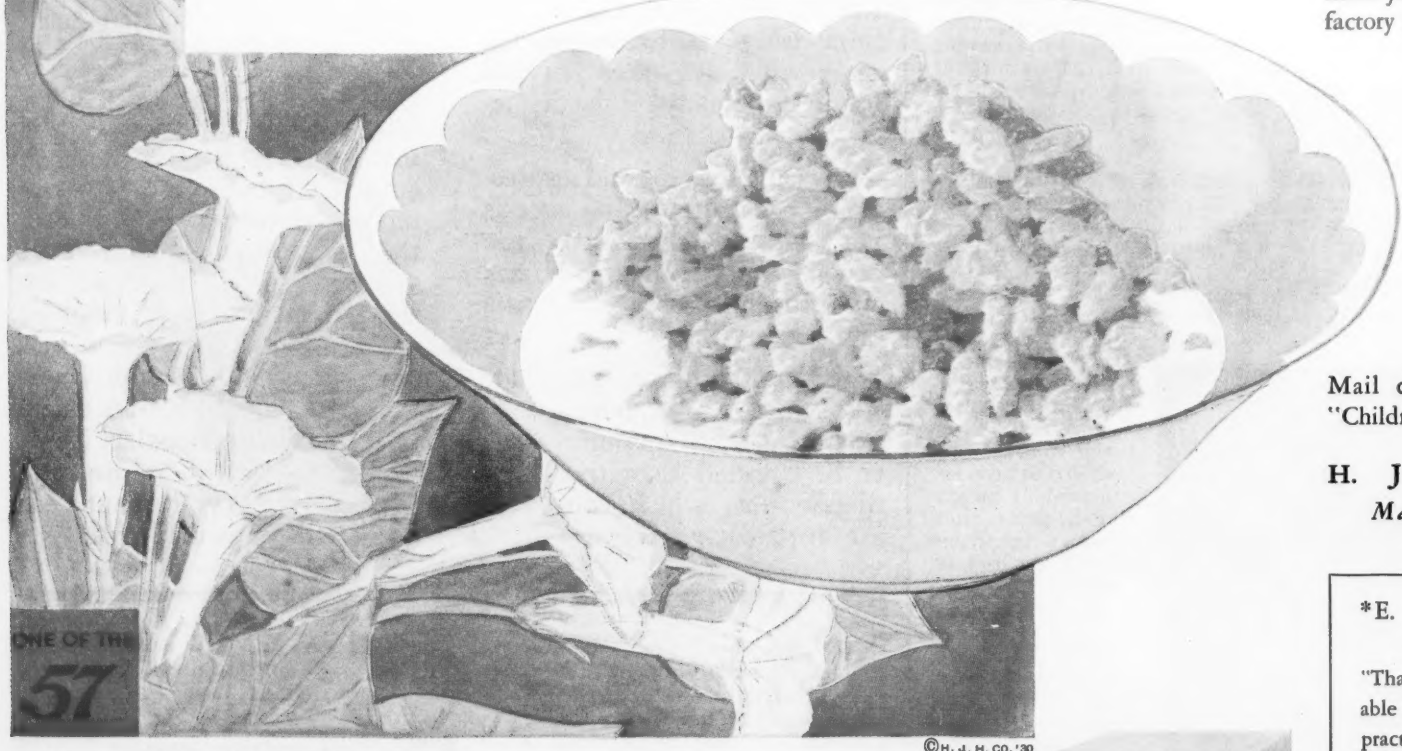
BE BETTER PALS

Serve HEINZ Rice Flakes and see your children brighten and improve. Note that no urging or reminding is required. Enjoy that great relief. Become better pals and have more *fun* at the table. If not entirely satisfactory in every way your grocer will refund your money gladly. We have arranged for that.

Be sure in ordering to specify HEINZ Rice Flakes, for no other cereal of any kind can offer the same advantages due to patented processes owned and used by HEINZ exclusively.

Just as good for grown-ups as for children, so let the entire family enjoy it and get these good effects. Mail coupon below for free booklet, "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"



©H. J. H. CO. '30

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • DEPT. E-1
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Please send **without charge** your booklet "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

Name_____

Address_____

Enjoy these radio talks . . . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

CHILDREN CAN'T RESIST THIS FLAVOR SO THEY DON'T RESIST THESE BENEFITS

*E. R. HARDING, M. A., (*Scientist*)
says this in a recent article:

"That cellulose is both a natural and valuable food constituent is evident. That it is practically essential is not too extravagant a claim. It is found widely distributed in nearly all natural vegetable foods, particularly in such vegetables as celery, lettuce, cabbage, spinach and asparagus. Fruits like oranges, grapefruit and others of this type contain considerable amounts of it."

**Fellow, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research*

a new delicious kind

HEINZ RICE FLAKES

20 Years from Now

will your children amount to something, or will they—

just be lost in the crowd

MILLIONS of parents are thinking hard about this and wondering what is going to happen to their children twenty years from now.

Even the most successful of parents realize that right now, in this day, competition is becoming harder, and the requirements for success are becoming greater. And when they look ahead twenty years they realize that competition is going to be even harder in the days when their children are ready for life.

Wise parents are preparing their children for it in the only way in which they can be prepared. And that is by giving them all the mental equipment possible with which to meet that competition.

It isn't just by accident that over 400,000 families have equipped their homes with Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia for Children. They have known that if their children cannot have a great money advantage they must at least have the greatest mental advantage for that competition.

And they are wise. Because Compton's is the only encyclopedia that has ever been written and pictured entirely for children. The only set of reference works that had the interest of boys and girls exclusively in mind when it was prepared.

It doesn't straddle the fence. It has one purpose, one job. And it does that job well. There are millions of boys and girls of every age here in America who are using Compton's for their private source of knowledge on every subject, and finding it so interesting that they are building up their mental equipment without even knowing they are doing so.

That is why you will find teachers saying they can pick a Compton-trained child out of any classroom. That is why you will so often find children who have Compton's getting better marks in school, acquiring greater leadership amongst their playmates, and unconsciously getting themselves set for a surer success in later life.

In another month school will begin again. Almost before you can get this coupon to us and have us send this big, free, pictured sample section back to you, the first school days will be here.

So here is the coupon. Mail it now. And see how hundreds of thousands of other mothers and fathers are trying to be sure that their children will amount to something, twenty years from now.

Compton's
***Pictured* Encyclopedia**

F. E. COMPTON & CO.
Dept. 7-41 Compton Building
1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me at once, without any obligation, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

Our Newer Knowledge of Child Care

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

YOUR CHILD'S WEIGHT. It is a good sign that we are coming more and more to rely upon common sense in our attitude toward child health and less upon yardsticks for measuring health deficiencies in our children. C. E. Turner, in a recent issue of the American Journal of Public Health, has again called attention to the demonstrable fact that the height and weight tables which are so generally used to determine the degree of nourishment in children are based upon the *average* weight in relation to height and that there is need for understanding that *average* does not necessarily mean *normal*.

When a child is 10 per cent below the average weight for his height this is simply a rough indication that possibly he is not well nourished, but it is not an actual indication that this is true. Children differ in their physical build just as adults do. Children may be tall or short, thin or stout, and still be well. Race and family characteristics should be taken into account and a deviation of 10 per cent or more from the average given in even the best of these tables may have no actual meaning at all so far as health is concerned. The main point to be considered is whether or not the child is *gaining* weight at a normal rate for his age. What he actually weighs is of lesser consequence. Any gain or loss of weight is the important factor for or against health both in babyhood and in childhood. Failure to gain in weight for any considerable time is abnormal and any child who is losing weight, or who has not gained weight for several weeks, needs attention. As Dr. W. R. P. Emerson has so often pointed out, it is entirely possible that some common physical defect such as defective eyesight, enlarged or diseased tonsils, enlarged adenoids and defective teeth may be the sole cause of failure to gain weight. When these defects are cared for and given the right treatment, the child is "free to gain" and almost always does so at a normal rate. There are other causes of failure to gain in weight during childhood, but what we should remember first of all is that underweight alone is not a diagnosis. It is simply the result of some existing condition and calls attention to the need for further investigation of the cause. From that point of view the height and weight tables have some value, but parents should not be unduly concerned when their children do not measure up to this stated average weight. As a signpost to guide us height and weight tables have some basis for existence; to blindly rely upon them, however, will lead us into a false conclusion in many instances.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

A NEW METHOD OF CONTROL OF MEASLES. For some time we have known that the serum—or watery part—of the blood taken from someone who is just convalescing from an attack of measles will prevent the disease from occurring in another if injected as soon as there is any evidence that the latter has been exposed to the disease. This so-called "convalescents' serum" will also modify the severity of an attack of measles if given early in the course of the disease. In 1916, Nicolle and Conseil first published definite results of the use of this convalescents' serum, and following this work, Park and Zingher confirmed the preventive value of this method. In 1920, Degkwitz, of the University of Greifswald, Germany, announced the results obtained by himself and his associates in the use of adult blood in more than one thousand cases. The results were very favorable, for even where the disease was not prevented, the injected adult blood lessened the severity of the attack. These observations have been confirmed by extensive investigations carried on during the past few years by Dr. William H. Park, of New York, in coöperation with various well-known pediatricians of that city, in the course of which the relative value of convalescents' serum and of adult blood was carefully studied. On the basis of the experiences of the past ten years, Doctor Park now advocates the use of whole adult blood for the control of measles rather than the convalescents' serum.

It has been found that children receiving the convalescents' serum developed fewer cases of measles, but those receiving the whole blood had modified measles. The latter outcome is deemed preferable because those in whom measles was absolutely prevented developed no lasting immunity, and after one month were again liable to contract the disease, whereas children who received the whole-blood treatment had modified mild attacks of measles but were rendered immune to measles for life. As measles is such a universal disease in this country, few persons have escaped an attack. For this reason, a small portion of blood from the father or the mother of the child is best used for the treatment and is always available. When this treatment is given to the child, either after exposure to measles or very early in the course of the disease, the symptoms are so modified that the child is hardly ill at all. There is no head cold, or coryza, no bronchitis and few symptoms of illness of any sort. Recovery is sure and prompt and complications of the disease are prevented.

When we realize that measles, though so common and usually thought of as a necessary incident in childhood, is in reality a disease that may have serious after-results, we can understand the importance of any method that will make the attack so mild that it is of little consequence and that will give lasting immunity from further attacks. Nearly all babies have an immunity to measles until they are about five months old; this is given to them through the mothers' blood at birth. During the remainder of the first year of life measles is one of the serious diseases of infancy. The new injection treatment of adult whole blood may be given to babies over five months old or at any time during childhood. The modification in the course of the disease and the lasting immunity afforded by this method of control have placed at our disposal a way of eradicating measles no less important and far-reaching than the epoch-marking discovery and use of toxin antitoxin in the prevention of diphtheria.

"I have my proof!

I want to shout to everyone about it!"

SUCH a happy letter came to us recently from a mother in Germantown, Philadelphia!

"I just thought I'd drop you a few lines to tell you how wonderfully pleased we are with our twins' progress," she wrote. "I am sending you their pictures. You can understand why we are so proud of them because they were prematurely born (7½ months), and one especially we all were very doubtful of.

"But on Eagle Brand they have gained rapidly. Our doctor has only seen them twice since they were born. He says I have surely had luck with them.

"I have also raised three other children on Eagle Brand—my oldest boy, now in his 21st year, my girl 18 years old, and Norman, my 9 year old son. I hold them up as examples of good health!

"I have my proof of Eagle Brand from babyhood to manhood, and just feel I want to shout to every one about it!"

Sincerely yours,
MRS. D. E. NICHOLAS,
2140 Grange St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mothers of bottle babies: In the last 70 years millions of babies have owed their good start in life to the remarkable digestibility and nourishing qualities of Eagle Brand. If *your* baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today!

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Dept. L-4, Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is_____ months old.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Print name and address plainly)

"Sorry, Mrs. Warner, I'm afraid you'll have to have the valves ground"

She has always bought just "oil"

If only your car could tell you when troubles are just *beginning*. Underneath the hood, the engine may be struggling with silent, hidden mischief which in time will show up as sharply as a toothache.

Then—you may have cause to exclaim, "Where *did* that noise come from?" Or your husband remarks, "This car doesn't take the hills the way it used to." Or the garage man says, "Better have the carbon removed . . . and the valves need grinding."

The wrong oil will inevitably cause troubles like these sooner or later. And every time you ask just for "oil", you are risking the dangers of the *wrong* oil.

Yet it is so simple to be sure of the right oil.

The Mobiloil Chart shows you at a glance the correct oil for *your* engine. This chart is the most authoritative guide of its kind in the world. Before your car was listed in it, Mobiloil engineers studied every detail of your engine and recommended an oil for it, as a baby specialist prescribes a formula for a particular child's needs.

So you *can* be *sure* about your oil. Indeed, when you buy Mobiloil, you are buying the *very* oil which automotive engineers use in their own cars, two to one. And the maker of your car approves your choice—no other oil comes even a close second to Mobiloil in the recommendations of car manufacturers.

The Mobiloil Chart can make you as certain of buying the right oil as if you were an engineer yourself. And it is convenient too to know—if you are planning a motor vacation—that you can buy Mobiloil anywhere. Here or abroad. On any continent. Wherever cars travel—for Mobiloil is the world's leading motor oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
Chandler	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	...	...
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc	AF	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	...	...	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	...	...
Hudson	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc	...	...	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	...	...	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
" 8-80	...	...	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	...	...	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" 60, 69, 80	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Willys-Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

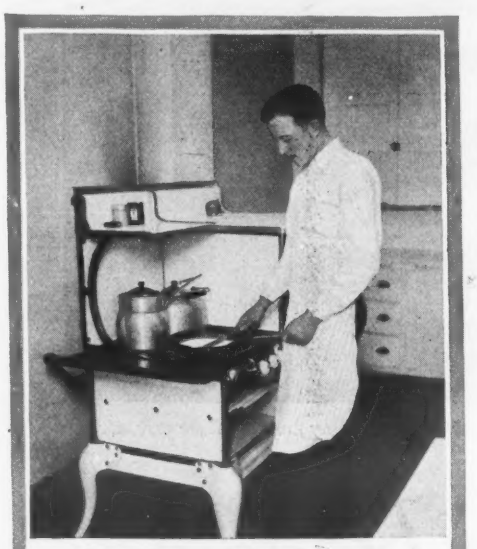
NOW she'll ask for Mobiloil

Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil Concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.

Simple Menus for a Man Cook

By EDITH PERRIGO ABELL and AGNES MARY GALVIN
Home Economics Department, University of South Dakota

THIS article was suggested by a university professor who had struggled through the preparation of meals during his wife's absence. He said that a man cannot find out how to cook from cookbooks. Planning the meals was even more difficult than cooking them. Here is a set of menus and recipes to help the man who does his own cooking while the women of the household are gone. These meals can be prepared in a minimum amount of time, keeping one healthy, ambitious and good-natured. They are planned to give an adequate diet with as little labor as possible.



Planning the meals was even more difficult than cooking them.

Monday

BREAKFAST. Oranges, Toast, Oatmeal, Country Sausage, Coffee.

Oranges. Serve whole, cut in half, in sections, or as juice.

Toast. Made of white, whole-wheat bread or rusks. It should be evenly browned on both sides, either in oven or on toaster.

Oatmeal. Directions for cooking are on the package. One-quarter of a cupful of dry oatmeal makes enough for one person. Do not forget the salt.

Country Sausage. Shape into flat cakes and place in frying pan without fat. Cook slowly until brown on both sides and thoroughly done. Sausage is usually seasoned sufficiently when made.

Coffee. Place two tablespoonfuls of coffee mixed with broken eggshell and two cupfuls of boiling water in the scalded coffeepot. Heat to the boiling point and keep hot for ten minutes. If a percolator is used, omit egg and percolate ten minutes.

LUNCHEON. Vegetable Soup, Crackers, Radishes, Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce, Milk.

Vegetable Soup. Various kinds may be purchased. Accurate directions are found on the can.

Plum Pudding. Heat can half an hour in boiling water.

Hard Sauce. Mix until well blended one part butter and three parts of brown or pulverized sugar. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla or lemon extract.

DINNER. Broiled Steak, Baked Potatoes, Baked Squash, Rolls and Butter, Pineapple, Coffee.

Broiled Steak. Have the frying pan very hot. Place the suet from the steak in the pan and fry until enough fat to grease the pan has cooked out. Sear the steak on both sides, then cook slowly until done to individual taste, ten to fifteen minutes. Add salt and butter to taste when done.

Baked Potatoes. Select potatoes of medium and uniform size. Wash and scrub thoroughly with a vegetable brush. Cut away imperfections. Bake one hour in a hot oven, or until soft when pricked with a fork. Serve at once, as they will become soggy if allowed to stand.

Rolls. Place in paper bag, heat in hot oven ten minutes.

Baked Squash. Individual squashes are easy to serve. Cut in half and remove the seeds. Season with salt and pepper and a sprinkle of sugar. Bake one hour in a hot oven and serve in the half shell. Add butter when done.

Baked Apples. (Prepared for the next day.) Cut in halves, core and place in a baking dish with a tablespoonful of brown or granulated sugar in the cavity of each piece of apple. Season with cinnamon and bits of butter. Cover the bottom of dish with water half an inch deep and bake one hour in a slow oven. Apples should be soft and delicately browned.

Tuesday

BREAKFAST. Strawberries or Bananas and Cream, Toast, Ham and Eggs, Coffee.

Ham and Eggs. Cook ham in a frying pan slowly for about half an hour, browning it first on both sides. Do not salt. Usually there is enough fat from the ham to cook the eggs. Remove ham from frying pan before putting in eggs. Break the eggs one at a time in a saucer to make sure they are fresh. Cover the pan to steam tops of eggs or turn with a pancake turner to brown on both sides. Season. Cook slowly.

LUNCHEON. Corn Chowder, Bread and Butter, Baked Apples and Cream, Tea.

Corn Chowder. Cook slowly one-quarter of a pound of bacon cut in small bits and one small white onion, minced, in a frying pan until a light brown. Both bacon and onion burn very easily. Add one can corn and one green pepper cut fine, removing seeds and white ribs from inside. Boil five minutes, season.

Tea. Scald an earthen or china teapot. Put in two level teaspoonfuls of tea and pour in two cupfuls of boiling water. Let stand in warm place three minutes. Strain and serve immediately.

DINNER. Lamb Chops, Mashed Potatoes, Peas, Jelly, Rolls and Butter, Custard, Coffee.

Lamb Chops. Heat a frying pan and add the chops. Cook until well browned on both sides, about twenty minutes. Add salt, pepper and butter. Select mint or gooseberry jelly to serve with the lamb.

Mashed Potatoes. Wash, peel and cook in boiling, salted water until easily pierced with a fork. When soft, drain off the water and add about a tablespoonful of milk or cream for each potato. Leave over fire until milk is heated. Thoroughly mash and beat until fluffy. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Time required is twenty to thirty minutes.

Peas. Heat. Season. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter and cream if desired.

Custard. One cupful of milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavoring. Beat egg slightly, add milk, sugar and seasonings. Bake in oven one hour at 350° F. Custard cups should be placed in a pan of hot water while baking.

Wednesday

BREAKFAST. Grapes, Pancakes and Sirup, Coffee.

Pancakes. Use prepared pancake flour, following directions on the package.

LUNCHEON. Spaghetti Italienne (canned), Fruit Salad (canned), Cookies, Milk.

DINNER. Liver and Bacon, Onions, Rice, Rolls and Butter, Lettuce, Baked Apples, Coffee.

Liver, Bacon and Onions. Cook bacon slowly, turning often. As fat accumulates, pour off and save to cook the liver. Scald liver in boiling water, drain and roll in flour. Cook slowly in bacon fat. Salt sparingly. After the liver is tender, fry the onions light brown in the bacon fat.

Rice. Wash carefully. For ½ cupful of rice, allow 6 cupfuls of water. Add the rice to the rapidly boiling salted water. Cook until soft, about half an hour. Drain in a sieve. Use half for next day's luncheon.

Prunes. (Prepared for the next day.) Wash and soak the prunes overnight. They are delicious eaten raw or cooked until soft without sugar in the water in which they were soaked.

Thursday

BREAKFAST. Prunes, Toast, Honey, Prepared Cereal, Coffee.

LUNCHEON. Rice with Cheese, Celery, Bread and Butter, Jam, Milk.

Rice with Cheese. Cover the bottom of buttered baking dish with a layer of cooked rice. Dot over with ¾ tablespoonful of butter and a thin layer of grated cheese. Season with paprika. Continue alternate layers until rice and ¼ pound of cheese are used. Pour in milk to cover. Put buttered cracker crumbs over top and brown in a moderately hot oven.

DINNER. Swiss Steak, Browned Potatoes, Creamed Cabbage, Rolls and Butter, Ice Cream, Cakes, Coffee.

Swiss Steak. Select a cut two inches thick from the center of the round. Take ½ cupful of flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, and pound it well into the meat. Brown the meat in fat, add several slices of onion and minced green pepper and 1 cupful of water. Use a covered frying pan or Dutch oven. Bake until tender, about one and a half hours.

Browned Potatoes. Wash, peel and place in roaster with the meat. Baste occasionally. Bake for one hour or until they become soft.

Creamed Cabbage. Cook four cupfuls of coarsely shredded cabbage in 1 cupful of water for ten minutes. Add ½ cupful of cream or 2 tablespoonfuls of evaporated milk and 1 tablespoonful of flour mixed with 1 tablespoonful of butter. Season.

Yes... mighty careful of the milk . . . but how about the mug?

YOU'RE mighty careful to give your children the best milk—certified, pasteurized, germ-free. And yet, if you pour that milk into a hand-washed glass or cup, you may be mixing it with an invisible army of unwelcome germs.

Sounds horrible, doesn't it? But it's too, too true. It isn't an accident that more doctors own Walkers than any other group or profession. They know the dangers that lurk in the dish-rag. They know that dishes should always be washed in water far hotter than any hands can stand.

And that's why the Walker Dishwasher, already hailed for banishing the most disagreeable job in housework, is now considered a vital health measure in the modern home. Why not investigate—send the coupon.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

WALKER FEATURES

Quickly washes both tableware and kitchen utensils. Self-cleansing. Greatest of time-savers. Eliminates breakage. Solves the servant problem. Sanitary, safe and extremely simple to operate.

Open territory is available to a few progressive representatives.

WALKER
ELECTRIC DISHWASHERS
Sink and Cabinet Models

WALKER DISHWASHER CORPORATION
Syracuse, New York

☐ 1. I'd like to see a Walker work.
☐ 2. I'd like a complete booklet.
☐ 3. I'm thinking of remodeling my kitchen. Please tell me how your Kitchen Planning Institute can help—with no cost to me.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....*State*.....

LHJ-8

PHOTO. BY ELLIS STUDIOS

Poor Man's Pudding Frappé will find favor with any hard-to-please person.

Summer Puddings

By CAROLINE B. KING

"PUDDINGS in August?" queried the housewife. "Stodgy, pasty, gluey, hot puddings! Isn't it enough to be obliged to serve them all winter long without dragging them into the summer menus? No, I just can't see puddings."

"But why stodgy, pasty, gluey or hot?" I counterqueried. "It isn't at all necessary for a pudding to be any one of those distasteful things; those I have in mind are delicate, quivery, flavorsome, tender and ethereal, and what is more, they are chilled to the very *n*th degree, which makes them quite appropriate for the hottest August noontide or evening repast; another point in their favor is that they may be made early in the morning while the day is still cool; and last, but by no means least, my puddings are important because of their food value. In August, when appetites are apt to falter and it is difficult to persuade the younger generation to partake of its quota of milk, then, it seems to me, we housewives should see to it that each dish in the menu should not only be interesting and tempting but should also possess distinct food value."

"All of which," remarks the housewife, "evidently means that you are tactfully advocating the good old cornstarch or tapioca or rice concoctions of our childhood, are you not? Just imagine rice pudding in summer! I always have sympathized with that sulky little girl that Milne tells us about. Remember?

"'What is the matter with Mary Jane?
There's nice rice pudding for dinner again.'"

And so on and on we discussed puddings until my good friend the housewife was finally persuaded to try several of them. Served in colorful glassware the eyes, too, anticipate the enjoyment of the pudding.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING FRAPPÉ would find favor with even Milne's cross little girl, or any other hard-to-please person. To be sure it *is* a rice pudding, but as in all the other summer puddings, the thickening agent is used so delicately that the result is delightfully airy, never stodgy or pasty.

Wash half a cupful of rice through several waters, soak in cold water half an hour, then drain and mix with five cupfuls of cold milk, place in a baking pan in a very moderate oven, 250 to 275° F. and bake slowly from two to three hours, stirring several times during the first hour, then add half a cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla and finish the baking without further stirring. The pudding should be creamy and semiliquid when the baking is finished; as it cools it will stiffen somewhat. Chill thoroughly, then skim off the crust and fold in a quarter of a cupful of ginger in sirup, cut in small pieces, and one cupful of whipped cream. Arrange in Chinese dishes, top each with a rosette of whipped cream and a bit of ginger in sirup and set in the very coldest spot of the refrigerator until serving time. Dates or kumquats may be substituted for the ginger.

RICE-AND-APRICOT PARFAIT is another summertime rice pudding that will bear any amount of criticism. Drain the juice from a can of apricots and cook a quarter of a cupful of well-washed rice in the liquid until very tender, adding an eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and sugar to taste. This may require an hour or longer in the double boiler, when the liquid should be entirely absorbed. Chill thoroughly, then fold in one cupful of whipped cream, serve in sherbet glasses and garnish with the apricots. This recipe is also very tempting with raspberry or pineapple juice.

PINEAPPLE-TAPIOCA SOUFFLÉ is dedicated to all scoffers of tapioca pudding. Turn a can of Size No. 2 crushed pineapple with its juice into the double boiler, bring to the scalding point, and add half a cupful of quick-cooking tapioca, simmer, covered, till clear and translucent. Add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and half a cupful of sugar, then fold in carefully two stiffly whipped egg whites. Turn into a buttered glass baking dish and place in the oven—325° F.—until set. Chill and serve with a cold soft custard made of the two egg yolks, one and a half cupfuls of milk, a quarter of a cupful of sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla.

GRAPE-JUICE BLANC MANGE. Scald three cupfuls of grape juice in the double boiler, adding a quarter of a cupful of sugar. Blend a quarter of a cupful of cornstarch with a quarter of a cupful of cold water and add to the juice. Cook fifteen minutes, stirring constantly, add one tablespoonful of lemon juice, then cool slightly, pour into sherbet glasses and chill thoroughly. While hot this pudding is very thin, but it stiffens slightly as it chills. It should be very delicate, never overly stiff. Serve with plain cream and powdered sugar. Raspberry or blackberry juice substituted for the grape juice makes very delightful puddings also.

BITTERSWEET CREAM always appeals to lovers of chocolate. Make it also of cornstarch. Scald one and three-quarters cupfuls of milk with half a cupful of sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg and add to it a quarter of a cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, blend smoothly and add to the scalded milk, cook over boiling water fifteen minutes, stirring often. Beat the white of the egg until stiff and fold into the pudding; flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour in serving dishes and chill, then grate unsweetened cooking chocolate rather thickly over the surface. Serve with plain cream. Shredded coconut, toasted, or sliced almonds, lightly browned, add to the flavor.

ALMOND BRITTLE JUNKET is a very out-of-the-ordinary departure from the familiar little rennet pudding. To make it dissolve one junket tablet in one tablespoonful of cold water. Heat one quart of rich milk to 100° F. or to what is known as blood heat, add half a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla and the dissolved junket tablet. Crush a quarter of a pound of almond brittle and sprinkle one teaspoonful in the bottom of each sherbet glass, fill with the junket and leave in warm temperature until set, then chill. Just before serving time, top each junket with whipped cream or banana whip to which crushed almond brittle has been added in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a cupful of cream.

MACAROON PUDDING may be served hot if a warm dessert is desired, but it is most exquisite when cold. Beat the yolks of two eggs to a fine froth, adding gradually a quarter of a cupful of granulated sugar. Beat to a batterlike consistency, then pour over one and a half cupfuls of scalded milk and add an eighth of a teaspoonful of salt. Whip in the whites of the eggs, stiffly beaten, and flavor with a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla, and a few drops of almond extract. Pour the liquid while hot over twelve macaroons, and set in a pan of hot water in the oven to bake till set and daintily browned. This pudding is self-icing and requires no addition in the way of meringue or whipped cream, though the latter may be used with fresh fruit as a garnish when the pudding is served cold.

TIPSY TRIFLE is an old-fashioned pudding but one which should not be overlooked, for it is an enchanting dessert. Make a soft custard of two cupfuls of milk, two egg yolks, one scant tablespoonful of cornstarch, an eighth of a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Border a serving dish with lady fingers which have been lightly sprinkled with nonalcoholic sherry. Cover these with a thin layer of raspberry or currant jelly, and with some of the chilled custard. Arrange a second layer of lady fingers over this, and pour in the remainder of the custard. Make a meringue of the egg whites, beaten with four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla, drop by spoonfuls on the pudding, sprinkle with coconut and brown very, very lightly. Serve cold. Dots of the red jelly may be used further to garnish the pudding.

PEACH FLOATING ISLANDS. Scald one and a half cupfuls of milk in the double boiler, beat two egg yolks with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and an eighth of a teaspoonful of salt, and pour the hot milk slowly over the mixture, whipping all the time. Cook over boiling water until the liquid thickens, taking care not to cook it a second too long, then strain and chill. When cold mix with one cupful of ripe peaches, pared, cut in slices and sweetened to taste; arrange in sherbet glasses and top with the islands. Make these by whipping the whites of the two eggs to a stiff dry froth, adding three tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Drop by spoonfuls on boiling water, set in the oven just long enough to tint the islands, skim from the water, chill, and arrange on the peach custard. Browned shredded coconut or sliced almonds, toasted, sprinkled over the islands give added color and attractiveness.

ICED GINGER CARAMEL PUDDING, though of humble bread-pudding origin, is delicate and intriguing. Make it by soaking two half-inch slices of bread in cold water till soft, then squeeze dry and crumble to bits. Caramelize two tablespoonfuls of sugar and add to one pint of hot milk, stir till well dissolved, then add the bread crumbs, four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, two eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a cupful of preserved ginger with two tablespoonfuls of the ginger sirup; beat all well and bake in a slow oven—350° F.—until firm. Chill thoroughly, then top with whipped cream, to which has been added a tablespoonful of the ginger chopped very fine and one to two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and place in the mechanical refrigerator to become very cold.

BAKED PEACH MERINGUE. Scald two cupfuls of milk and thicken with one and a half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed to a paste with a quarter of a cupful of cold milk. Add a quarter of a cupful of granulated sugar and cook over boiling water ten minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from the range and fold in the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and a tablespoonful of butter, stir well then fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs and a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Arrange a layer of peeled and quartered peaches in a well-buttered baking dish, and pour the cornstarch mixture over them. Sprinkle the top with granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven. Serve very cold with cream.

ANGEL DESSERT. Whip half a pint of thick cream to a stiff froth, then fold into it one cupful of angel cake torn into very small pieces, half a cupful of marshmallows quartered, a quarter of a cupful of green mint cherries quartered and a quarter of a cup of blanched almonds shredded lengthwise. Toss all lightly together, pile in sherbet glasses and chill. Garnish with green cherries and tiny fern leaves.

SUNKIST CREAMS. Boil one cupful of water with half a cupful of sugar five minutes, then add one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of water; cook till thick. Pour over the stiffly beaten yolks of two eggs, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Simmer over hot water two or three minutes, then fold in the whites of the eggs beaten to a dry froth, whip lightly and as the mixture cools fold in half a cupful of whipped cream. Pile in a glass serving dish or in individual dishes and chill, garnish with ripe raspberries and serve with or without cream as preferred.

RASPBERRY CAKE DESSERT. Ever so good in flavor and attractive as well is this for the evening meal. Bake your favorite recipe for sponge cake in a shallow pan and cut in rounds or squares four inches in diameter. Split these and put together with the following filling: Boil one cupful of sugar with one-quarter of a cupful of water to the thread stage, then pour the hot sirup over the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs and beat until cold. Gradually fold in one cupful of crushed raspberries. Serve the cake, passing the remainder of the filling to be used as sauce.

ORANGE CREAM requires two tablespoonfuls of gelatin, half a cupful of cold water, half a cupful of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of orange juice, one-quarter of a cupful of lemon juice and one cupful of whipped cream. Soften the gelatin in the cold water, dissolve over hot water and add the sugar and the orange juice, stir till well mixed then add the lemon juice. Strain half the jelly into a flat pan and chill. Cool the remainder almost to the point of congealing, then fold in the stiffly whipped cream. Pour into a wet mold and chill. Unmold the creamy portion onto a plate, cut the clear part into cubes and arrange as a border about the cream with maraschino cherries cut in rings as a garnish. Serve with cream.

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

. . . to give your teeth the kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly.

Flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

. . .

Colgate's comes in powder form for those who prefer it. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the largest selling toothpaste in the world.

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-553, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

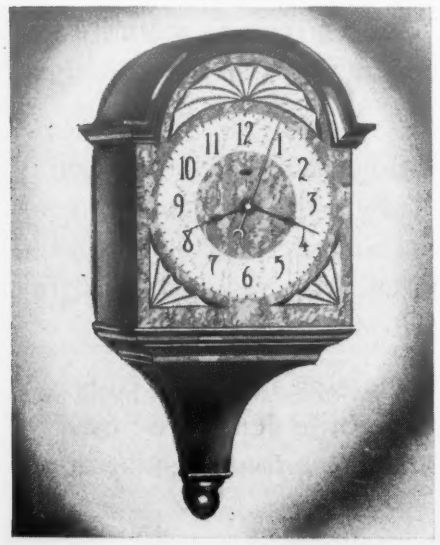
Name.....

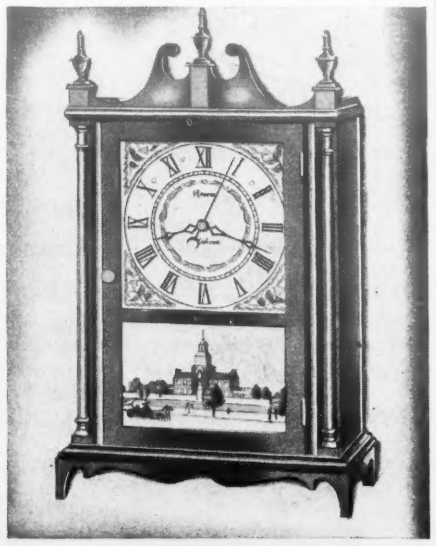
Address.....

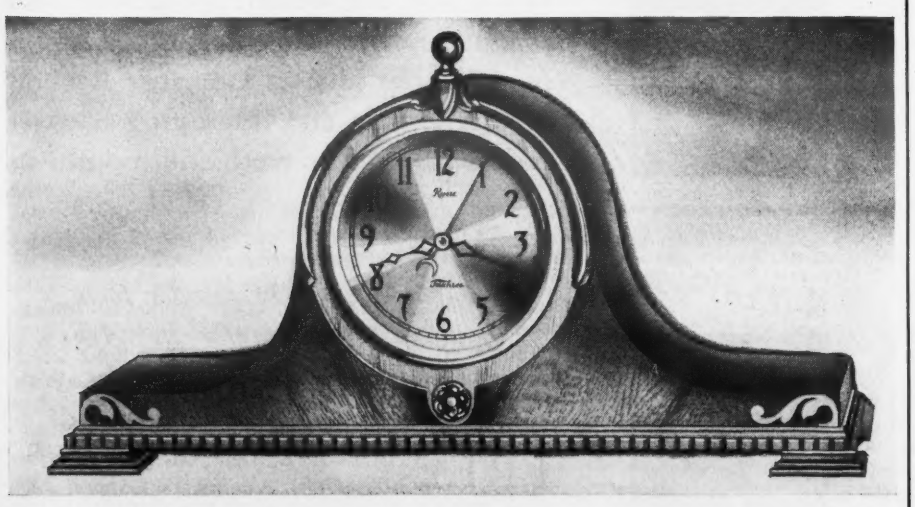
Telechron electric motors in chiming Colonial Clocks!

THE CRAFTSMEN of bygone days, who created the originals of the clocks shown below, would admire the beauty of their cabinetwork, the music of their mellow chimes . . . and *marvel* at the modern electric accuracy that has been built into them! ● Like all Revere models, these three re-creations of classic clocks contain tiny, self-starting Telechron motors which translate impulses of alternating current from the electric outlet into accurate, trustworthy time of day. They require no winding or regulating. They are worthy of the finest homes. ● On the left, is Decatur, a Colonial wall clock of Honduras mahogany. It has a hand-decorated bird's-eye maple front, is 25¼" high and sells for $68 with Westminster chimes. At the right, is R-154, a quaint Colonial model in mahogany, with a decorated glass door showing Independence Hall. With Westminster chimes, it is priced at $85. At the bottom, is R-146, a Louis XIV design in mahogany. It is $78, also with Westminster chimes. ● There are other Revere Clocks in rich variety, ranging in price from $40 to $1200★ They are fully illustrated in our free booklet, "Observatory Time." Write for it. THE REVERE CLOCK COMPANY, 426 MCMILLAN STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

★*The Warren Telechron Company, of Ashland, Mass., manufactures a full line of non-striking electric clocks at prices up to $55.*







Revere Clocks

with Telechron electric motors

Blowing Clear

(Continued from Page 17)

his word he saw no reason why it should ever be known.

All the whispering, however, was to come later—much later. For the first few days after his arrival Nauticook was scarcely aware of Raymond Condon. And Raymond, himself, was getting acquainted with Seven-up and its occupants.

The morning after his arrival he and Heath went out to the fishing grounds in the Sarepta. The start was made at the usual hour. They breakfasted at five, by lamplight, and half an hour later they were under way. Jack accompanied them.

THE Sarepta slowed down. The anchor at the stern went over with a splash. Heath went forward and lowered its mate at the bow. The engine stopped; the boat lay quiet.

"Now," observed her owner, "we'll see if the fish are home or gone to camp meetin'."

He brought out three lines, twined on wooden reels. He baited the big hook at the end of one with a "winkle" and handed the reel to the boy.

"Let it out till the sinker hits bottom," he directed. "Then haul it up just the least little mite."

Raymond tried to obey orders.

"Yes, sir. What shall I do next?"

"Fish."

"Yes, Uncle John. How will I know when I get a bite? . . . Gee!" he exclaimed excitedly; "I think I've got one now! What shall I do?"

"Haul."

"Haul" was the word. Raymond hauled—and hauled. John Heath watched him with a grim smile.

"Want me to help you?" he asked.

"No!"

Through the green water, a struggling shape became dimly visible. Raymond saw it. "There he is! There he is!" he panted. "Oh, isn't he a whopper!"

HEATH picked up a short pole with an iron hook at the end of it and leaned over the side. Another moment and the cod, skillfully gaffed, was lifted into the cockpit. Raymond gazed at it triumphantly.

"Gee! What a fish!" he crowed.

"Pretty fair. Above twelve pound or so. . . . Well, are you tired? Want to rest a spell?"

"No, sir."

"Don't, eh? What do you want to do?"

"Fish."

They fished, and, as the fishing was good that morning, they were kept busy. The big box amidships was soon half filled with cod, haddock and hake. The Sarepta rolled and lifted and slid on the long, oily swells. The passenger began to resent these lifts and slides; also he was increasingly conscious that the boat, so far as perfume was concerned, was no flower garden.

Heath, watching him intently, asked another question.

"How do you feel now?"

"Oh—oh, all right."

"Um-hm. Want to quit and lie down a spell?"

"No, sir."

He was obliged to quit a few minutes later, but, when the paroxysm was over, he turned again to his line.

"Better give it up, don't you think?"

"No. I'd rather fish."

By noon the box was two-thirds full. Heath pulled in his line and went forward to the cabin, returning with the lunch box, the coffee bottle and two tin cups.

"How about grub?" he asked gravely.

Raymond tried hard to repress a shudder. He turned his back upon the eatables.

"I—I don't think I'm hungry," he said wryly.

John Heath smiled. He laid a hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"Just as you say, boy," he observed, and his tone was less gruff than usual. "We'll call it a day and head for home, if you'd rather."

Raymond shook his head. "The box isn't full yet," he said doggedly.

It was full, or nearly so, by one o'clock.

John Heath rose to his feet and, going forward, began to pull at the rope in the bow. His passenger turned to look.

"Are we going home?" he asked in surprise.

"Cal'late to."

"But I feel lots better; honest I do!"

"GLAD of it." He made the rope fast and turned to the one over the stern.

"Listen, Uncle John ——"

"Eh? Yes?"

"We haven't caught all the fish, have we? There's room for more in the box."

"We've caught enough. Pretty average day's work."

"If I hadn't been sick I'd have caught lots more, I bet. I'm sorry."

"That's all right. For a green hand you've caught your share. Now, old gal," addressing the Sarepta's engine, "come to. Show us some signs of life."

When the boat drew up at the little pier, Heath turned to the boy.

"Here we are in port," he observed. "Glad enough to be here, too, I guess, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir. But I want to go again."

"Eh? Do, eh? Hmph!"

"Yes, Uncle John. Maybe I wouldn't be sick next time."

"Can't tell; you might be."

"If I kept on going I wouldn't be after a while, would I?"

"Hope not."

"May I go again?"

"Sure!" heartily. "Here comes the chief cook and bottlewasher. Hey, Lo! got anything to eat handy around the house? This young fellow can use it, if you have, I shouldn't wonder."

THAT evening, after Raymond had gone to bed, Mr. Weeks demanded to be told about the day's cruise.

"Raymond was feelin' kind of how-come-you-so off there on the grounds, wa'n't he?" he suggested, with a chuckle. "He didn't have much to say about it, but I pumped him and he owned up that he wasn't too comf'table there one spell."

"Sick as a dog."

"Poor young one! Well, I know how he felt, I been there, myself. There's times

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Starts a thrilling, fascinating romance of Southern California in the

SEPTEMBER JOURNAL

A college football hero, rich, lover of ease, fights for real success and true love in a valley where the greatest need is

Water

when I can't go out on salt water even now without realizin' I was born with a stomach. That's funny, ain't it?"

"Be funnier if you'd been born without one. . . . Lo, I tell you one thing that boy's got, besides a stomach."

"Hey? What's that?"

"Grit."

VI.

RAYMOND, during the next two weeks, made several trips to the fishing grounds in company with his uncle. Heath went out every day, of course, but he did not always invite the boy to go with him. On rainy or blowy days he and Jack went alone and Raymond was left ashore in Lorenzo's charge. He accompanied the cook uptown on errands to the shops and to the post office and thus began to learn a little of Nauticook and its inhabitants. At this season of the year, late August, it was a busy place, and at mail time the sidewalk before the post office was crowded with vacationists, young and old.

After Labor Day, so Lorenzo told him, there would be a decided change.

Usually, in the evenings after supper, Heath went up to the village and generally Raymond was invited to come along.

But one evening Raymond made an excursion with Mr. Weeks. John Heath said he was busy, had a few letters to write and guessed he would not go "up street." If the boy wished to go, if he was not too tired—it had been one of the days spent on the fishing grounds and Raymond proudly announced on his return that he had not been sick the least bit—he might go with Lorenzo.

They walked until Weeks exclaimed with elaborate surprise, "I declare if we ain't walked way down pretty nigh to the Neck. And here's the Bethel. Come to think of it, I recollect there's a meetin' tonight. Let's go in a few minutes; it'll rest our feet, if nothin' more."

The Come-Outer Bethel was a little gray-shingled building sitting close to the road. The service was already well under way and they entered on tiptoe and sat down on a hard wooden settee near the back wall.

A man behind the little pulpit on the platform was preaching and doing so more enthusiastically than any minister the boy had ever before heard—or seen. He waved his arms, rose on tiptoe and sank almost to his knees, and his voice rose and fell with the rest of him. What he said was not, to the lad, especially interesting, and his attention soon wandered. He began to look about him at the men and women scattered along the other settees.

THERE were no summer visitors here, that was certain. These people were different. There were more women than men and, although they were obviously dressed in their best clothes, they did not—the men especially—look comfortable in them.

But the clothes were the least of their peculiarities. They not only looked odd, but they behaved that way. When the preacher's shout was especially loud and he paused—for breath, it seemed—the congregation, a portion of it, shouted in response: "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory!" "Send the power!"

On a settee farther toward the front sat a large woman with a black hat ornamented with a red quill. Raymond noticed that this woman turned her head frequently to look in the direction of himself and Mr. Weeks. Each time she did so the latter squirmed. After a time he, too, began to groan and shout.

The sermon ended after a time—a long time—and the congregation sang a hymn. Then they sang another and another. Then the minister announced that all would be glad to hear from those who had the call to speak. Several had it. Most of what they had to say was, to Raymond, incomprehensible.

At last the benediction was pronounced. Raymond expected—and hoped—that Lorenzo and he might go home now. They did start for the door, but their progress was impeded by people who crowded about to shake hands and talk.

And then, just as they were about to pass through the door, the black-hatted woman pushed her way in front of them.

"Why, good evenin', Mr. Weeks," she said. "It *is* you, ain't it! I couldn't hardly believe my eyes. You're quite a stranger."

Her tone was cordial, but Lorenzo seemed to detect a trace of sarcasm in it. He wriggled.

"How d'ye do, Huldy?" he stammered. "Yes—yes, it's me. Real movin' meetin', wa'n't it?"

"I'm glad if it seemed that way to you. We—some of us—had begun to think you was losin' interest. You haven't gathered with us for pretty nigh a fortni't."

"Well—well, you see I've been pretty busy up to the house. Had consider'ble to do. Er—Huldy—this is Raymond Condon; he's Hi's nephew from out West. Raymond, shake hands with Mrs. Bascom."

MRS. BASCOM smiled graciously. "How do you do, little man?" she said, thereby inscribing her name forever upon Raymond's black list.

"I am happy to see that Mr. Weeks brought you to our meetin'," the lady went on. "Or," with another smile, and a glance in Lorenzo's direction, "perhaps it was you that brought him? Was it now?"

"No, ma'am," gloomily.

"Well, I didn't know. He is such a stranger! Our little band does its best to keep the lamp bright and burnin' and the door is always open. Of course, if folks don't want to come, if the ways of darkness appeal to 'em more, if the confessions of worldly sin we've all heard are just soundin' brass and tinklin' cymbals, why—well, then they can stay away, I presume likely. Broad is the way leadin' to destruction. We've all been told that often enough, haven't we?"

Raymond had not the least idea what the lady meant. But Mr. Weeks appeared to understand very well.

"Now don't talk that way, Huldy," he protested. "You know I like to come to meetin' here first-rate. Do, every chance I get."

Mrs. Bascom was turning away, but Lorenzo detained her.

"Hold on, Huldy, won't you?" he begged. "I'm cal'latin' to be on hand pretty reg'lar from now on. Yes, I am so. This is the last time Mr. Colquit's goin' to preach for us, I understand. Too bad. Don't suppose there'll be another meetin' for quite a spell, though, eh?"

"There will be a social gatherin' in this Bethel next Saturday night. A short song service with ice cream and cake afterwards. You might tell whoever's interested that tickets to the ice-cream-and-cake part are twenty-five cents apiece. I've got some to sell, myself—in case anybody wants to know. . . . Not that it's likely they will."

The Weeks hand sought the Weeks pocket.

"I'll take one of them tickets right now, Huldy," he announced with unction.

"Oh, thank you! How many did you say? I didn't quite catch."

"I SAID—I said—well, I'll take a couple. Maybe I can get rid of the other one somewheres."

"Don't take 'em if you don't want to. Considerin' the amount of money some people spend for—oh, tobacco and such sinful wastes, an extra quarter ain't much to lay out for good singin', with a saucer of ice cream thrown in. As for the cake, well, I'm plannin' to make one of my Washin'ton pies, and I think I've heard you say you liked them."

"You bet! . . . Well, come on, Raymond; we've got to be goin'."

Mrs. Bascom and Raymond shook hands once more. So, too, did she and Mr. Weeks.

"Good night, Lorenzo," she said, more graciously. Then she added, with a sudden and, to Raymond, most unexpected

WHAT IS

Electric Time

AND WHAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE?

Mr. Henry E. Warren

TODAY'S world is electric. Many conveniences come from the electric outlet—light like the sun's—power for vacuum cleaners and radios—and now in Telechron ★ Electric Timekeepers, energy that measures minutes!

Telechron Electric Timekeepers are as great an advance over traditional methods as was the spring-driven clock over the sun-dial. They are silent and uncannily precise. They require no winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating.

Regulated generators tell correct time

Electric time is a tribute to the inventive genius of Henry E. Warren, of Ashland, Massachusetts. Many years ago, he designed a clock that contained, instead of the usual springs and escapements, a tiny self-starting, synchronous motor driven by the impulses of alternating current on tap at the light socket.

But before Mr. Warren's invention could be made useful in homes and offices, it was necessary to control the impulses of alternating current at their source. And so Mr. Warren incorporated his invention in a Telechron Master Clock for use in the power house. Checked frequently with radio signals from the U. S. Naval Observatory, the Telechron Master Clock indicates whether the giant generators are running at an even speed. By keeping generator speeds constant, the power company assures regular current impulses and safeguards the accuracy of Telechron Clocks everywhere.

To date, more than 400 Telechron Master Clocks have been installed by the largest power companies in America. Together, these companies supply current regulated by Telechron Master Clocks to more than 16,000,000 of the nation's 20,000,000 residential meters. 80% of those homes having electricity may enjoy the accuracy and convenience of electric time through Telechron Timekeepers!

Take advantage of this time service!

The electric time supplied by Telechron Clocks is trustworthy and economical. The current it uses in a month costs less than a single street-car fare.

There are many attractive Telechron models, at prices ranging from $9.75 to $55—tambours, uprights and wall clocks, with cases of rare woods and rich metals. See them at the nearest dealer's. You can find him easily by consulting the Classified Telephone Directory under the heading "Telechron." And be sure he shows you *Telechron Clocks*.

Look for "Telechron" on the dial. It marks the true—the original electric time—connecting your home with the Telechron Master Clock in the power house!

Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Mass. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto.

The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from $40 to $1200.

★ *Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company*

Telechron

Just before you slip on your finest gown

. . a few DEW drops to keep it dry and fresh

To women who prize the freshness and daintiness of themselves and their clothes, the most winning of DEW'S virtues is that it may be used at any time—even while dressing.

When the simple directions are followed, this crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant will not irritate a tender skin or injure the most delicate of hues or fabrics.

DEW does its task thoroughly and pleasantly. It stops perspiration instantly. You may use it as often as you wish and rest assured that your garments are free from tell-tale moisture spots and ruinous discolorations.

DEW is the original colorless deodorant. It is unscented and comes in a beautiful spill-proof flask. At all drug and department stores. Three sizes: 25 cents, 50 cents, and large economy size $1.00. The coupon below will bring you a generous free sample.

DEW *instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads*

LAMBERT-FESLER, INC., St. Louis

Paris London Berlin Amsterdam Copenhagen
Barcelona Sydney Toronto Shanghai

DEW

CRYSTAL-PURE DEODORANT
INSTANT NON-PERSPIRANT

LAMBERT-FESLER, INC.,
Dept. A-15 Del Monte Way, St. Louis.

Please send me, free, a trial size bottle of DEW.

Name.....

Full Address.....

gush of sentiment: "You poor lonesome, strugglin' soul! We all of us realize the temptations you have to fight against, livin' with scoffers and them that speak vain things. If you only knew how some of us sympathize—oh, well! I'll save a piece of my Washin'ton pie for you Saturday night. Good-by."

Lorenzo said little during the walk home. Several times Raymond noticed that he took his pipe from his pocket, but each time he neither filled nor lighted it. Instead he fingered it, longingly it seemed, and put it back in his pocket.

Heath had retired when the pair returned home, and the next morning, when Raymond came downstairs, he had gone, in the Sarepta, to the fishing grounds. But that evening when he and the boy were alone together, he asked questions. Lorenzo having been sent on an errand to the drug store, had departed, puffing clouds of tobacco smoke. His low spirits had vanished and his temporary aversion to the pipe with them.

"You and Lo have a good time up street last night?" inquired Heath.

Raymond scarcely knew how to answer.

"Why, pretty good, Uncle John."

"Um-hm. Where'd you go?"

Raymond told him.

"UM-HM. Yes, yes. Had a new out-of-town minister fillin' in up there I understand. Good preacher, was he?"

"Why—I guess so."

"Could hear him without much trouble?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shouldn't wonder. Seems to be the Come-Outer notion that the Almighty is deaf. Meet any of the folks there?"

"Yes, Uncle John, a few."

"Who?"

The only name Raymond could remember was that of Mrs. Bascom. Heath seemed quietly amused.

"What did you think of Huldy?" he asked.

"Why—why, I don't know. She's awful big, isn't she?"

"She hasn't shrunk any in the wash, that's a fact. She and Lo pretty sociable, were they?"

"She talked to him."

"*To* him is right, I guess likely. What did she say?"

Raymond repeated as much of the Bascom discourse as he could remember. His Uncle John nodded.

"Hmph!" he mused. "I guess she's the answer. Don't believe there's much doubt of it."

"What, sir?"

"Eh? Oh, nothin'. . . . Hmph! So he's goin' to be fed on Washin'ton pie Saturday night. Asked you to go and feed with him, has he?"

"Why, he said I could go if I wanted to."

"Do you?"

"Not very much."

"Then don't," crisply. "If Lo says any more to you about it, turn him over to me."

HE TOOK a book from the table and turned its pages. Raymond tried to find something of interest in the Weekly Item, but did not succeed.

"All nothin'," said Heath suddenly.

"What, Uncle John?"

"That Come-Outer gang. They're all right of their kind, maybe, but they're all talk and no do. Steer clear of 'em."

"Yes, sir." Then, with manly nonchalance, "I don't care much about church anyway, Uncle John. I'd rather go fishing Sundays, same as you do."

"Hmph!" The Heath brows drew together. "I see. . . . Use to go to meetin' out there in Coleville, did you?"

"Sometimes—with mother. She ——"

He paused and looked down at the paper in his lap. John Heath, too, was silent for a few minutes. Then he asked, more gently: "You used to go once in a while, eh?"

"Yes. And I 'most always went to Sunday school."

"I see. . . . Um-hm. I hadn't thought of that. The Congregationalist folks run a pretty good Sunday school, from what I hear. You can go there, if you want to. . . . Yes," slowly, "I don't know as you hadn't better."

Raymond did not receive the suggestion with enthusiasm. His uncle crossed his knees and waited for him to speak.

"Well?" he prompted. "You don't act as if you was givin' three cheers. What's the matter?"

The boy shifted in his chair.

"Sunday school is just for kids," he muttered rebelliously.

"OH, YES, yes! I keep forgettin' that you're grown up. Rather go to reg'lar church, had you?"

"I'd rather go fishing with you, same as I said. You go Sundays, same as every day; Lorenzo told me so."

"Did, eh? Have a few remarks to make about it?"

The question was accompanied by a smile, so Raymond smiled too.

"He said you were a heathen, but I didn't pay any attention."

"He might be right, at that. I don't know what I am, most of the time, seems so. I know what I ain't, but that doesn't get me very far. You, though—that's different."

Raymond ventured another protest.

"Why? I'm only going to stay here a little while. I can go to church when I'm back home. I can't fish there—not and catch real fish, I mean."

"Hmph! . . . Raymond, suppose I told you you might be liable to stay longer than a little while? Suppose I said you might be goin' to stay here right along? How'd you like that?"

Raymond was astonished.

"Stay here—always?" he cried. "Not go back to Coleville at all?"

"Um-hm."

"Live here, you mean? With you, Uncle John?"

"With me and Lorenzo and Nuisance—yes."

The lad could scarcely believe the suggestion a serious one. He considered.

"I—I guess I should like it—pretty well," he said doubtfully.

"Only pretty well, eh?"

"Why—are there any other boys here; any that stay all the time, I mean?"

"SURE! Plenty of 'em. If you went to school, reg'lar day school, you'd get to know lots of boys—and girls too. There's a baseball team in summer, and lots of things like that."

"Would I have to go to school?"

"Don't you want to?"

"I'd rather go fishing."

John Heath's manner and tone became more serious. He leaned forward.

"Boy," he said earnestly, "you said somethin' just now about wantin' to do what I did and I said that was about what I didn't want. Fishin's all right—for a rough customer like me—but when you grow up you won't be satisfied to be nothin' but a boat fisherman; anyhow, I hope you won't. You can go out in the Sarepta with me Saturdays, and maybe once in a while of a Sunday, if you want to; but most Sundays, for a spell anyhow, I guess likely you'd better go to Sunday school; you'll find plenty there your own age and older. And every week day but Saturday you must go to school and study—yes, you must. . . . Here, here! you ain't cryin', are you?"

"No. . . . No, Uncle John," miserably.

"You mustn't. Boys that are grown-up enough to haul in ten-pound codfish don't cry. . . . What is it? Homesick?"

"I — I was thinking about — about mother. I wish she—oh, dear!"

He broke down utterly and, forgetful of manhood and pride, sobbed wretchedly, his head upon his arms on the back of the

(Continued on Page 91)

Each Day for more than 80 years Palmer's "Skin Success"

WORDS, words, words . . . what a lot have been used about soaps. But by what sign are you to know which is the finer? For more than 80 years Palmer's "Skin Success" treatment has gained wider acceptance by women who want to have and keep a beautiful skin. From generation to generation, it has been *the* better soap. Time has indeed told a truly convincing story of its fineness.

Begin using Palmer's "Skin Success" today. You will see how light, bright, petal-soft and satiny smooth your skin becomes. You will know why millions prefer this fine soap. Let Palmer's "Skin Success" keep your skin young.

At druggists or toilet goods counters. If you cannot buy it near your home send 25 cents to E. T. Browne Drug Co., Inc., Sole Licensee, 127 Water Street, New York City.

He will like ICED INDIA TEA . . .

Make iced India Tea for your husband. He will vow that it is the finest thirst-quencher he has ever tasted. India Tea, served iced, has an alluring richness and full-flavor all its own. It appeals to men!

Chilling never weakens the fine flavor of India Tea. To get real India Tea . . . the best tea for iced tea . . .

★ ***Look for the Map of India on the package of tea you buy.***

EXPECTING A BABY?

Get this book FREE

READ how future shape of baby's face, set of chin, spacing of teeth, can depend on work of baby's mouth while nursing. See how flabby rubber nipples can keep bones and muscles from developing as nature intended . . . The Hygeia Breast Nipple is *firmed* to cause same facial development as the natural breast. Doctors recommend it. *Send coupon today* for "Nursing Habits" in plain wrapper. Address, Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Dept. L-11, Buffalo, N.Y.

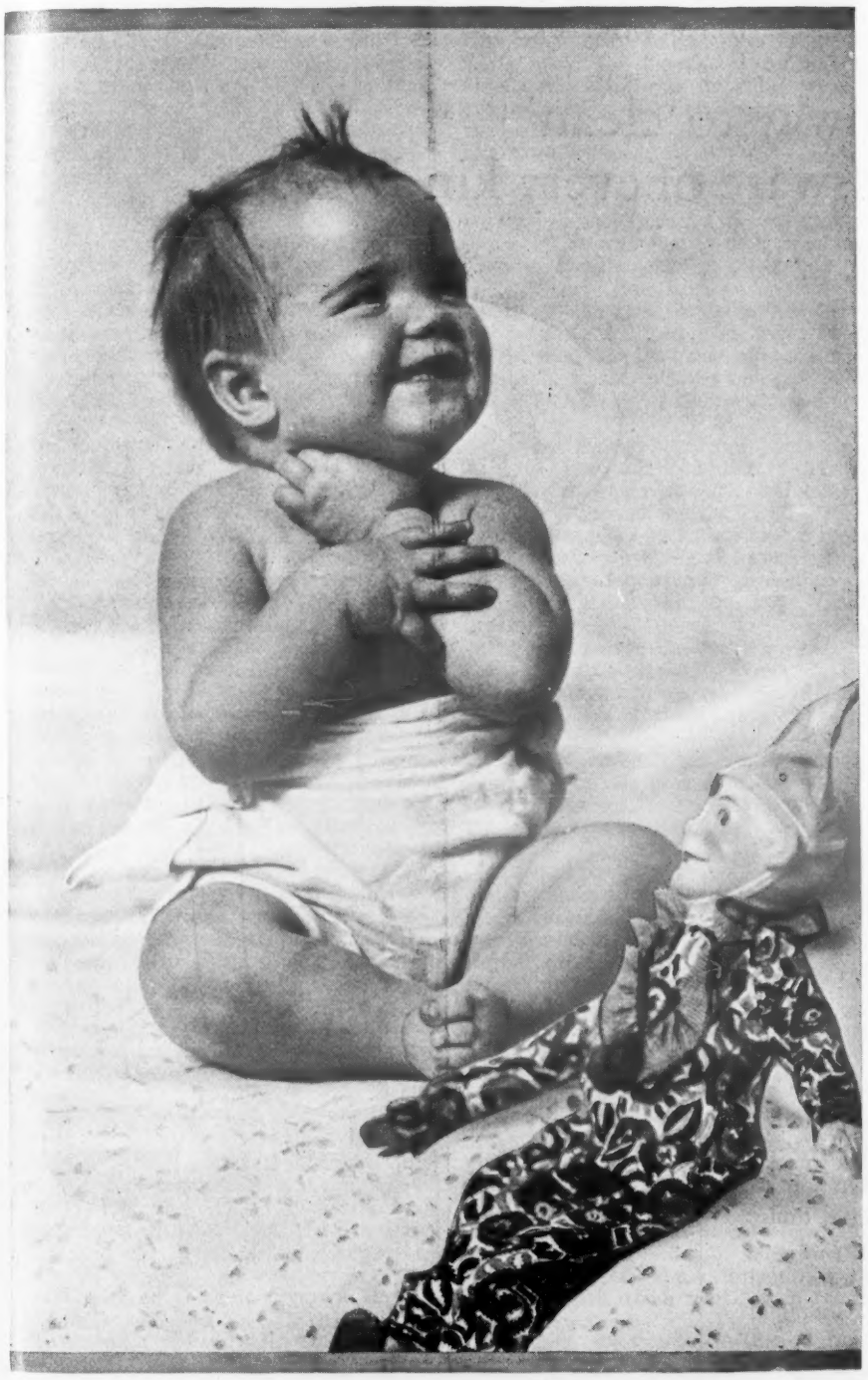
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

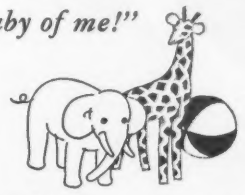
Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

"You've made a better baby of me!"



"I'm so glad I chose you for my mother! You're lovely to look at, first of all—and you have the very kindest hands, and the softest voice I ever heard. And you know so much! Who else but you would have understood what was wrong, those terrible days when I cried and complained? You knew what the trouble was! Yes . . . you said to me . . .

"'Darling, you're chafed. I feel sure we're not using the right kind of powder.' So you looked about, in your wise way—and found a powder made 'specially for me! It's softer and finer than any we've had in the Nursery before. When it nestles down next to me, cozy and cool, I know I'm going to be comfortable! Do you wonder I love you? . . . You've made a better baby of me!"



The Chief Chemist explains matters . . . There is an important difference in baby powders, which you will understand when you know the difference in *talcs*. The high-grade Italian talc used for Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope—or you can feel it this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Now do the same with other powders . . . you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Another important thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc. Decide wisely!

Be sure your baby has the best of soaps, too . . . Johnson's Baby Soap is a delightful, mildly fragrant soap, made *especially* for babies—from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is as bland and soothing as the finest Castile soaps—but unlike Castile, Johnson's Baby Soap gives a rich, smooth lather and rinses quickly and completely, leaving the skin soft and velvety. Note this fact, also—whereas Castile soaps are frequently impure and inferior in quality, every cake of Johnson's Baby Soap conforms to the highest standards of purity.

Babies need the extra comfort of this cream . . . Johnson's Baby Cream is also made especially for babies, from purest ingredients. It is bland and soothing, and relieves chafing, prickly heat, "diaper rash," and other mild irritations of the skin. A little of this cream, rubbed gently on the baby's skin before going outdoors, will prevent painful sunburn.

Johnson's Baby Powder

FREE SAMPLES! ***In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample—free of charge. With it, we will send you a free sample of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, for you to try in connection with the powder. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 1-K, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.***

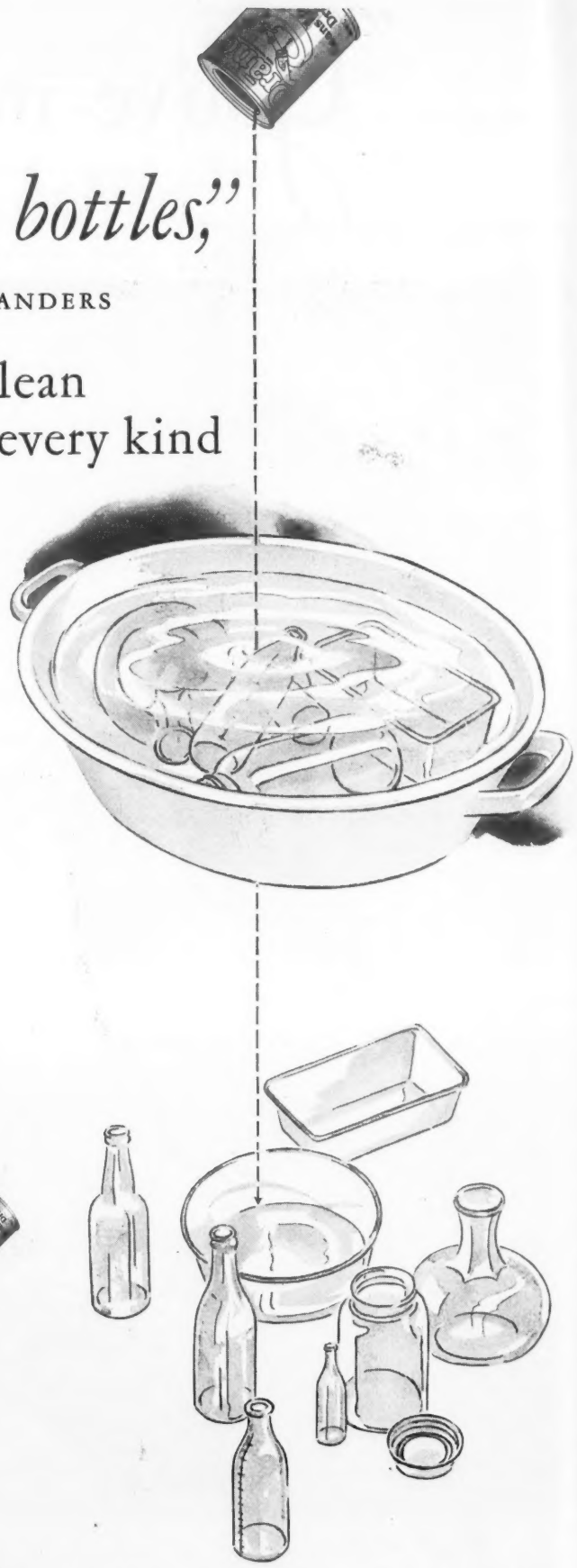
Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS, "ZO" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.

"Let me tell you *how I clean my baby's nursing bottles,*"

WRITES MRS. JULIA SANDERS

and it's the way to clean stained glassware of every kind



LIKE so many mothers, Mrs. Julia Sanders, of Malta, Idaho, had to give so much time every day to cleaning the baby's nursing bottles. As she says: "It takes strong suds, a brush, and a long time to clean them the old way." But, now, with Drāno, "the bottles are just as clean in three minutes as they ever had been in fifteen." Just a Drāno-soaking, that's all!

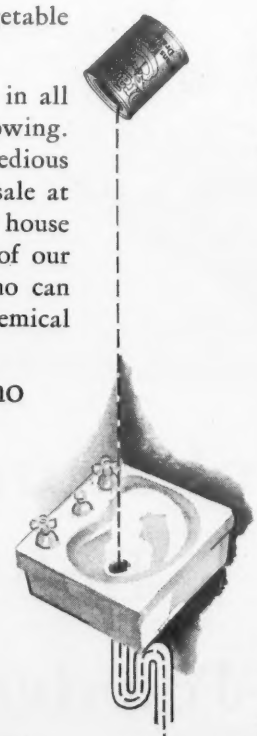
Glassware of every kind—vases, fish-bowls, vacuum-bottles, oven-glass, tumblers, fruit-jars—Drāno cleans them all, even removes hard water "rings," without one bit of scouring.

No matter what hard-to-do cleaning job you may have—burned and blackened skillet, drip-pan or broiler; stopped-up burners of oil or gas-stove; stained teapot or coffee-pot; greasy garbage can—Drāno does it without work. For Drāno melts away grease and grime, animal and vegetable matter, wherever it collects.

Of course, you use Drāno regularly in all the drains, to keep them open, fast-flowing. Now begin to use it for those other tedious cleaning jobs around the house. On sale at all grocery, drug, hardware stores and house furnishings departments. For a copy of our booklet, telling the many ways Drāno can help you, write to The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tell your husband about Drāno

Does your husband know that Drāno is packed in 5, 10, 25 and 50 lb. containers for industrial use? Drāno is used for difficult or unusual cleaning jobs—in hotels, mills, mines and all kinds of factories—and is available through supply houses.



Clean stained glassware this way!

Put two cupfuls of water into dish-pan (any kind but aluminum). Add ¼ can of Drāno. After Drāno has dissolved, put the glassware in and add enough water to cover. Move articles about so that solution touches all surfaces. Let soak an hour or two. Pour off solution and rinse thoroughly 4 or 5 times. If inside only is to be cleaned, add Drāno to utensil ½ full of water and then swirl. Solution must touch all surfaces. Rinse thoroughly.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

...keeps them free-flowing

(Continued from Page 88)

chair. John Heath was greatly disturbed. He rose and laid his hand upon the bowed head.

"Tough luck, old man," he said, his own voice not too clear. "Tough enough! Wish I could help you that way, but I can't. I'll do my best to help you other ways, though—by the Lord, I will! . . . Come on, now. This library book's a pretty good yarn; about fishin' up on the Banks 'tis. A fellow named Kipling wrote it. . . . Come on, let's read it together. I'll read to you a spell and then you can read to me. . . . Can read, can't you?"

"Course I can!" Raymond replied indignantly.

"Sure! . . . Well, what do you say?"

VII.

LORENZO WEEKS had a stock of wise sayings upon which he was in the habit of drawing at frequent intervals. One of these philosophical sledge hammers which he used to drive the final nail in an argument was: "A whole lot can happen in a year." It was not disputed, because it was true. A whole lot can happen in a year—even in Nauticook. And in seven years a whole lot more. During the seven years following Raymond Condon's arrival in the village much happened. At the end of that period Seven-up and its inhabitants had changed considerably.

To begin with the cottage itself: That had changed greatly. It had grown. The little five-room shack had become a fair-sized house. Another wing, with a dining room and new kitchen on the first floor and a spare bedroom on the second, had been added. There was a porch on the side facing the bay and harbor. The kerosene lamps had been replaced by electric lights.

The Sarepta was still in commission, but she had a new engine, and a fresh coat of paint each spring. The odor of fish was not so pervasive aboard her as of old, for the reason that she no longer made daily trips to the Razor Bank. John Heath, when he fished nowadays, did so for pleasure and not for profit. He was now, not a boat fisherman, but a cabinetmaker and a dealer in old furniture, with a shop and showroom on the main road about a quarter of a mile from the post office. During the busy summer months he employed an assistant in the shop. He was making a good living and, so wiseacres opined, putting by money.

ALL these changes and the increasing prosperity had come gradually, of course. A few of Nauticook's prominent citizens, Capt. Benijah Simpson for one, gave the credit to John Heath, himself. But Nauticook in general credited the improvement in John Heath's worldly affairs to his nephew, Raymond Condon. "It's that boy that did it," Capt. Bailey Briggs asserted. "Before he came Hi was just shiftless and easy-going and don't-care. It wasn't until after that nephew of his started to live with him that he woke up and commenced to make money. 'Twas Raymond that was responsible. He is a clever boy and, from what Lo Weeks says, he'd been used to living different than the way they lived at Seven-up. He put a flea in his uncle's ear, you can bet, and Hi took a tumble to himself. That's the answer to it. Hi Heath's done well, but you've got to hand it to Raymond."

Of the three at Seven-up—not counting Nuisance, who was now an old, sedate and rheumatic dog—Raymond had changed most of all. He had shot into the air and widened in proportion. Now, in his final year at the Orham high school, he was, although not tall for his years, broad-shouldered and good-looking. It was in athletics that he shone. He was, however, quick at his studies, when he chose to apply himself.

Next in importance to the changes in Raymond, were the changes in John Heath. Not so much in his appearance. He looked very much as he used, except that the hair at his temples was grayer. He still dressed carelessly and he was, for the greater part of the time, as taciturn as ever.

The really great change was in his awakened ambition, his desire to earn and save money.

Lorenzo Weeks decided that the reason for his employer's sudden interest in money and business was his interest in this new nephew. John Heath was even then becoming more and more devoted to the boy. He talked with him about his school work, about the friends he was making among the Nauticook juveniles, walked uptown almost every evening with him, neglecting the Sheet Anchor Club practically altogether.

He was more careful of the household bills and of his own expenditures. In the old days he usually kept a box of cigars on hand, for Sunday and evening smoking. Now, when he smoked, it was almost always a pipe. But, to offset this sudden parsimony, he gave Raymond a dollar a week for pocket money—a much more liberal allowance than that afforded most Nauticook boys—and was very particular concerning his appearance and wardrobe.

THE addition of the new dining-room wing followed a conversation between Raymond and his uncle.

"Nobody else I go with eats and cooks and sits and everything all in one room," Raymond had blurted. "*I* don't care though. I like it. Honest, I do, Uncle John."

Within a month the new wing was begun. It cost a good deal of money and the Heath savings account suffered a heavy shrinkage; in fact, there was scarcely any of it left.

"All that counts in this house nowadays is just Raymond, Raymond, Raymond!" snorted Lorenzo Weeks. "You're spilin' that boy, Hi Heath, that's what you're doin'."

Lorenzo no longer attended meetings and sociables at the Come-Outer Bethel. There had been dissensions among the members of the small congregation. The Bethel stood empty, its windows shuttered and its doors locked.

A portion of the Come-Outers drifted back to the Methodist fold which, in former days, had sheltered them. Others—Mrs. Hulda Bascom among them—attended occasional meetings of a new sect, The Society of the Pure in Heart, a branch of which had sprung up in the neighboring village of Denboro. Mrs. Bascom had moved to Denboro, to keep house for an aged and invalid relative there. Apparently she had given up the conversion of Mr. Weeks as a bad job. Occasionally, however, he received a letter with a Denboro postmark which caused John Heath some speculation.

He—Mr. Weeks—was again a Methodist in good standing. Still conscious of his load of sin, he continued to repent and backslide as regularly as ever, but, on the whole, he seemed happier. He no longer invited Raymond to go to evening meeting with him. The boy—at first under protest—attended the Congregational Sunday school. Later, as he came to know the young group there, he protested less. Still later, it was Lorenzo who protested.

"That young one is old enough to go to reg'lar church," he declared. "Long afore I was his age I had to go mornin's and evenin's too."

THE following Sunday, to Lorenzo's paralyzed amazement, Heath suggested that his nephew go to church, adding that he would go with him.

He did not repeat the experiment often, but he did occasionally. Nauticook talked, of course, but they were talking of John Heath more frequently nowadays.

The change in his method of earning his living came about casually. It was not the result of deliberate consideration on his part. When the new wing was nearly completed he began looking about for

For every thirsty moment ...cooling Welch's

Weight Control
Welch's supplies the nourishment and minerals the body needs, without one ounce of added weight. Send coupon for weight-control menus.

Breakfast
Appetizing fruit drink, mildly laxative, quickly digested, ready in a second — just pour and serve. Many people blend it with one third water.

Dinner
For a fragrant tangy appetizer, serve Welch's, iced, as a cocktail. For a light, appetizing dinner drink, serve Welch's with one third water. Makes food taste better.

Children
Welch's is a nutritious tissue, bone and teeth builder, and children love it. Invaluable in malnutrition and anemia cases.

Sleep
A soothing, delicious "night-cap" that lets you sleep like a baby. Often prevents insomnia. Doctors prescribe it.

. . . and every drink its own refrigerant!

What! . . . a drink with its own cooling system? Yes indeed. *An ideal refrigerant*, that's what food experts and physicians say of Welch's grape juice.

For the tempting purple juice of the grape has amazing natural refrigerating qualities. It cools as it slips deliciously down a parched throat. It cools as it permeates the system and is quickly assimilated into the heated blood. Other drinks cool momentarily, then re-heat the blood with new digestive labor. But not Welch's. For Welch's is already pre-digested by Nature, sunning on the October vines in luscious purple clusters.

See how its quick energizing coolness brings back the life and enthusiasm of your party. After a strenuous hour of swimming or golfing, Welch's "picks you up." In the midst of shopping, Welch's at the nearest fountain, refreshes! When the children come in hot and thirsty, Welch's cools them healthfully! Instead of injurious stimulating drinks! . . . between dances! . . . after bridge! . . . when friends drop in! . . . Welch's gives quick coolness with a royal flavor.

Six servings in every pint. Two clusters of ripe, luscious Concords in every 5c glassful. And remember, if it's Welch's, iced or natural, it's pure, unadulterated grape juice—the perfect internal refrigerant; Nature's way of cooling you off healthfully. Insist on Welch's: keep it on hand always.

See what this coupon brings!

Welch's world famous "process" makes it "the buy" in the grape juice field. Insist on Welch quality.

Welch's GRAPE JUICE

FILL IN AND MAIL TO

Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. R, Westfield, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation, please send me

☐ Forecast School of Cookery's Weight-Control Menus ☐ Welch's Recipes of party, luncheon and dinner delicacies

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Sold everywhere

Rich... Delicious... Mellow...

Aged 6 Months in the making

FAMED the world over for rare old mellow flavor are these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales. Blended of finest ingredients and then carefully aged 6 months in the making. Each has its own characteristic flavor and bouquet. Three very different "blends"—to suit different tastes. Try all three of them and choose *your* favorite.

GINGERY ✓ *GOLDEN is spirited and gingery, with quick energy in its dancing bubbles and full-flavored goodness.*

MILD ✓ *PALE DRY is mild and delicate — a peerless blender in mixed drinks — a favorite among modern ginger ales.*

EXTRA DRY ✓ *SEC is dry, very dry. So unusual in flavor as to have made millions of friends who find its distinctive characteristics irresistible.*

You will find your favorite among them. Try them all and see. Perhaps, like many a hostess, you will find it best to have more than one type of Clicquot Club in your refrigerator. Your guests . . . the family . . . children—all have different preferences. And every bottle in which Clicquot Club is sold is *brand new*. For purity's sake, no bottle is ever used a second time.

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations at 9 P.M., New York time.*

furniture. And again, just as he had done when he built the cottage, he bought only old things. He attended auction sales, not only in his own town but in Harniss, Orham and Denboro. Through one of these sales—it was held in Orham—he met Mrs. Conway Seymour, and she, more than anyone else, was responsible for his returning to his old trade of cabinet-making.

There was an old maple dining-room set—a table and six chairs—which Mrs. Seymour, an ardent collector and a judge of antiques, coveted and meant to buy. Her summer home was in Denboro, and on the way to Orham her automobile met with a slight accident. In consequence, when she arrived at the old house where the sale was going on, the set had been sold. Making inquiries, she learned that the buyer was a man named Heath, from Nauticook, and that he had bought the table and chairs at what seemed to her a ridiculously low figure.

MRS. SEYMOUR saw and examined the set and coveted it more than ever. John Heath had returned to Nauticook and she visited him there, late the next afternoon. He was just back from fishing and had not yet changed from his odorous overalls and high rubber boots. Mrs. Seymour, who considered herself a judge of character and something of a diplomat, decided that she would have little difficulty with this simple, uncouth longshoreman. He could not know the value of his purchase and would no doubt be glad to sell the table and chairs to her at a profit.

It did not take her long to find out that she was mistaken.

"Now, just think, Mr. Heath," she urged, in her most persuasive manner, "that table and those chairs are in a dreadful condition; really they are ruins. You couldn't possibly use them as they are. Now could you, Mr. Heath?"

She smiled ingratiatingly. John Heath smiled also.

"No, ma'am," he admitted, "but I needn't spend anything on 'em. I could fix 'em up myself. Fact is, I'm goin' to."

Mrs. Seymour was a trifle disconcerted. Then she shook her head.

"Do you think you could do it well enough?" she asked. "Have you ever done such work before?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, you have! I didn't know you were a cabinetmaker, Mr. Heath."

The slight hint of sarcasm in the speech was not lost upon her hearer, but he did not resent it. His answer was calm and matter-of-fact.

"Most folks don't," he said simply.

Mrs. Seymour began to feel that she was butting a stone wall. They had been standing by the front door of the cottage. John Heath opened that door.

"Come into the house, Mrs. Seymour, won't you?" he said. "There's one or two things in here I've fixed over."

HE LED the way into the living room. Mrs. Seymour followed him. Her first glance showed her the chest of drawers standing by the opposite wall.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "What a beautiful highboy! Oh!" rapturously. "May I look at it?"

"Sure!"

She hastened over to the highboy.

"It is a perfect beauty!" she cried. "Don't tell me that is a genuine old piece, Mr. Heath! Is it?"

"Um-hm. About a hundred and twenty-five or thirty years old, nigh as I could find out."

"But," incredulously, "it is in such wonderful condition!"

"It is now. It wasn't when I bought it."

"It doesn't seem possible. Whoever did you find to restore it like this? Oh, you don't mean to say you did it yourself?"

"Um-hm. That chair behind you was another wreck. I liked the lines of it, though, and it turned out pretty good, after all."

The chair was a particularly fine Windsor of seven spindles and with unusual lathe work in the legs. Mrs. Seymour exclaimed over it, smoothed and patted it.

"And you say it was in poor condition when you bought it, Mr. Heath?"

"Um-hm. About what you called the maple table—a ruin. So was 'most everything else in here."

Mrs. Seymour was beginning to understand. Her call was prolonged and, at its end, she made the suggestion which led to John Heath's return to his old trade.

"MR. HEATH," she declared, "this home of yours is a little gem and the things in it are wonderful. Of course I am very much disappointed about the maple table and the rest—I love them."

"Sorry, ma'am."

"Are you really sorry? Because if you are I am sure you'll do me a favor. I have a mahogany secretary, a genuine 'kettle bottom,' that needs a great deal of restoring. It is so choice that I have been afraid to trust it to the man in Denboro who usually does such things for me. I had intended sending it to Boston, but now I hope I shan't have to. I hope you will do it for me. Will you, Mr. Heath?"

Whatever Heath thought, he found it hard to say no to the lady. He permitted himself to be coaxed into promising that, if she would send the secretary over to Seven-up, he would at least look at it. She did send it and he fell in love with its beauty and realized what he could make of it if he chose. And so, in the evenings, out in the woodshed, he worked on the secretary.

When, at last, it was finished, Mrs. Seymour's enthusiasm was boundless. It was wonderful; she had never seen such work in her life. It was a crime for an artist like him—"That's what you are, Mr. Heath, a true artist"—to waste his time in fishing. She had a dozen other good pieces he simply must restore for her. And when she told her friends, and she should tell them, they, too, would be crazy to have him repair and refinish their treasures.

So he yielded to the extent of allowing her to send other items from her collection. After these came more—and still more—from her and from her friends and acquaintances.

THE work paid; it paid remarkably well. After a time he went fishing but four days a week, giving the rest of the time to his cabinetmaking. At the end of a year he gave up fishing altogether. Needing more room for a workshop, and a better equipment, he hired a vacant building at the rear of Simeon Black's grocery store on Main Street. The work continued to pour in and his reputation as a skilled craftsman to spread. Soon he began to buy, restore and sell a few bits of antique furniture on his own account. This, too, was profitable. And when Simeon Black died, at the end of another two years, John Heath took over what had been the grocery store and opened it as a salesroom, carrying not a large stock, but certainly the finest assortment of old furniture in the county. His restoring and repairing and refinishing kept him busy in the workshop and, in the summer months, he employed a clerk in the store.

Mrs. Seymour remained his best advertiser and agent. She was continually sending him new customers.

She proved a staunch friend, and John Heath, who was slow to accept friendships, finally accepted hers—with some reservations, of course—and not only listened to her advice in business matters but sometimes in his personal affairs.

She called at the cottage frequently. She had taken a fancy to Raymond and, as the boy grew older, the fancy became a genuine interest and liking.

Raymond was in his senior year in the Orham high school when Mrs. Seymour

Earn *Your Own* SPENDING MONEY!

Fern Shoemaker (above) wears the shimmering pearls that she won as a prize, through our happy plan. She has also won a camera and an attractive fountain pen, besides earning more than $30.00 in just her spare time.

Eleanor G. Hill earns her own spending money, too. And how important she feels when she can buy something very special with her own money.

GAY new sports clothes . . . money for treats—isn't your head filled with things like that? Why let your summer slip by without them?

Now is the time to join the hundreds of happy schoolgirls everywhere, who because of our unusual earning plan do not miss a single one of the festivities.

And the prizes they earn are just such delightful things as every girl wants—as *you* want.

For instance think of—

A snappy tennis racket
A tuneful banjo uke
A handy little camera
A red, white and blue waterball

These and many, many others may soon be yours. And you may rejoice over your earnings as does Nancy K. Brown who has earned $7.20 in a single day. The coupon below will bring you the surprising details.

JGC **The Curtis Publishing Company**
856 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I want to earn my own money and wear the honor pin. Please send me all the details of your plan.

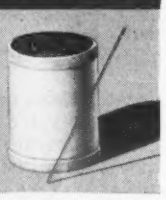
Name.....*Age*.....
(Please Print Name and Address)

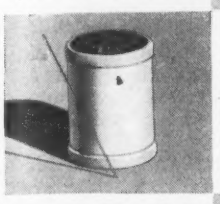
Street.....

Town.....*State*.....

J. & P. COATS
AND
CLARK'S O.N.T.
BEST BLACK AND WHITE SIX CORD SEWING THREADS—AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

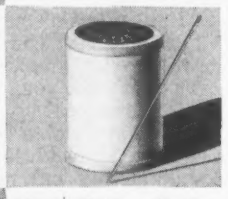
SIZE 100
FOR BABY CLOTHES; FINE LINGERIE; AND FOR STITCHING SHEER FABRICS





SIZE 80
FOR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES; FOR LIGHT WEIGHT SUMMER-TIME FABRICS

SIZE 50
FOR HOUSEHOLD SEWING; FOR DRAPERIES AND FOR FINE QUILTING



SIZE 20
FOR SEWING BUTTONS ON MEN'S AND BOYS' SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR

18 SIZES—8 TO 200—A SIZE FOR EVERY FABRIC AND PURPOSE. FOR COMPLETE REFERENCE CHART OF THREAD AND NEEDLE SIZES, SEND TO THE SPOOL COTTON CO., DEPT. 10-V, 881 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Lucky Tiger
For Hair and Scalp!

IMPOVERISHED, FALLING HAIR may be avoided; the harsh, scraggly kind can be made soft and luxuriant. For years this refined product has commanded entrée to millions of America's better homes.

A PROVEN GERMICIDE

Exhaustive bacteriological tests have proven both the safety and germicidal efficiency of LUCKY TIGER. For more than fifteen years good people everywhere have been buying it and telling their friends about it.

A SINGLE APPLICATION

A single application stops that unpleasant itching—a single bottle often corrects the most annoying scalp irritations. —a real corrective, PLUS a most delightful hair dressing, delicately perfumed to please the most fastidious. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers and Beauty Parlors.

LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO. KANSAS CITY, MO.

decided to speak to John Heath concerning him.

"Mr. Heath," she said, "I want to ask you something. May I?"

"Don't know why not."

"But this isn't my affair at all. It isn't about furniture or antiques or anything like that. It is about Raymond. What is he going to do when he finishes high school?"

Heath could not imagine what his questioner was driving at.

"Well—I've talked a little mite with Seth Crocker, he's president of our bank here in Nauticook, you know. He thinks he can make a place for Raymond in the bank. May amount to somethin' and it may not."

"I see. Have you talked to Raymond about it?"

"No, not yet."

"I'm glad of that, because now I can talk with you before anything is settled. Mr. Heath, have you ever considered sending Raymond to college?"

"College! . . . No."

"I think you ought to consider it. Hasn't he mentioned college to you?"

John Heath considered. "Seems to me he's said somethin' once or twice about that young Edwards fellow—your relation, I mean—about his goin' to Harvard or Yale, one of those places. Said it must be great fun, or somethin' like that. I told him 'twas too expensive fun for poor folks."

"NOW, Mr. Heath, you shouldn't talk that way. It might mean some sacrifice, but I'm sure you could afford to put Raymond through college. And I'm just as sure that you ought to do it."

He pulled his mustache. "Why?" he asked bluntly.

She went on to tell him why. Raymond was not an ordinary boy, he was bright and quick and ambitious and, given the opportunity would, she was certain, make his mark in the world. And, in these days, a college education was almost a necessity. She had prepared herself for this interview and she was eloquent and convincing. John Heath was impressed; he could not help it.

But the best promise she could obtain from him was that he would think over the idea of Raymond's entering college.

He did, and the idea which had at first seemed so impossible, became less so as he considered it.

His boy—his nephew, as everyone else supposed; his son, as he knew him to be—shouldn't he have as good an opportunity as Seth Crocker's boy, or Bailey Briggs' grandson, or any of the rest of them? Even if it took every penny of his savings, perhaps more, what of it? He had built up a good business, prospects for its future were bright. He could economize, he did not want money for himself. He could put aside even a larger proportion of his earnings if it were necessary. A son like his was worth any sacrifice.

He mentioned the subject to Raymond a few days later.

"Puttin' you through college would cost a lot of money and I'd expect you to have somethin' to show for it when you finished. Could I depend on you—think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Um-hm. Well, I guess likely I could. You've done pretty well so far."

"Am I going, Uncle John?"

"Maybe. . . . I'm thinkin' about it. You've got to finish high school first. Let's see how hard you work there."

RAYMOND, quite sharp enough to realize how much depended upon it, worked hard. He graduated with the second-highest standing in his class. Also, in the spring baseball games he played so well that his name as a stellar performer appeared several times in the Item.

Raymond passed his entrance examinations satisfactorily and, in September, entered the university. Heath said good-by to him at the railway station.

"So long, boy," he said, as they shook hands. "Write once in a while, won't you?"

"Sure. I'll write every day or so."

"Um-hm. Don't forget what you're there for. Study hard."

"Of course."

"Yes. And—if you get into any scrapes or—or trouble or anything, why—well, you know I'm here. Just sing out and I'll answer. Understand?"

"Yes, Uncle John."

"Um-hm. . . . Good-by."

The train pulled out and John Heath turned to walk back to Seven-up for dinner. He realized, as he sat down with Lorenzo at the table, that this was the first of many lonely meals. For seven years he had had a real home, something to return to with expectation and interest. Now that was over. Home was once more merely a place to eat and sleep.

Oh, well, it was for his boy's sake. Raymond was, as Lorenzo had said, the only thing that counted nowadays.

VIII.

AUTUMN in Nauticook is, usually, a beautiful season, a season of clear, crisp blue-and-white days and cool, starlit nights. The summer people and the cottagers have gone and the permanent residents see more of one another and find time to renew social relations. The cranberry crop is picked and shipped and furnishes a timely topic of conversation. Politics are active. Improvements and additions to shops and homes are discussed. Altogether a pleasant and comfortable time of year, which passes only too quickly.

This particular fall, however, passed slowly for the occupants of Seven-up. The time dragged, with little to break the monotony. John Heath was busy enough and the work was profitable. Also it occupied his mind as well as his hands. The hours in the shop were not quite so long as those spent at the cottage.

The evenings and Sundays, when he was at home alone, or with Lorenzo, seemed interminable. Even Nuisance was no longer on hand to furnish interest. He had lived, for a dog, a long and happy life and now that life was ended.

Raymond's letters, those received from him, came with fair regularity and were the bright spots in the drab sameness.

Heath received another letter that fall—it came late in September—which gave him a peculiar feeling. It was a brief note from the Coleville postmaster explaining that Mr. Coxley had died the week before.

SO COXLEY—the only person who shared the secret of Raymond's parentage—had gone. That secret was safe enough now. Raymond had not forgotten his mother, of course, but, in his conversations with John Heath he seldom mentioned her name, having learned early in their association that, for some unknown reason, the latter did not like to have him do so. The man whom he supposed to have been his father, and whose name he bore, he could scarcely remember. His Uncle John was his indulgent guardian, his confidant and his financial backer, and he was as fond of him as he could ever have been of anyone. Nauticook was his home and he was fond of it too.

So John Heath was satisfied. It was what he had hoped and worked for. Sometimes he found himself wondering whether in some far off time, when he was a very old man and Raymond was settled in life, married perhaps, and old enough to understand and appreciate, he might tell him the truth. He wondered—but he never made up his mind.

Still, it would be a comfort to—say, just before he died—call Raymond "my son" to his face and be called "father" by him. Yes, it would. Oh, well—perhaps—some day. But that some day was not yet, and must not be for a long, long time, if ever.

Lorenzo Weeks' berth, as cook and housekeeper, was a very easy one now that he and Hi were once more alone. But

Today women know more . .

about feminine hygiene

A HIGHER standard of cleanliness and hygiene is the rule among the modern women surrounding you on every side. There is a more general recognition also among physicians and nurses of the benefits of feminine hygiene.

This is the age of antiseptics, and a great deal of the credit is due to *Zonite*. For this famous product that came out of the World War has taken the antiseptic idea completely *out of the poison class*.

Zonite is non-poisonous, non-caustic —safe to use on the body and safe to have in the house, even with little children around. Yet Zonite is actually stronger, far stronger, in its effect than *carbolic acid itself* in any dilution you would dare use on the body.

Get Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada; in bottles, 30c, 60c, and $1.00. Also send coupon below for small-sized booklet full of feminine hygiene information. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

In both U. S. A. and Canada

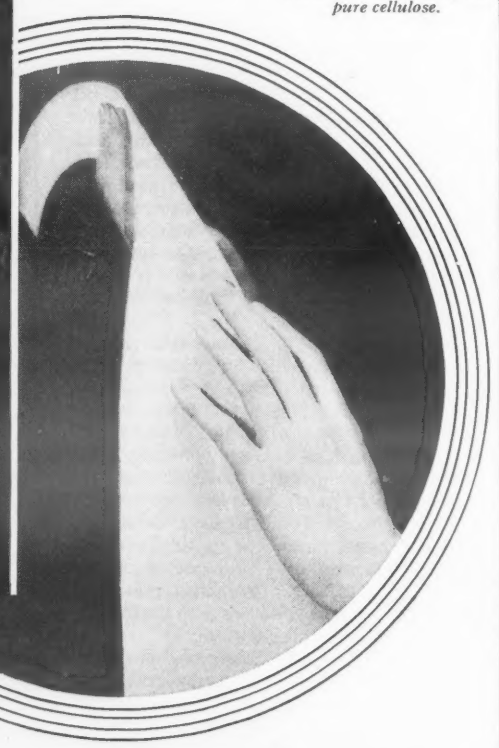
ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LH-08
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name.....
(Please print name)
Address.....
City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

NOW . . .

the *Silky Softness* of rayon

. . . Embodied in a Far *Softer*, Far *Whiter*, Bathroom Paper

Silky Rayon Garments and Ultra-Soft "Northern Tissue" are both made from pure cellulose.



A Bathroom Paper Created From The Same Material As Softest Rayon

IT represents one of the greatest achievements of modern science—the silky softness of Rayon itself embodied in a far softer, far whiter bathroom paper than ever known before.

Created, in the interest of fastidiousness and health, from the same *pure* cellulose base from which Rayon is made, it is totally unlike harsh, ground-wood "toilet papers." You can feel the difference.

There are no dangerous, "splintery" particles of raw wood in paper made this new way. Thus nothing to irritate the most delicate tissues—to endanger your own or your child's health.

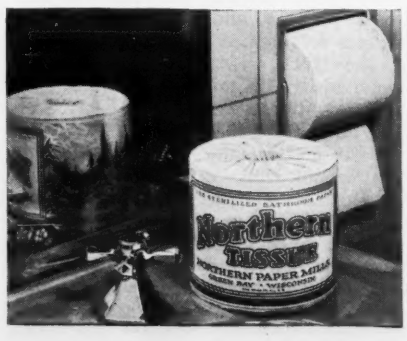
Made From "Cooked" Cellulose—Not Ground From Raw Wood

In making "Northern Tissue," only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked for over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. Thus it is never like yellow or newsprint white "toilet papers" that are made largely by grinding raw wood into a splintery mass. (Presence of ground-wood is always detected by chemical testing with phloroglucinol.)

Prophylactic properties of paper made this new way are outstanding, of course. Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states advise: "Use soft, white cellulose paper like 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

To make sure of this new health protection, ask for "Northern Tissue." It costs no more than ordinary old-type toilet paper. Only 10c a roll at any grocery, department or drug store.

©N. P. M., 1930



NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core

260

Lorenzo, even if he thought so, never admitted it; in fact, he complained more than ever and was provokingly slack about his work. He was just coming down with a new attack of piety and sin-consciousness and it was an acute seizure. The Come-Outer Bethel, which had stood empty so long, was now open for business under a new name. The Society of the Pure in Heart had formed a branch in Nauticook and, having hired the Bethel at a very low rent, were holding services there on Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings. Mrs. Hulda Bascom had returned to the village and she was a regular and devout attendant. According to report the Pure-in-Hearters were even more noisily devout than the Come-Outers used to be.

Mr. Weeks attended one of the early meetings—at Mrs. Bascom's invitation, or so Heath suspected—and, being susceptible to infection of that kind, came home with his system impregnated with germs. They developed rapidly.

THERE had been times, during the Come-Outer pestilence, when John Heath had seriously considered hiring another housekeeper in Mr. Weeks' place. Lorenzo's slackness had tried his patience then; now with the Pure-in-Heart epidemic at its height, it was more provoking than ever.

In the Christmas holidays Raymond brought a college friend down with him to stay over the week-end. This friend—his name was Graves—was a big, broad-shouldered chap, with a pleasant face and an infectious laugh, who, so Raymond took pains to tell his uncle, was a corking tackle and dead sure to make the varsity in a couple of years anyhow. The friend, for his part, confidentially informed Heath that Raymond had been the best back on the freshman team and would be "All-American" before he finished. Heath, who had but the vaguest idea what All-American meant, said that was first-rate.

The Christmas dinner was to have been a meal to remember. In a way it was, but not in the way John Heath intended. He selected the turkey himself, ordered all sorts of out-of-season vegetables and expensive luxuries, and even sent to Boston for a bottle of brandy in order that the pudding sauce might have the traditional flavor. As the morning of Christmas Day was clear and mild, with scarcely a breath of wind and glorious sunshine, the three, Heath and the two young men, went out in the Sarepta for a boat ride. They returned ready, as Raymond expressed it, to eat a horse and chase the driver.

Unfortunately Mr. Weeks had attended a Christmas Eve meeting of the Pure-in-Hearters the night before. It was a lively and protracted session. There had been refreshments, including pounds of rich and indigestible cake and pie and quantities of strong coffee. Lorenzo, who had long ago forgotten the sermon on the sin of gluttony, partook liberally. Consequently it was nearly four before he fell asleep. When the alarm clock roused him at six he was not in a holiday mood.

LATER, after his employer and the guests had gone out in the Sarepta, and the turkey was in the oven, he sat down by the hot stove to rest, a rest which shortly became a sound slumber. He was still slumbering when John Heath came in and awoke him. By that time the turkey was done, very well done indeed, and the pudding had steamed until it was a slippery, glutinous mass which, when Heath attempted to slice it, fell apart in soggy chunks.

They made the best of it all, of course. The turkey, when its outside armor was hacked away, was edible within, even if decidedly dry. The vegetables were watery and the rolls burnt. It was the sauce for the pudding which caused the real sensation. Heath tasted it and then looked across the table at the cook.

"What in the devil is in this stuff?" he demanded.

Mr. Weeks returned the look rebelliously.

"Well," he said, "there wasn't no vanilla in the house, nor no lemon neither. You was bound to buy all the grub yourself, so if you forgot to buy flavorin' 'twa'n't my fault, was it?"

"I got brandy, didn't I? And I told you to make a brandy sauce."

Lorenzo straightened in his chair. The spark of a righteous fire glowed beneath his heavy lids.

"YES, you did!" he cried, his voice rising until it cracked. "You did, and what you'd have said to me if *I'd* fetched rum into this place, salvation only knows. You know how *I* feel about the stuff. Ain't we told that it biteth like an adder and—and suffereth long and is—well, maybe I forget just the words, but you know what I mean, Hi Heath. I wouldn't have brought that liquor into this house no more'n I'd have brought the fires of Tophet."

"Be still! What did you put in this sauce?"

"I put—'twa'n't my fault if the bottle fell off the shelf. The hand of Providence shoved it off, if you ask me."

"I didn't ask you. I asked what you put in the sauce."

"And I'm tryin' to tell, if you'll give me a chance. Thinks I, 'Much as I hate and despise alcohol, he's my boss and I ain't responsible. If liquor he orders, liquor I suppose he'll have to have.' There was some of that cider Benijah Simpson gave you last month left in the jug and I put that in. 'Twas the nighest I could get to the whisky or rum or gin you fetched, wasn't it? Seems to me 'twas."

The sauce was bitter and sour and generally uneatable. Young Graves seemed to think the wrecked dinner and Lorenzo's tirade grand jokes and laughed until his eyes were wet. Heath, himself, was amused, but he was angry too; Raymond, however, did not laugh. He flushed and was obviously very much embarrassed and ashamed. That night, when he and his uncle were alone he spoke his mind.

"By George, Uncle John!" he declared, "you ought to fire Lo. He's getting impossible. If he isn't crazy, he's next door to it. He's a mess, that's what he is. Chuck him out, I say."

HEATH shook his head. "Don't see how I can do that, exactly, Raymond," he said. "He's been with me a long, long time. It might be hard for him to find another job, you know."

"That's all right, but there's no reason why he should make the rest of us spectacles before a man like Graves. I warned him before we came that we lived in a sort of funny way."

"Eh? . . . Oh! Warned him, did you."

"Oh, well, I didn't exactly warn him, but I tipped him off that he mustn't expect the kind of thing he'd been accustomed to. He's all right about it; thinks it's all a whale of a joke, but I tell you it's going to make me pretty sick to have him telling the crowd about that pudding sauce and the rest of it. Of course," hastily, "I'm not blaming you the least bit, Uncle John. You're busy all day and it isn't your fault. But I do think you're too easy with Lo. He's what I called him in the beginning—just plain impossible."

There was a certain tone—certain phrases—in this heated and lengthy declaration of protest which caused John Heath slight uneasiness. The uneasiness lasted but a little while. The realization that there was much truth in what the young man said concerning Lorenzo lasted longer. Something must be done. He could not—at least he would not—discharge Weeks, but, well, the time had come when he must do something.

After a great deal of thinking, which involved consideration of all sorts of possibilities, he reached the conclusion that the only alternative to the absolute getting

(Continued on Page 97)

PAINFUL FEET put aging lines into the Face!

IT is a fact, scientists say, that besides exerting a harmful influence on character and personality, health and happiness, painful feet are the arch enemy of beauty!

This is easily understood. When you feel a sharp twinge of pain in your feet—or in any other part of your body—you reflect it in your face by a quick contraction of the facial muscles.

When these muscles are constantly contracted by pain they lose their elasticity and tone. Aging wrinkles and lines then follow and alter the youthful contour of the face.

If you prize your beauty and want to stay young-looking—*don't neglect your feet!* Lose no time in correcting whatever foot trouble you have.

Aching corns, sore toes, painful callouses and torturing bunions and swollen joints—the commonest of foot ailments—are among the most vicious.

To get instant relief, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, dainty, protective, corrective pads end pain like magic through their soothing, healing medication. At the same time they *remove the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are *safe and sure.* No danger of blood-poisoning as may result from cutting your corns or callouses. No risk of acid burn, which the use of harsh and caustic preparations invites.

Once a corn is gone *it need never come back*, if you apply a Zino-pad at the first sign of irritation caused by new or tight shoes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are made in special shapes and sizes for Hard Corns, Soft Corns between the toes, Callouses, Bunions and Swollen Joints. At all Drug, Shoe and Department Stores—only 35c a box.

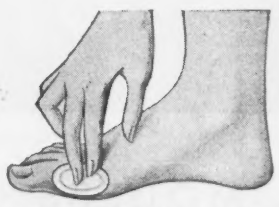
There is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy for all other foot troubles—40 in all—each one guaranteed to relieve and correct permanently the ailment for which it is designed. All are made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision. Sold the world over.

For complete foot analysis without charge, call at any dealer in your city featuring Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, or at any of the following exclusive Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Shops: 21 N. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO; 1554 Woodward Ave., DETROIT; 726 Euclid Ave., CLEVELAND; 503 N. Sixth St., ST. LOUIS; 217 Wisconsin Ave., MILWAUKEE; 827 Nicollet Ave., MINNEAPOLIS; 40 West 34th St. and 62 W. 14th St., NEW YORK; 142 Yonge St., TORONTO; 1 Boulevard Haussmann, PARIS; 93 Regent St., LONDON.

FOR CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses immediately relieve pain of these hard growths, and absorb them. Safe, soothing, healing.

FOR HARD CORNS—TENDER TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain of corns and tender toes by removing friction and pressure of the shoes. Small, thin, dainty, protective, healing.

FOR SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for soft corns between the toes end pain in one minute. They take off all pressure on the sore spot and soothe and heal the irritation.



FOR BUNIONS—SWOLLEN JOINTS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions and Swollen Joints stop pain at once, protect the sore spot from rubbing and pressing of the shoe. Thin, mildly medicated, soothing, healing, positively safe and sure.

In the familiar yellow box

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!
This is the modern, scientific way of getting quick relief. The method is new, unique. It took years of clinical research and experimenting to perfect it.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FOR CORNS ▼ TENDER TOES ▼ CALLOUSES ▼ BUNIONS ▼ SORE SPOTS

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

The Scholl Mfg. Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Hard Corns ☐ Soft Corns between the toes ☐ Callouses ☐ Bunions ☐ (indicate size wanted), and Dr. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE..... (30)

VACATION SPECIAL

MODESS COMPACT

Thinner . . . for the snug silhouette . . . of summer wear

Modess Compact was especially created to assure the inconspicuousness so necessary with closely fitted afternoon and evening gowns. The Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed.

Most women have found that their requirements are best satisfied by regular Modess for ordinary use, with a smaller supply of Modess Compact for special occasions and formal gowns.

This offer enables every woman who acts promptly to learn at our expense the convenience and desirability of Modess and Modess Compact.

This new TRAVEL PACKAGE FREE *to acquaint every woman with the sensationally popular* MODESS COMPACT

As you probably know, we announced early in the year a thinner Modess suitable for sheer, closely fitting gowns, but having the same high absorbency as regular Modess. It is called Modess Compact. Three Modess Compacts were packed in each box of regular Modess.

This refinement has been so appreciated and the demand for Modess Compact so overwhelming that we are introducing a new Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts. During July and August, this new twenty-five cent box will be given absolutely free to purchasers of regular Modess.

You will find this small, thin box admirably suited to go in your traveling case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation or brief visits. That is why we call this unusual offer, "Vacation Special."

VACATION SPECIAL

2 *Boxes Regular Modess* 12 *in each Box*	90¢
1 *Travel Package* 6 *Modess Compacts*	25¢
	$1.15

ALL *for* 79¢

OUR OFFER

Buy two boxes of regular Modess, value forty-five cents each, at the special price of 79 cents. You will receive, free, the twenty-five cent Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts.

These three packages, two boxes of regular Modess—considered by those who use it the finest, most comfortable and efficient product available—and the useful Travel Package, will be particularly appreciated this summer.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., U.S.A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

(Continued from Page 94)

rid of Weeks was the employment of someone to help with the housework, someone who could cook respectably and with some comprehension of neatness and order. This person, he or she—he very much feared it might have to be a "she"—would not replace Lorenzo, the latter could remain at Seven-up for a while at least; but the helper might be engaged to come in by the day and later, if proved capable, might gradually take charge of and superintend the household routine.

How Lorenzo would accept any such idea he did not know. He dropped a hint and, to his surprise, that hint was favorably received. Mr. Weeks had, apparently, been thinking of some such arrangement although he had not expressed his thought in words. "I realize," he said, "that, now we're liable to have city comp'ny every once in a while, there's more work around here than one pair of hands can do. I've got a notion of my own. Don't ask me what 'tis, I ain't ready to tell you yet. When I'm all set I'll let you know."

Heath could not imagine what this "notion" might be, nor did he believe there actually was one. Whatever was done he must do, himself, and it would save a great deal of superfluous talk and argument if it were done first and the announcement made when the matter was settled.

To find in Nauticook the sort of assistant housekeeper he desired looked rather hopeless. Everyone in the village knew Lo Weeks and he could think of none who would care to work with him.

He decided to advertise in the Weekly Item. It circulated in a dozen communities and practically every Ostable County adult read it.

The ad when it appeared, read:

Wanted—A competent man or woman to help with cooking and cleaning in a small family. One who could live outside and come in by the day preferred. Fair wages and a pretty easy job. Answer by letter, giving references, age, and all the rest of it. Address J, care Weekly Item, Denboro, Mass.

HE ARRANGED with the Item people to have the answers forwarded to him, in batches, by mail.

The advertisement appeared on a Tuesday and a few days thereafter the first batch of replies reached him. That entire batch was unsatisfactory.

In the second batch, which came the following Saturday, there was one reply which was more promising. It was, at least, sensible and to the point.

SOUTH WELLMOUTH, January 18th.

J, Care the Weekly Item,

Dear Sir: I am a widow, forty-one last June. I have kept house ever since I was a girl, for my father then, and, later, for my husband. After he died I kept house for my aunt here in South Wellmouth. Now she is dead and, as the house she lived in did not belong to her, I shall have to go somewhere else pretty soon. And, of course, I must earn my living. I should rather work somewhere where I could room as well as board, but perhaps the coming in by the day could be arranged if I could find a room handy by at a reasonable price. As to references, almost anybody here in South Wellmouth will tell you about my character, if you ask them, and some of them will, I am pretty sure, be glad to tell you that I know how to keep house. Anyhow, if I don't know that I don't know anything. You can write me, or if you had rather, you can come over some day and see and talk with me. Ask for the Maria Cahoon place. It is off the main road, but you can easy find it.

Yours truly,
SUSAN B. HARWELL.

John Heath liked that letter when he first read it. When he read it the second time he liked it even better. This Harwell person was a woman—which was against her, of course—but she wrote like a competent woman with plenty of sense. South Wellmouth was twenty miles from Nauticook, but the next day was Sunday and the weather promised to be fair. Why not hire Solon Bearse's car—he had hired it very often for his antique-hunting trips and could run it perfectly well—and go to South Wellmouth and see Mrs. Susan B. Harwell?

He started next day, as soon as dinner was over. Lorenzo, for a wonder, asked few questions as to his errand or his destination; in fact, Heath suspected that, for some undivulged reason, he was glad to be alone that afternoon.

The woman who opened the door was of medium height, or a trifle under it. She had a pleasant face, a pair of bright dark eyes, and a brisk, quick manner. Her manner of speaking, too, was brisk, although her voice was not in the least sharp or disagreeable.

"How d'ye do?" she said.

JOHN HEATH echoed the "how d'ye do?" "I'm lookin' for Mrs. Susan Harwell," he added. "Live here, does she?"

"I'm Mrs. Harwell."

"Yes'm. My name's Heath. I put an ad in the Item last week. About somebody to help with my housekeepin' 'twas."

The woman nodded.

"Yes, yes," she said. "I see. You're 'J'."

"Yes'm. I'm J. Your letter said come to see you, if I felt like it. So I did."

Mrs. Harwell smiled.

"Go right into the front room," she said. "Put your hat and coat on the sofa. Sit down. That's the best chair, if you like a rocker. Pull it up by the stove; you must be cold."

Mrs. Harwell seated herself in a straight chair by the marble-topped center table. Her visitor looked at her and she at him. She spoke first.

"Well, Mr. J?" she said.

John Heath pulled at his mustache. "Well, Mrs. Harwell," he replied, "I—er—hmph!—don't exactly know how to start. This is a new business for me."

"For me too. I never expected to answer a help-wanted advertisement, but I answered yours. You need somebody to help do your housework and cookin'. I need a job. . . . There! That's some kind of a start, isn't it?"

She smiled once more. Heath laughed aloud, something he rarely did.

"So 'tis," he agreed. "Well, you see, ma'am, my name is John Heath and I live in Nauticook."

"'Way over there? Did you come from Nauticook in that little open car? Gracious! Do pull up by that stove. Let me open the damper."

She was rising to do so, but he held up his hand.

"No, no. Sit down," he insisted. "I'm used to winter weather outdoors. Went boat fishin' the year 'round for a long time."

"Did you? My husband was a seafarin' man. He was lost overboard in a gale off Hatteras."

"THAT so! Wicked place Hatteras is, they tell me. Never been south of New York myself."

They chatted concerning the sea and sea happenings. He learned that she was a captain's daughter and had spent her girlhood in a town on Cape Ann. When her husband was drowned she had been forced to earn her own living and, for a year or two, was employed in a small hotel at Salisbury. Then her spinster aunt, Miss Maria Cahoon, who was a stepsister of her mother's, living alone there in South Wellmouth, had been taken ill and, needing a companion and housekeeper, had written begging her to come and make her home with her. This she had done and, ever since, had lived in the little white house.

"Aunt Maria died a month ago," she said, in conclusion. "She rented this house and she has some relations in Boston who will come in for the furniture and whatever things of that kind she left. I can't afford to stay here, and I don't want to anyway. Keepin' house for a few hens and a cat isn't my idea of a satisfyin' life for a healthy woman no older than I am. I was plannin' to go to Boston, myself, and try

NO, YOU CAN'T HIDE IT

Millions of germs sweep into the mouth with every breath you take. They destroy teeth and gums and cause an odious condition none of us can forgive or forget. Dull, yellow teeth, ugly tartar, decay and soft, receding gums reveal the presence of this condition known as Bacterial-Mouth. To have sound, sparkling white teeth and firm pink gums, get rid of this condition. Use a dental cream that kills the germs that lead to Bacterial-Mouth...KOLYNOS.

In 3 days you'll want to smile

TEETH will be 3 shades WHITER

USE the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique* for just 3 days and see what happens when Bacterial-Mouth is removed.

Teeth look whiter, fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste that lingers for hours.

Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned. As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure. It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and to gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.)

Moreover this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse the teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel—without injury.

If you want whiter teeth free from decay, and firm pink gums—discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos. It will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist — or mail coupon for a generous trial tube.

*Saves Teeth . . Saves Money!
The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way... to use a dental cream full strength ... to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly ... Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night... Kolynos lasts longer... Teeth look cleaner and whiter ... Try this amazing Kolynos Technique.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

14-day tube
FREE

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 8-LJ-83
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name.....
Street & No.....
City.....State.....

Once more We are feminine

PARIS has given us a new Mode—a mode of graceful silhouettes revealed in softest fabrics. And once again we are feminine.

For her new Mode, Paris sends *Rêve d'or*—a rare, fragrant odeur, sweetly reminiscent of old gardens—glamour—gracious femininity.

Piver, oldest of French perfumers, has created *Rêve d'or* for the new Mode. It is here in America in *Face Powder*, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee* at $1—*Perfume*, $10 and $4 (also a purse size at $1)—*Toilet Water*, $2.50—*Talc*, $1—*Bath Powder*, $1. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

Rêve d'or

PRODUCT OF PIVER • PARIS

to find something there, but I saw your advertisement in the Item, Mr. Heath, and—well, just for luck, as you might say, I answered it. . . . There! That's all that's worth while tellin' about me; and plenty enough, I guess likely."

One point in Mrs. Harwell's narrative seemed strange to John Heath and he mentioned it.

"Do you mean to say, ma'am," he said, "that this aunt of yours, after you'd kept house and took care of her all that time, never left you a cent when she died? . . . Not that it's any of my business, of course," he added hurriedly.

Mrs. Harwell nodded.

"It was me that started tellin' my business first, Mr. Heath," she said. "Aunt Maria would have left me everything she owned, furniture and all the rest, if I'd have let her do it. I wouldn't because those Boston relations ought to have somethin', seemed to me, and the things in this house, most of 'em, had come down in the family and ought to stay in it. She had a little money put by, some in the savin's bank, and a life-insurance policy for five thousand dollars that she took out a long while ago. It was in one of those—what do they call 'em?—mutual-aid societies, or somethin' like that. The Sons and Daughters of the Silver Cross. Maybe you've heard of it."

HEATH nodded. His was a somewhat dubious nod. He had heard of the Silver Cross Society. Mrs. Harwell was not the only one who hoped to collect from it some day.

"Oh, I know," she said, smiling cheerfully. "You don't think much of that, as a thing to count on. Neither do I. . . . Well, now, maybe you'd like to say a word. It's high time I gave you the chance."

He pulled his mustache.

"Fact is, I put in that ad in—er—well, desperation, sort of, and now the time's come when I've got to tell why I did it. I guess you'll think it's foolish, my doin' it at all. I live alone most of the time and I've got a—a sort of housekeeper already. It's the 'sort' that bothers me. This is about how 'tis: You see. . . ."

He went on to explain the situation.

"I guess I can see the fix you're in," she said. "You don't hardly like to tell this Mr. What's-his-name—Weeks—to clear out, because he's been with you so long."

"Can't. It seems too darned mean."

"Of course. . . . Well, I must say you've got patience, Mr. Heath. And what you think you need is somebody to help him out."

"Help *me* out. Don't make any mistake, Mrs. Harwell; whoever comes into Seven-up by the day will have to do most of the work and be responsible for the whole of it."

"WELL, that doesn't scare me. Work never did. It's the findin' the place to stay nights that seems the main sticker, so far as I'm concerned—that is, provided we come to any arrangement, or that you decide you want to try me anyhow."

"'Tisn't that," he said, his brows puckering. "I wouldn't be afraid to try you—no, nor how the tryin' would come out neither. It's your end of the deal that bothers me. We're kind of odd folks over to Seven-up—that's what they call my place in Nauticook. They call me 'queer,' behind my back, I know they do. I guess likely they're right, accordin' to their notions of queerness. If I wasn't queer I'd never have hired Lo Weeks to keep house for me in the beginnin', because he's queerer than I am. No, Mrs. Harwell, I don't believe you and I had better come to any settled arrangement just yet."

She tried not to appear disappointed.

"Oh, I don't mean it's all off," he added. "I hope it isn't anyhow. But now that I've seen you, and seen the way this house looks, I—well, I shan't go any further till you've seen my place and how that looks. And you ought to see Lo."

"I haven't told you everything, Mr. Heath," she said, after a moment. "It's an odd thing, your comin' from Nauticook, because only three—no four days ago, the man that drives the baker cart told me of a Mrs. Bangs over there who was lookin' for a woman to live with her and take care of her and her house."

"Um-hm, I know her. Mrs. Joshua Bangs. She's had a stroke or somethin' like that. She's a real nice woman."

"So I understand. Well, I had a letter from her yesterday. She wants me to come over and see her. I thought I'd go pretty soon, maybe Wednesday. I could do what you call 'lookin' you over' the same day, couldn't I?"

So it was settled in that way.

THE windows of the living room, dining room and kitchen were ablaze with light at Seven-up. Evidently Lorenzo was on the job. Supper would be ready and Heath was ready for it.

He entered at the side door which opened directly into the dining room. The table was set, set with a clean cloth, a noticeable novelty, for Mr. Weeks was accustomed to change the cloth once a week, on Monday, wash day. This was Sunday, not Monday. Attracted by the unwonted splendor of the white linen, Heath gave the table momentary inspection. Then he noticed something else. Instead of being set for two persons, Lorenzo and himself, it was now laid for three. Obviously a guest was expected, but who? He had not invited anyone. The idea flashed to his mind that Raymond might have come home unexpectedly. He was striding toward the living-room door when he heard a familiar voice behind him.

"Hello, Hi! Here you be, eh?" said the voice.

He turned. Lorenzo was standing on the threshold of the kitchen. An immaculate Lorenzo, clad in his Sunday best, clean-shaven, wearing a new and colorful tie, a fuchsia blossom dangling from the buttonhole of his coat lapel. The glory of his outfit was surprising, but the expression upon his face was even more so. He was smiling, a sheepish yet, in a way, triumphant smile.

"Have a nice ride, did you, Hi?" stammered Mr. Weeks. "I heard you'd gone off somewhere in Bearse's car ——"

Heath interrupted. "Is Raymond here?" he asked.

"Raymond? No, course he ain't."

"Who is here?"

Lorenzo had looked sheepish before, now he looked positively silly.

"NOW, Hi," he asked, "how in the world did you know anybody was here?"

Heath pointed to the extra plate on the table. Lorenzo grinned and shifted.

"Oh, yes!" he observed. "You would notice that, wouldn't you. Well, Hi, I've got a surprise for you. You see—oh, there she is now! Come right in, Huldy."

Heath turned again. Mrs. Hulda Bascom had entered from the living room. She, too, was garbed in splendor. She bulked large in the small room. Her smile was expansive, her tone oozed sweetness.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Heath?" she said. "You didn't expect to find me here, did you? Well, you see—oh, you tell him, dearie."

She was addressing Mr. Weeks.

"Well, I tell you how 'tis, Hi," he blurted. "This—er—lady ain't Mrs. Bascom no more. She's Mrs. Weeks. Her and I got married this afternoon."

Silence followed. Hulda Weeks—Mrs. Bascom that was—spoke first.

"Well, Mr. Heath," she inquired, "ain't you goin' to congratulate us? Ain't you goin' to say a single word?"

John Heath said more than a single word—he said three.

"Good Lord above!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; it's His work," agreed Mrs. Weeks devoutly.

"Amen," said her husband.

(To be Continued)

In the smartest sets it's secretly agreed

"This *powder* deodorant is a joy! And it can't seal pores."

You will delight in using Amolin. It's a *powder* deodorant. Soft as satin, fine and snow-white. A dainty deodorant which does not seal pores.

Smooth! Luxurious! Safe!

Amolin banishes body odors by *neutralizing* perspiration. Apply it easily at any time. No muss or fuss. It takes effect instantly and keeps you fresh all day. No fear of irritation. No danger of Amolin's injuring clothing.

Body odors are so treacherous. We may have them without knowing it. Keep exquisite this *safe* way—use Amolin freely. Sprinkle it under the arms, over the body. Use it with sanitary napkins, too.

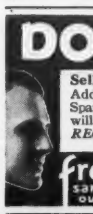
Amolin is on sale everywhere, 35c—60c. Special offer—send 10c for a generous trial container. Write to the Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. AA-8, Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Makers of Norwich Unguentine

Amolin

The dainty powder deodorant

DOUBLE Your income



Selling Hertel's Exclusive Christmas Cards Add $50.00 to $75.00 each week to your earnings. Spare or full time. Friends, relatives and neighbors will gladly buy. *NO SELLING EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.* We furnish everything you need free. Weekly Pay—Monthly Bonus Checks. Get details—write today. The John A. Hertel Co., 318 W. Washington St., Dept. 8309, Chicago, Ill.

Free sample outfit

LADIES—EXTRA MONEY

Show beautiful samples Silks, Rayons, Blankets, Handkerchiefs to friends and neighbors and write their orders. No experience needed. Work spare time. Exclusive territory. Tested plans and full information FREE. Rush name and address. Mitchell & Church Co., Dept. 61, Binghamton, N.Y.

EARN CHRISTMAS CASH

Earn $4 an hour in spare time showing America's lowest-priced, fastest-selling Personal Christmas Cards. Liberal daily commissions, monthly bonus; outfit free. Write JASPER NEWS-BOY, *Inc.*, 521 Houston Avenue, Jasper, Texas.

$4 An Hour

"Jane *usually springs a surprise*"

"That delicious Macaroni Salad tonight . . . Wasn't it exquisite? Who but Jane would have thought of such a thing?"

Later, in the drawing room, Jane laughingly "confided her secret."

"It's no secret at all, girls," said she. "Skinner's Macaroni and the wonderful Skinner recipes are all there is to the story."

The truly unusual goodness of Skinner's makes it one of the most delightful and delicate of foods. Made only from the finest amber durum wheat, under exclusive and modern processes which insure exquisite flavor and creamy tenderness, it easily reigns as "The Aristocrat of Macaroni." 10c

SKINNER'S

The Superior

MACARONI

Other Skinner Quality Products

SKINNER'S Spaghetti and Egg Noodles
SKINNER'S Fruit Pectin
(Flavored and Unflavored)
RAISIN-BRAN . . . . CHEESRONI

LHJ-8

Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb.
Please send me—free—your new booklet of macaroni recipes and suggestions for novel menus.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Grocer's Name.....

$2,000 Before XMAS!

HerMinutes Turned IntoDollars!

Ethelyn Deckerow of Chicago made $32 in 10 minutes. J. W. Hunt of Baltimore averages $78 a week year 'round.

Hundreds prove it's EASY, with America's Leading Christmas Greeting Cards, backed by amazing "Snow-Ball" Plan.

Do you need more money? Want more clothes and things? With the "Snow-Ball" Plan you earn big money immediately—taking orders for Process Christmas Greeting Cards with customer's name imprinted to special order. Millions of old Process customers now waiting.

No experience required. We furnish you with big outfit and everything you'll need—tell you where to go, what to say. Generous commissions daily, plus extra cash bonuses and prizes, can easily make you $2,000 in next few months. Write us TODAY, stating time you can devote.

The Process Corporation
Dept. 930-B Troy at 21st St., Chicago

TRICOLATOR MAKES Better Coffee
ASK AT YOUR STORE
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
TRICOLATOR CO.INC.
5TH AV. AT 20TH ST., N.Y. DEPT. L

Wedding Invitations—Announcements
Write for Samples
100 hand-engraved $10.00
Imitation Styles $5.00 a 100
100 Visiting Cards $1.00
L. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1052 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Lipstick Mood

(Continued from Page 7)

looked twice at a dress it was because it was worth it.

"That dress is a lovely color, Christel. Heavenly!"

"Thanks," answered Christel.

She held her lips open just a little and began carefully to destroy the line which seemed so characteristic of acceptance and reserve. It changed from the mouth which marriage and life with Bradley had been forming. It became a free-lance mouth, red, confident and just a little insolent. I may as well find out just what this sort of thing does do for a person, thought Christel, giving herself as long a glance as the mirror in the door, and beginning to fumble with the back of her dress.

"Is there something I can do for you?" asked the maid.

"Yes," said Christel, "there's a pin in there, a safety pin in the wrong place."

She had put it there herself to make the dress not quite so low in the back. But now as the maid removed it she saw that she had been wrong. It wasn't in the least an indecent décolletage. Not with such a white skin.

I never saw her look so well, thought Mary, as she greeted Christel. That's a very clever dress. And she has a lovely figure.

CHRISTEL joined her husband. He gave her one glance and his whole face tightened. For a moment Christel was sure he was about to say something rather rude and then someone came up and the interview was no longer domestic. But his glare had hardened Christel's will.

Why shouldn't I if I like, she thought stubbornly. It's my mouth, not his.

She looked over the guests and wondered whom she would sit beside at dinner. She hoped it wouldn't be John Bolger and she knew it wouldn't be Stanley Applegate. They never wasted Stanley on her.

Yet he had always interested her just a little. She had heard, as everyone else even on the fringes of the circles had, of the various conquests he had made. For ten years now he had been playing the male lead in the city's social drama. Until he was settled, quite a few other people could not be.

It was rather a pity about Vera, thought Christel. Vera was all that Stanley had any right to ask in a wife and she was free to marry him now.

Vera had not always been free. She had looked at Stanley over the barrier of a wretchedly unhappy marriage which had fortunately been ended by death before its full disaster was exposed. Even then people had known that she cared for Stanley. And now he had shown the little world they played in just how much in love she was.

He had been gallant to her, even devoted at scattered periods, and then it had gone no further. They had quarreled. The quarrels were always of Vera's making, always an outbreak of humiliation that tried to change its face.

They were of Vera's making and of her enduring, for Stanley only paid his attentions elsewhere until she asked him to come back. She always did. She couldn't help it.

SHE was beautiful in her gypsy way tonight and she was pretending to an interest in Miles Grant. But her eyes were restlessly, almost hauntedly, following Stanley. And Christel knew that what she saw was what the rest saw and what would be analyzed over a dozen telephone lines in the morning. It was rather cruel.

With the rest of them she went to the dining room. Mary entertained lavishly and beautifully, and the long table, with covers for twenty, was splendid tonight with crystal and silver and high compotes on which red and white grapes were piled in pagan profusion.

Everyone went about looking for places, hoping to find good company. Christel came upon her card almost at once. She waited. Just as she had feared, there was John Bolger on one side. She spoke to him and then, turning, saw Stanley Applegate and, beyond him, Vera. It was astonishing.

Stanley was giving her a glance of appraisal that said, in the clear way with which looks speak, that he had never thought her good-looking and was some surprised.

"How are you tonight?" she asked.

IT WASN'T at all hard. Just one little touch of provocation in her voice, just one hint of the fact that here was a new conquest, just the memory of her own defiant, flagrant mouth and she had his attention.

Suddenly she became aware that she had Bradley's attention too. He was very grim. From a place down farther on the other side he was watching her.

John Bolger had begun to eat nuts out of a small silver dish at his place. Christel's glance took him in too. Her few encounters with him before had made her believe that he was a very rude man. But that had been when she was afraid of his rudeness. Now that she wasn't, she began to wonder if it wasn't just self-consciousness that made him act that way.

"Those nuts won't last," she said to the preoccupied Mr. Bolger.

He turned with his usual half scowl to see what she meant and she laughed.

"I know they're yours."

He laughed too. His eyes strayed to Christel's mouth and she discovered that he, too, was human. That made it easier.

"A man's got to do something to pass the time before he gets something to eat."

"We might talk."

"I don't know how to talk to women," said Bolger.

"Don't you do it the same way you do to men?"

"YOU can't," remarked John Bolger. "You see the difference between men and women is that a woman is never interested in anything impersonal. Now a man just likes to discuss a subject impersonally. He doesn't care whom he may be talking to if the person's intelligent. Women aren't like that."

"Don't you think so?" she asked, as if eager to learn.

"No. Now a woman always looks at everything from a personal standpoint. Before it means anything to her a subject has to be related to somebody she knows. That's speaking broadly, of course. I don't mean that there aren't intelligent women.

"This is what I mean. You take disarmament for example. Now a man looks at it, discusses it, as it will affect nations. Not his own necessarily. But a woman thinks at once of somebody whom she knew who was killed in the war."

"That's a very definite way to keep it in mind," said Christel with great sweetness.

"Definite," he repeated. "Well, of course, that's true."

"I haven't seen you in a long while," said Stanley Applegate. "Where have you been all winter?"

"At my broom and churn," said Christel, turning her devastating back toward John Bolger.

"You don't look it."

"How do I look?"

"Very beautiful."

"It's a pretty dress," she said.

"I'm not thinking about your dress. I'm thinking about you."

"What?"

(Continued on Page 101)

SEE WHAT YOU BUY—BUY IN GLASS

Protecting those good polishes . . . The AMERSEAL CAP

What a satisfaction to find polishes—for silver or furniture or shoes—in perfect condition whenever you need to use them. No caking—no stickiness . . . To accomplish this the most progressive manufacturers—a few of whose names and brands you see above—are sealing their products with the Amerseal Cap. They have found it absolute protection against evaporation or leakage—against the slightest loss in efficiency. And because the Amerseal Cap has no threads to gum, freeze or cement to the container, it is delightfully easy for you to use. Moreover, because the Amerseal Cap is so speedily applied in the factory—three or four times as fast as other types of closures — its superior qualities add nothing to the cost of the package. Make sure then, when you are buying fine polishes for leather, woodwork, automobiles, pianos, for silver and other metals, that the Amerseal Cap tops the packages you purchase.

A quarter turn to the right applies the Amerseal Cap. The lugs, formed to fit the contour of the glass threads, draw cap down and effect a tight uniform contact *around complete top edge of the container finish.*

MANUFACTURERS: To secure full information about Amerseal Caps fill in and mail coupon below!

AJ8

Would like detailed advantages of using Amerseal Caps on our packages.

Name_____

Address_____

We manufacture_____ and put out about_____packages per year. Under separate cover we are sending empty samples of our packages.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation
LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK • TORONTO, CANADA

The Chronicle

of 8 sheets that REFUSED to wear out!

In 1919 Mrs. Rogers had 20 new sheets, 11 of them Pequot.

In 1924 only one of the other 9 sheets had survived—all of the 11 Pequots in perfect condition.

In 1930 after eleven years' use, 8 of the Pequots still in service.

"Eleven years ago, when I was buying my first linens for my own home", writes Mrs. H. E. Rogers, 527 Eldorado Street, Klamath Falls, Oregon, "a drygoods merchant recommended Pequot to me as the best buy on the market.

"I purchased 11 Pequot sheets, and had nine of other assorted brands given me as gifts. At the end of five years, when counting linens, I found that I had only one of the other brands in perfect condition but *all* my own purchases.

"Now, after 11 years, I still have eight of my original Pequots—and they have had hard use; for I have two boys of school age."

Mrs. Rogers wrote this on the margin of a questionnaire which merely asked: "Which brand of sheets do you prefer? Why?" These questions had been sent out, by an independent research bureau, to 10,000 women all over America. A mother of nine sons, a hostess in Washington, nurses, brides—hundreds of women—all gave their frank opinions. Overwhelmingly, America's home makers voted—for Pequot!

And, in their friendly, grateful way, they told us *why*. First and foremost, they say, Pequot *wears longer*. Some letters spoke of ten, twenty, even *thirty-three* years' service from Pequot sheets and pillow cases!

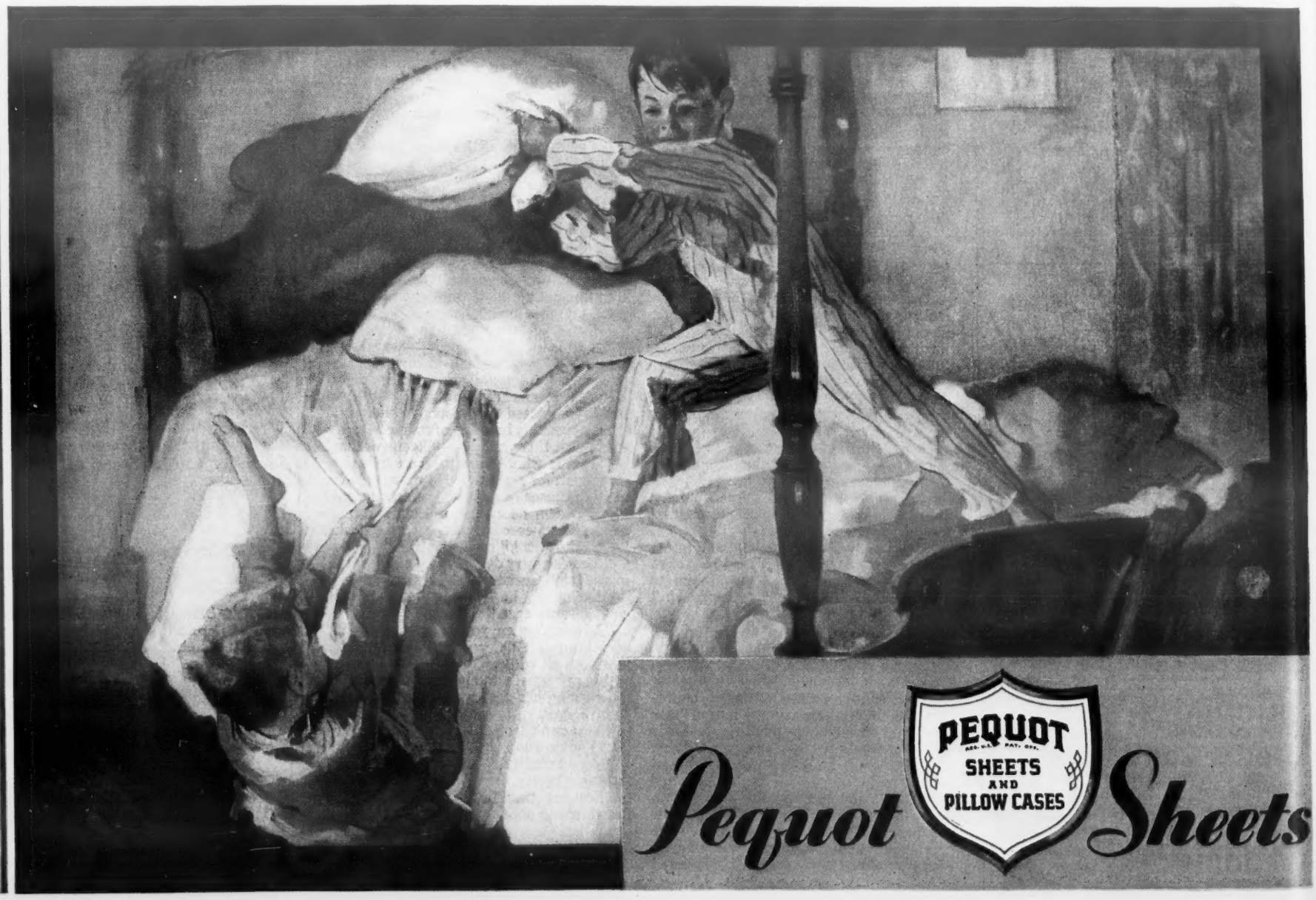
But they pointed out other important qualities in Pequot, too! "Pequots iron so smooth and even", "They stay white", "So soft and fine in texture", "They launder nicely"...With such advantages is it any wonder that Pequot has become America's most popular sheet?

Now, Pequot sheets and pillow cases can be purchased in seven lovely pastel colors—either white with colored hem or solid color. The colors harmonize with your blankets and spreads, and are guaranteed fast.

The next time you add to your supply of sheets, be sure to get *Pequot*, with the famous shield label. The Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass. Parker, Wilder & Company, Selling Agents: New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

• • •

The most popular sheets in America—because they wear longer!



(Continued from Page 99)

"That you're rather an amazing person, Christel. That I'm only just beginning to see what you're like."

It was the first time he had used her name. She had always been Mrs. Duncan before. It was also the first time that she had been favored with that intensely concentrated attention which said without words that he was choosing her, at least for the moment. She looked just puzzled enough to make a good audience. They had soup before them now. It was hot, and Christel was not sure what its action on lipstick might be, so she neglected it.

"I've always wondered a good deal about you," said Stanley.

Christel knew quite well that what he said wasn't true, but she didn't believe he knew that he was lying either. He was almost automatic. And yet it was almost impossible, just for a moment, not to believe what he said.

John Bolger, either slaked or stimulated by soup, was beginning again, having drawn her attention by passing the salt, which she did not need.

"I don't want you to misunderstand me. I recognize the fact that there are intelligent women in the world."

"One must hope so," agreed Christel.

"My point is that there's a difference in point of view. That's all. The man is more the scientist. . . ."

THERE was a great deal more of that. It went with the fish just as the tartare sauce did. But over the tenderloin of beef Stanley claimed her again. He seemed the more eager because it was steadily harder to break in on the rounded periods which John Bolger was beginning to turn out. And Christel, rising to the competition, felt prettier and more desirable and so became that way.

If there hadn't been a dip in the conversation, and she had not been helping herself to salad during one of those sudden lulls which happen at dinner parties, she would not have heard what Vera said to Stanley:

"Take her on if you like. She's a new one, and that's all you ever want. You think I care? Or would if I could help it?"

That was all Christel heard, one single passionate sentence, one suffering one, but it tore down her own jerry-built structure of amusement. The conversation rose then and drowned out what they were saying. She was talking to John Bolger again.

But the whole face of things had changed. It was still a gay dinner party, it was bright and beautiful, but there was no ignoring the fact that just under the surface lay all sorts of important and painful relations. This odd, repressed man beside her no longer seemed just comedy. What a queer lot of experiences he must have had to make him so mentally resistant to women, even though he could not take his eyes off a painted mouth.

AND this other man—she turned to Stanley and looked beyond his stubborn, irritated face into the utterly wretched one of Vera. How dreadfully she did care, past any hope of saving her face. Suddenly, as if she could not bear it any longer, Vera got up out of her chair.

"I've a telephone call to make," she said in an unnatural voice. "I'll just skip the pudding or whatever's coming."

Stanley went as far as the door with her and then came back.

"I wish you'd give me your undivided attention, Christel," he said in his most flattering way. "Don't let Bolger bother you so much. I want to really get acquainted with you tonight."

"We've been acquainted these many years," she said lightly.

"Not really. You've always had a wrong slant on me, I think."

"Have I?" asked Christel.

He smiled caressingly.

"What do you really think of me? That I'm as black as they paint me?"

"No—only a soiled white."

"That's good," he laughed. But she did not join him.

"Of course I'm sorry for you," she said.

That didn't seem to be what he expected her to say.

"Sorry? Why?"

She spoke steadily in a different tone.

"Because you're getting older and emotionally shabby. Because you are at the mercy of every woman in a lipstick mood. And because you don't know it when you throw away something real."

"THROW away what?" he asked, and his voice lost the caressing notes and became cold and resistant. "What do you mean by that?"

"Do you think," asked Christel, "that the feeling that Vera has for you is something that you can pick up everywhere? Do you think that very often a woman cares for a man past the point of her own humiliation? Why, she would forgive you anything. That's your luck. She'd take care of you. She wouldn't even see that your hair is getting a little gray."

He flushed.

"I don't know what on earth you're driving at."

"Oh, yes, you do."

"As far as Vera is concerned," he said with a touch of impetuousness that was like a rough place in his suavity, "don't think I underestimate Vera for a minute. Or possibly care less for her than she. . . ." He petered out into hesitation.

"Since you can't say that, you ought to be ashamed to act it," said Christel. "You'd better tell her so. You'd better marry her."

"That is our business, of course."

"Of course," agreed Christel.

As she turned once more she caught her husband's glance. He's going to make a scene when we get home, she thought.

"Perhaps we could find a quiet place where we could talk," suggested John Bolger, seeing that they were about to leave the dinner table.

That was triumph even beyond the rest. John Bolger usually avoided his dinner partners with distaste. But he could not find the quiet place. There was none available for Christel that night. Suddenly, ridiculously, and for no reason at all, she had become the vogue, the fashion, the center. She knew it didn't mean anything. It was all a trick, a trick of not being quite yourself and yet never forgetting that you were.

SHE went upstairs after a while and renewed the lipstick, and as she came down saw Vera and Stanley dancing in a corner of the great hall, dancing in reconciliation, slowly and almost tenderly.

"It's all right," said Stanley, as they passed. "I'm going to do exactly what you told me to."

He'll make her suffer, thought Christel, but then I guess it's worth it to her.

Someone asked her to dance.

It amazed her that on the way home Bradley said nothing. He seemed to be thinking and preferring to do it by himself. But when she was again in her own room, looking in the mirror which hadn't helped her much when she went out, he came up behind her.

"What got into you tonight?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"All right. Don't tell me. I don't care. Only tell me this." He swung her around until her face was close to his own. "Do you love me? Are you tired of me?"

Those questions were no boomerangs. They came straight to her to stay.

"Of course I do," she said. "Of course I'm not!"

He lifted her face.

"Take that stuff off your lips," he said, but this time it was a request and not a direction. "I hate it."

She rubbed it obediently away. For after all it had done its work and there was plenty more where it came from.

"Please tell me..."

JEAN CARROLL'S Column on Hair Beauty

"Stringy"—and unbecoming

Dear Miss Carroll: I read your article in Good Housekeeping and here I am asking for advice. I used to have naturally curly hair. I've let my hair grow long enough so that it ought to make curls on my neck, but it is not as nice as it used to be. It is very oily—"stringy" is the right word, and it's certainly unbecoming.—Miss R. P., Belgrade, Minn.

"STRINGS" instead of a cluster of nice little curls on the neck—this certainly calls for some kind of action. These over-active oil glands must be gently but firmly coaxed back to normal. Let's start your treatment with a shampoo especially made for oily hair—and that's very easy. You can go to the nearest drug store or department store and ask for Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo.

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is gently astringent—it tends to tighten up those relaxed oil glands and make them behave. It's a *gentle* shampoo—so use it every four or five days at first, or as often as your hair begins to look unbecomingly oily. Then massage your scalp for a few minutes every day. This brings the blood up to your scalp to act as a tonic. Between shampoos apply a little bay rum. These three simple rules are *bracing*—they'll tone up your scalp so that it should begin to be more normal in a few weeks.

"My hair flies about so"

Dear Miss Carroll: I have terribly dry hair. I can hardly keep it in place a minute. I go to High School and I'd like to have it look smooth and nice. It seems so untidy flying about all over the place.—P. M., Esperance, New York.

I KNOW that kind of hair! If it's long, little strands straggle down the neck, and hairpins slip out. If it's short it looks untidy. You didn't tell me what kind of shampoo you use, but I hope it isn't one of those that tend to dry out the scalp. You should use a *special* shampoo. So I suggest that you get a bottle of Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo especially made for dry hair. This is a pure vegetable oil shampoo containing soothing, softening glycerine. It leaves your hair softer, too, and easier to manage. (You know how soft glycerine and rose-water leave your hands.) Then get some oil of sweet almonds at any drug store, and with a medicine dropper apply it to the scalp—not the hair. Do this once or twice a week. Brush your hair every day with a good strong pull away from the scalp to wake up those lazy oil glands. (Get a brush with good bristles—not wire.) I've seen this treatment work for so many people, I'm sure it will help your hair too.

A treatment for dandruff

Dear Miss Carroll: Both my daughter and I have *bad* dandruff—all the crude oils and so-called dandruff cures seem to be of no avail. I don't believe one really *can* get at the dandruff germ with anything but water and lather! But shampooing, they say, is dangerous if done too often. How often should a shampoo be taken in such cases?—Mrs. M. A. S., Wethersfield, Conn.

DANDRUFF germs are such stubborn little things that the usual weekly shampoo doesn't make an impression on them. So don't let anybody convince you that frequent shampoos are dangerous. They're *necessary*. Get a cake of Packer's Tar Soap and shampoo your hair *every day for three days*. Packer's Tar Soap has been a standard treatment for dandruff—approved by doctors—for many years. (It's antiseptic, tonic in its effect, and dandruff germs get discouraged at the pine tar.) These three shampoos in a row ought to get your scalp into pretty good shape. Then shampoo two or three times a week—later once a week. As a very important precaution, wash your brush and comb with Packer's Tar Soap every time you shampoo your hair. Remember that dandruff is infectious—brushes and combs can cause re-infection.

This treatment is the best and safest that you can give yourself, and it ought to bring about a real improvement.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday morning.

LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

(10¢ for one; 25¢ for all three)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co. Inc. Dept. 7-H, 101 W. 31st St., New York

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked:

- ☐ **Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)**
- ☐ **Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)**
- ☐ **Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)**

I enclose.....cents (enclose coin, not stamps,—10¢ for 1 sample; 25¢ for all 3).

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

here's

health

for hot weather breakfasts!

—from Florida comes this winter fruit with winter vim for summer menus

YOU know what puts appetizing tartness and tingling vigor into your winter breakfasts.

It's grapefruit! And now you can have grapefruit—its thrilling flavor and health benefits—during sultry summer months when you crave it most.

For grapefruit from the vast Seald-Sweet and Mor-Juce groves—winter-grown, winter-picked and kept *naturally* fresh—is now "in season" every single month of the year!

Try it today for dinner—for tomorrow's breakfast. It brings you all the taste-surprising goodness, all the vitamins B and C of grapefruit that you'd prepare with your own hands.

Ask your grocer for FLORIDAGOLD—Grapefruit Juice or Segments. Then to serve, just chill and open—that's all.

With the firm, juice-plumped Segments, you can quickly make marvelous desserts, salads—simply scores of breakfast, lunch and dinner dishes that would tempt a king.

And with the clear, pure Juice, you can mix a long list of the finest thirst-chasers that ever graced a party refreshment tray... Or served straight, it hustles sleep from drooping eyelids.

When you shop, ask for FLORIDAGOLD by name. Be sure to tell your grocer whether you want the Juice or Segments—they come in separate cans. Have him deliver a half dozen, so that you'll always have plenty in your refrigerator for every emergency of the day.

FLORIDAGOLD CITRUS CORPORATION, PENOBSCOT BUILDING, DETROIT, MICH.

Both are grapefruit *from the same famous Florida groves. Seald-Sweet and Mor-Juce flavor and health benefits—in the* FLORIDAGOLD *package.*

The Shorn Lamb

(Continued from Page 21)

On her return to London she sounded an old friend of hers, Sir Hugo Bellamy, M.P. He knew the inner secrets of all the government departments.

"Atherton Drake! Let's see, a neighbor of yours, or rather, your sister's, in the New Forest"—he knew everything—"a brilliant chap. No success in the House. Oh, yes, my dear, he's come a mucker. Thought he could outwit everybody and lost his sense of values. That's the most charitable way to put it. Of course he had to clear out."

"But why?" Diana insisted. She was his neighbor at dinner.

"LET us say that he incurred the displeasure of the Foreign Office. If he had remained in the country they would have had to take action, and there would have been the very devil of a scandal. So the F. O. who, after all, have nothing to gain by stirring up mud, let him make his getaway. They dropped him a hint. In such cases they often do."

"But supposing the Foreign Office or the police want to get him, after all?"

"Suppose they did. If he's in a foreign country how can they? Political offenses are outside extradition agreements."

"But he can't set foot on British soil ever again?" she asked.

"Of course not. Are you sorry?"

She drew a sharp breath at the casual question. They were discussing Atherton. How could she regret his exile? But the pariahdom of Buddy was a different matter.

"I want to know the position. That's all. You see, one hasn't many first-class crooks among one's acquaintances."

Muriel gave her the name and address of Atherton's lawyers. She contrived an interview with Edgar Fry—pink, bald and benevolent. He received her with paternal courtesy. How could he be of service to Miss Merrow?

"It's this," said Diana. "It's vitally important I should get into touch with Sir Atherton—nothing to do with my sister, or the general fuss there seems to be about him—something quite private and apart. Can you give me, in confidence, his address?"

He smiled and raised a plump hand.

"I'm afraid not."

"Don't you know it yourself?"

"That's a question I mustn't answer, Miss Merrow."

"Would you forward him a letter?"

"No."

"That seems rather unreasonable, Mr. Fry."

MR. FRY expressed regret that no letters of any kind could be forwarded to Sir Atherton. He rang for a clerk and gave him a whispered order. The clerk presently appeared with a great tape-bound bundle of correspondence.

"You see, Miss Merrow, there's nothing personal in my refusal."

He rose, signifying the end of the interview. She laughed as she shook hands.

"You've been perfectly charming, Mr. Fry. When I'm in difficulties I'll come straight to you. But you have given me one piece of information. You know less where he is than even I do. But I'm going to find him—and when I've found him I'll come and see you again." She smiled radiantly in the passage. "And then I'll give you the surprise of your life."

This declaration was not dictated by any impulse of a triumphant moment. If the man to whom she was so magnetically attracted could not set foot on British soil she, remaining on it, could not possibly meet him again; which was as logical a proposition as ever confronted woman. His curious message came from New York. In New York, or somewhere in America, could he be found.

Brotherton Drake, in fact, was as good as found.

Being a woman, however, she took into account the considerations which greatly mitigated the crudity of her resolution. For a long time she had vaguely contemplated the possibility of extending the business of Merro Ltd. to New York. Only recently had her trading account justified, in any slight degree, an ambition so fantastic. She had never done such a three months' trade. Pilkington, the invaluable, with a nose like a Périgord dog, could scent from London a truffle of an exquisite Renaissance piece buried somewhere in Westmoreland. He should soon, she decided, be rewarded with a partnership. . . . When she broached the question of a business trip to America, to spy out the land, he responded with enthusiasm.

And Buddy, expatriated and over closely shorn, had not the remotest idea how the wind was in process of being tempered to him through the obscure agency of a Mr. Pilkington.

XX.

FOR the first month of Diana's stay in New York nothing very much happened. Between the cold American business brain and the warm American personal heart there is the most yawning of all abysses. Socially she was successful. In business she had to confess to failure. She began to wonder what she should say to Pilkington. So much, however, for Merro Ltd.

For Diana Merrow, in search of the strange human being to whom, with or without reason, she had given her love, there was very little more to be said. Friends and furniture dealers passed before her eyes like shadows, pleasant and unpleasant. Behind the shadows lay the reality of purpose. She explored every kind of avenue possible to woman. She went round the shipping companies. There was not even an "A. Drake" on the first-class passenger lists.

Then one evening, a rare evening of New York summer rain that beat hard against the panes of her eighteenth-story window, the last picture of Buddy coming into the Sloane Street shop, hunted, dripping with rain, and going out again into the raining night, flashed across her brain with a new significance. She felt that she could kick herself for a fool. The lingering glamour of Sir Atherton Drake had blinded her to the fact that Buddy, fugitive from justice, would not travel in the blaze of first-class publicity. She started on her road again.

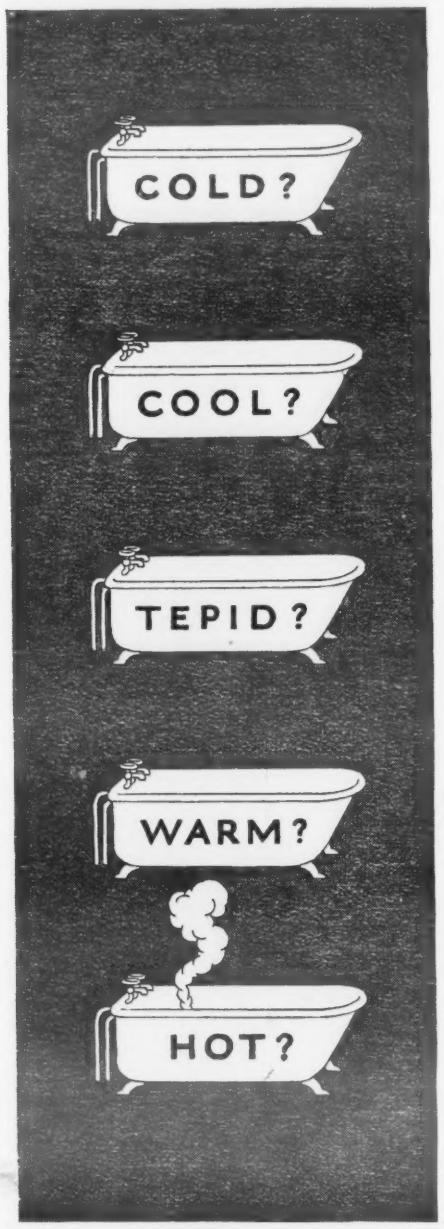
Then she got hold of him. The Homeric, Third Class; a Brotherton Drake arrived at New York the fourth of February.

But had she got very much further? She knew from his post card that he was in New York. Well, she had advanced a step. He had discarded the Atherton and assumed the reincarnation of his dead self. It was obvious that he had used his old passport. Flight had been easy; facilitated as her omniscient friend, Sir Hugo Bellamy had suggested, by the discreetly blinded eye of the Foreign Office.

HERE he was, at any rate, either in New York or somewhere in the United States, going about under his own name. After this knowledge she breathed more freely. He had cast off Atherton and his evil works. She was relieved, in her search, of the Atherton incubus. Plainer sailing lay before her.

But here she was too; a stray young woman in New York, unknown, save to her few acquaintances, very much alone and, when she thought deeply of her quest, exasperatingly helpless. To a human being in her quandary there was only one thing that could be dictated by

(Continued on Page 104)



What kind shall I take??

"I'VE just read the most *astonishing* booklet. And what do you think it was about? *Baths!*

"Imagine a book about baths being so interesting and so helpful, that you don't want a single friend to miss it! Well, I couldn't imagine it either . . . until I'd read it. Keeping us clean, it seems, is only one of the *many* important things that baths can do for us.

"When I think, for instance, of all the hard-to-wake-up mornings I have had, and the sleepy, 'no-account' forenoons; the evenings I have spoiled by being *inexcusably* dull and tired; the nights I've been too excited or nervous to get to sleep! And then when I realize that probably the right kind of baths would have saved many of those precious hours for me . . . well! . . . I can't tell you how sorry I am this little book wasn't published a long time ago . . . or how grateful I am to have it now.

"To say nothing of all the information it contains about baths to make one cool in hot weather, to take after hard work or exercise, to ease sore muscles, to help avoid colds, to sometimes wash away nervous headaches or spells of the blues.

"Cleanliness, of course, is something that everyone must have. Who, in this close-crowded and strenuous world, can deny it? But it's nice to know, and *why*, daily baths at the same time can do so much for us in the way of health, efficiency, comfort, and good looks.

"So I'm going to tell everyone I know, about this little book that is so full of surprising and useful information." And you will too, we're certain, when you've used the coupon below, and gotten *your* free copy of "The Book About Baths".

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock", or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test". These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. LHJ-3
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me *free* "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name.....

Address.....

Send for free instruction
"NEW METHOD" COSTUME ART SCHOOLS
c/o White Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send your free booklet telling how to have "More Clothes for Less Money"... and also the invitation to one free lesson at your nearest "New Method" Costume Art School.
Name
City
Street

A finer coat costs less when you understand

"NEW METHOD" COSTUME ART...

CAN YOU AFFORD the smartest, most expensive-looking coats? You can, once you understand "New Method" Costume Art! For even less, perhaps, than you are in the habit of spending, you can own a coat of the choicest material, the richest lining, the finest tailoring effects.

SO SURPRISINGLY EASY TO LEARN

We teach you *style* and *fit* and *color harmony* and all the easy, fascinating "tricks" of making clothes look just right. The art of glorifying yourself becomes real fun. Do not get old-fashioned sewing schools and "New Method" Costume Art mixed in your mind. New Method is for the busy modern woman of today.

WE TEACH YOU "NEW METHOD" FREE

In 127 cities throughout the nation, thousands of women are learning to be "Better Dressed at Less Cost".... under the personal direction of a specially trained staff. There is a "New Method" school in or near your city where the valuable course is offered FREE OF CHARGE to purchasers of White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines. That you may appreciate this great opportunity, we will send you an invitation that entitles you to one free lesson. Send for it! And if you are doing any sewing take it along . . . the instructress will give you valuable advice.

White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

© 1930, W. S. M. Co.

SINCE 1876 ~ THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

(Continued from Page 102)

common sense. She consulted an eminent firm of attorneys.

The result was a visit one morning from Mr. Nicholas Pyne.

He was a youngish, fat little man of dark complexion, inconspicuous attire and agreeable manners.

"Miss Merrow," said he, "as you see by my card, I represent the Runok Private Investigation Agency, and you were so kind as to make this appointment. In what way can I be of service to you?"

She motioned him to a chair in her small hotel sitting room.

He took out a notebook and pencil. Diana felt rather foolish.

"I want to find a man."

"A man," said Mr. Pyne politely. "What kind of man?"

She laughed and outlined her quest. A third-class passenger, named Brotherton Drake, had landed early in February from the White Star liner Homeric. He had left America last October, after a residence of nearly ten years, during which time she believed he had been an actor in touring companies all over the United States. An Englishman? Yes. Age? Appearance? She replied to the best of her abilities. Could she give him any references—dates, places—concerning Mr. Brotherton Drake's movements during his ten years' stay?

SHE couldn't. More than ever before did the past life of Buddy come before her as a bank of mist and mystery. All she knew was Horatio Flower's report of Buddy's apology for his life.

"That's all I can tell you," said Diana.

The days of June crept on, with the heat of New York; and with them Diana's small acquaintance discreetly crept out.

She sat one late afternoon by the window in her sitting room. She felt tired and dispirited. She had nothing to do. Nobody seemed to have any use for her.

The telephone bell rang like a carillon in her ears, a direct and joyous summons from the outer world. The desk clerk announced Mr. Nicholas Pyne.

"Oh, send him up," cried Diana.

When the bell boy introduced her visitor, she went forward with outstretched hand.

"I've been wondering for days whether you had any news. Have you?"

"I think so," said he, "but I'm not quite sure. Have you anything to do this evening?"

"Nothing," said Diana.

"Would you care to go to a movie?"

Her heart fluttered, as her mind leaped to a conclusion.

"To identify him?"

He nodded. "The picture's showing away over in Brooklyn. I think," he said diffidently, "you'd feel more comfortable if you didn't go alone."

Diana laughed. "You mean you'd like to take me to the movies?"

"Mrs. Pyne and I would."

"That's very charming of her."

"NOT a bit. She's one of the firm. An unofficial member. She inspires confidence without asking for any. I think you'll like her, Miss Merrow," he said with a little mixture of wistfulness and assurance.

"I'm sure I shall. What's the picture?"

"The Daughters of Mammon."

Diana sighed. What was Buddy Drake doing in such an awful galley?

"Is he mentioned by name?"

"If he was billed as Brotherton Drake, Miss Merrow," Pyne had replied, "I shouldn't ask for your coöperation."

Diana found herself in the middle of the front row of the slightly raised balcony of a vast sloping auditorium, which was rapidly filling with its audience. The house was beautifully lit with subtly changing lights. She looked at the program which a gayly uniformed girl attendant had slipped into her hand. It announced a variety entertainment before the film of The Daughters of Mammon. She scanned the items with less interest than irritation. All that to be gone through before the picture!

The curtain rose on a terraced mass of dancers, who went through the Ziegfeld and Tiller convolutions.

Diana, wearied with suspense, gave little heed to the stage. Her program announced three or four more items. Her eye wandered round the dim house.

When a ripple of laughter drew her attention to the entertainment she became aware of a little man in a modified clown's costume trying to set up a small steel-legged table covered with a black cloth. As soon as he turned his back, the table collapsed flat. The same happened with a tall black cabinet on wheels which he pushed from the wings. In essence it was the clown's classical business, old as the hills yet ever appealing. It was done, too, with modern neatness. No sooner had he set the table on its feet and run to pick up the collapsed cabinet, than the table flopped flat. And vice versa.

NOW, as he righted the cabinet, therefrom stepped a man vaguely Mephistophelean, in black tights, who snapped a finger at the fallen table, which immediately sprang up as if at attention, and then, turning, snapped again to secure the cabinet. That done, he plucked the conical cap from the clown's head, disclosing a mass of white hair. The cap flew up straight into the flies. The Mephistopheles drew from his person a large visiting card all phosphorescent, which he flicked toward the clown. It disappeared into thin air. But the clown put his hand to the back of his neck, as though struck, and drew from his collar a charred bit of cardboard which crumbled to dust in his fingers.

It was all done very quickly, before Diana had time to coördinate the strange little white-haired man with some vague picture of memory. She had seen him before somewhere. Not on the stage. She turned to Mrs. Pyne.

"Who are these?"

"Cyrus and Gaffarelli."

Gaffarelli . . . why, yes . . . and then, and then only, did she become aware of something familiar in the walk of the man in black. Her brain whirled in a wild surmise. Certainty came when he stood behind the table enveloped in light against a sudden background of blackness.

She gripped Nicholas Pyne's arm.

"My God!"

He had been watching her. "Am I right?"

"Yes. Quite right. That's Brotherton Drake."

SHE leaned back feeling rather faint. The air was stifling. Mrs. Pyne asked: "Do you want to stay out the turn?"

"No," said Diana. "I've seen enough. Let us get out."

In the lounge they sought the soda fountain. An iced drink revived her. She turned rather sharply on Nicholas Pyne.

"Was it necessary to stage this dramatic effect?"

"It was quick and conclusive, and saved a lot of unpleasant interviewing, to say nothing of the expense."

"But if you were sure?"

"I wasn't sure. I told you so. If you inquired of the management here, you'd find they had never heard of Brotherton Drake. He has taken the professional name of Cyrus Bendyke. We traced him through Professor Gaffarelli, who was once very well known in vaudeville, as a conjuror."

"Bendyke . . . is that the name?"

Pyne scribbled on a piece of paper.

"That's the name. And the address where he's staying at present. This theater, care of the management, would, of course, find him."

She put the paper in her bag.

"There is one thing I ought to tell you, Miss Merrow," said Nicholas Pyne,

(Continued on Page 106)

Many a Romance starts this way

•

Martial music and marching feet . . . "Inspection Arms," "Order Arms," "Fall Out." Cadets and Colonels . . . Sisters and Sweethearts melt into a brilliant throng. Then . . . Lovers' Lane . . . high above the tranquil Hudson. Snapshots of West Point.

•

A boy . . . a girl . . . on lichen-covered rocks. There's a picture for you! Keep priceless moments like this forever . . . snap them with your Kodak.

WHO said West Point is all drill and dress? Here, instead—a sunshine-patterned trail. Two adventurers, gay and carefree. Hands that touch. Eyes that meet. Romance in the making, priceless moments to be recorded.

For such is the way of a boy and a girl . . . and a Kodak.

Together they will find things to do and laugh over. Together they will "make memories" . . . and fix them forever in lifelike snapshots to prize a whole life through.

It's fun to Kodak, of course. But there's more than fun involved. Romance, perhaps. Pride . . . and tenderness. Successes, little and big, to be set down. And always that priceless thing . . . perpetuation of moments that can't be lived again. Kodak keeps them all.

There is, or has been, a camera in nearly every household. Get yours out. Have it handy . . . carry it with you. Countless things you can put in pictures that you never can put in words. Things you want to remember. Things you want to keep.

Today Kodaks sell for as little as $5. Brownies as low as $2. Kodaks Petite, at $7.50, with case, are the size of a dainty purse—and as much a part of the smart feminine costume.

Wherever you buy your Kodak . . . there are dealers everywhere . . . you will find the always dependable Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box. It gets the picture . . . this film. Gets it with a clarity and fidelity all its own. Rely on it . . . to simplify picture making, to insure a higher good-negative average . . . clear, crisp prints.

Yes, get out your camera, or get a new one. Many picture opportunities are calling. Don't let them slip by. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

• • •

The camera at right is Pocket Kodak Jr. No. 1, for 2¼x3¼ pictures, $9; with case, $11. No. 1A, for 2½x4¼ pictures, $10; with case, $12.50. Available in blue, brown, black and green.

TANGEE

From this one lipstick . . .
Your true natural color

Touch Tangee to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling eyed Brunette! At first nothing seems to happen. Then slowly, into your lips begins to creep the rose-blush color that is Nature's own glow of lovely youth!

For this is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes on your lips to blend with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion!

Tangee never gives an artificial greasy make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, heals and protects.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. L.8
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from Page 104)

drawing her away from his wife, "something that may be serious. The New York police aren't such fools as they're made out to be in detective stories, or on the first page of newspapers. They know a lot. They know a lot about Mr. Brotherton Drake. What it is they won't tell me. If they would, I'd tell you. I'm asking no questions, in case you know anything yourself; it's my duty to warn you."

Diana stood rigid. The impossible, irresponsible man was then in danger, here in New York. She said:

"In that case, I must see him tonight. At once. He's in this building. How can I manage it?"

"His turn is nearly over by now. Give him a few minutes to change and we can meet him by the stage-door entrance."

"We?"

"Mrs. Pyne and I. Do you suppose we'd leave you all alone in Brooklyn?"

He smiled. She responded.

"You're a couple of dears," she said.

So they went out of the achingly brilliant light into the comparative gloom of the street, and eventually up a dim, close alleyway toward the end of which was the stage door. And there they waited. All kinds of people trickled out. At last two figures emerged, one tall, one short. One had a bunch of white hair beneath a jaunty, soft felt hat. The other was unmistakably Buddy Drake.

Diana rushed forward from the side of the wall and confronted him in the wedge of light from the open door. He fell back, stared at her, cried foolishly, "Diana!" and then swept her up in his arms.

XXI.

THE Pynes faded down the alleyway. Tonio withdrew into the dimness beyond the shaft of light. When mutual release happened, the two actors in the impulsive scene regarded each other foolishly, though their eyes still shone.

"It's you, of course. But it's amazing," he cried. "What are you doing here?"

"Looking for you—what else? Or rather," she corrected herself, "I came to New York on business and thought I might as well look for you."

"You've found me right enough. Though how . . . it's more than wonderful."

"I have some friends who helped me." She looked around. "They've gone." She made toward Tonio, holding out her hand. "This is Professor Gaffarelli, I think. Your private secretary."

"Now my partner."

Tonio uncovered his white head and bowed over the lady's hand.

"I suppose you were in front," said Buddy. "Yes? Well, you've seen how a man, in Life, can play many parts." He broke off and seized her hands. "This is more than wonderful."

Tonio approached, again raising his hat.

"Forgive me if I leave you, Miss Merrow. I go home. No doubt you would like to have some conversation with"—he paused, smiling—"Mr. Bendyke."

He bowed and walked off at a smart pace. Diana and Buddy followed him more slowly. He took her arm and walked close to her.

"Why have you been trying to find me?"

"I think I've made it pretty obvious to everybody. Except you, perhaps."

HE SAID: "My dear, I'm dazed. I've loved you and dreamed of you and wanted you ever since the first day I met you. But you? How could I tell? How can you reconcile me with the man I was?"

"Because you weren't," she said.

He checked her abruptly, struck by a note in her voice.

"What do you mean?"

"You weren't, you aren't, Atherton Drake. You're Brotherton Drake, generally known as Buddy Drake. Atherton's dead. You took his place. I know all about it."

Buddy stood silent for a moment.

"I've only told two people in the world," he said in a low voice. "Horatio Flower and Tonio Gaffarelli. Tonio couldn't have told you."

"It was Horatio. He had to. I guessed. Muriel guessed. Bronson almost guessed. Any fool knowing you would have guessed. Not that you were Brotherton—but at any rate that you weren't Atherton. You gave yourself away all over the place. What time is it?"

"Half-past nine."

"We'd better get back to New York and get things straightened out," she said decisively.

She hailed a taxicab.

That was the first of their many meetings, their many talks, their many confidences, their many seekings for escape from a great Dilemma, their many searchings of heart and conscience.

Buddy, as far as he could be aware, threw open all the doors of his past life.

He explained Tonio. What else could he have done than turn him into a British Grenadier?

IT WAS to Tonio now that he owed his means of livelihood. He had landed in New York almost as penniless as he had landed in England. A certain sum he had taken from Atherton's funds to keep Tonio and himself from starvation. They had lived cheaply, more or less as he had lived in the old days, while they had invented and perfected their conjuring act. At first they had earned very little. Eventually Tonio had found a former friend and manager in authority at the Brooklyn cinema theater. This had been their first week of big money. They had made a hit. An agent was booking them a tour.

Why the professional name, Cyrus Bendyke? He had proclaimed himself as such to the mysterious Chrysolos whom he had so exultantly fooled. Should the Greek, unsatisfied with his barren vengeance, trace Atherton across the seas, he must again come upon Cyrus Bendyke, the American actor whom he knew was not Atherton Drake.

His flight from England? He had been driven by fear. Cold, awful fear. For the first time in his life he knew what it meant to be shadowed.

The voyage had been a nightmare, the landing in New York a sickening terror. Then, finding himself free and unquestioned, it dawned on him gradually that the Foreign Office and Scotland Yard might possibly have been glad to get rid of Sir Atherton Drake.

To Diana much of his story, or rather the story of Atherton and Buddy's impersonation of Atherton, was an extravaganza indubitably true. The cipher, the untraceable account in the Lothbury Bank, Chrysolos, all belonged to the realm of the fantastic.

SHE questioned him as to his affairs, or rather those of the presumably living Atherton in London. Buddy shrugged his shoulders. As far as he knew they were doing quite well. Dividends from the various investments were pouring automatically into the Hanover Square bank, swelling the current balance whereby the bank was greatly profiting. That balance also must have been swollen by the proceeds of the sale of Newstead Park.

The Park Lane flat was shut up.

Before leaving England he had sent Edgar Fry the two thousand pounds due to him under Atherton's will. He prided himself on the ingenious anonymity of the payment—two £1000 notes which he had put into a registered envelope and posted.

Their talks were spread over many occasions. Usually they took place in Diana's sitting room. For the first few days Buddy's time was limited. At the Brooklyn theater they gave two full shows a day. Then Buddy and Tonio had a fortnight

(Continued on Page 108)

Nonspi
AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

Keeps Your Armpits Dry and Odorless

THERE is no excuse in allowing armpit perspiration to discolor and ruin your clothing, and its disagreeable odor to humiliate and embarrass you.

More than a million men and women keep their armpits dry and odorless and protect their clothing with NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) used, endorsed, and recommended by physicians and nurses.

NONSPI destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation — and need be used on an average of but two nights each week.

You, too, can have dry and odorless armpits and save your clothing. Get a bottle of NONSPI today. Use it tonight. Use NONSPI the year around—spring, summer, fall, and winter.

Your Toilet Goods Dealer and Druggist has NONSPI at 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer

Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply).

The Nonspi Company
2628 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.

For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of NONSPI

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Send for FREE sample

HIS FOOD

Keep your dog well and happy by feeding him properly. He will thrive on Chappel's Ken-L-Biskit...the golden cakes of energy...entirely different in composition . . . packed full of the food elements vital to the dog.

Sold everywhere. Ask for Chappel's Ken-L-Biskit. Made by the makers of Ken-L-Ration.

CHAPPEL BROS., Inc.
82 Peoples Ave., Rockford, Ill.

KEN-L-BISKIT
THE GOLDEN CAKES OF ENERGY

$2 to $4 an Hour is Easy

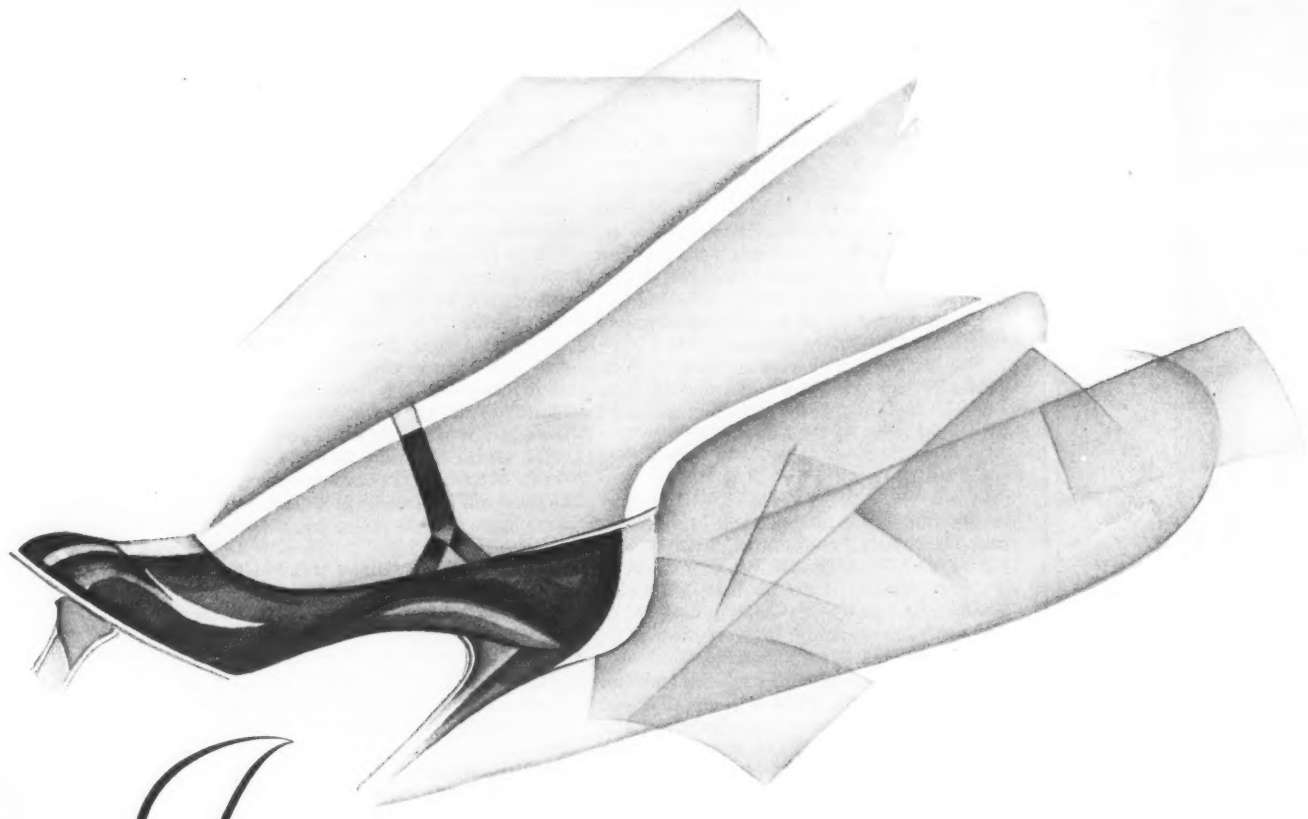
Make money with **Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments.** Our magnificent Assortment contains 21 high grade Christmas Greeting Cards and Folders, each with an envelope. Steel engraving, water color printing, sparkling metallic, gold and silver effects, panelling and bordering. Sells for $1.00, costs you 50c. **All Shipping Charges Prepaid.**

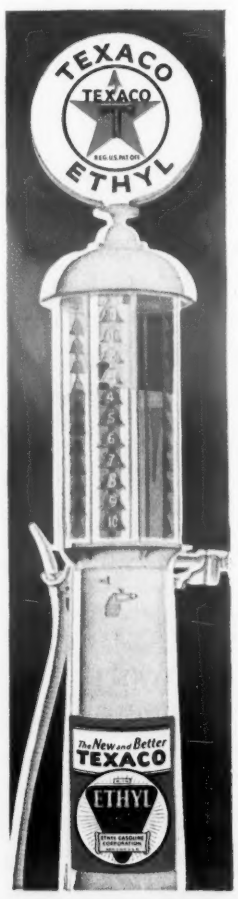
Write immediately for particulars and free samples.

Supreme Greeting Card Co. 99 Broadway, Dep. J Cambridge, Mass.

Liquid Silmerine Makes Hair Beautiful

Applied to finger waves, the permanent or marcel, makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain so for days. Helps remove dandruff and oiliness. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, orderly. Good for men, women and children. All drug & dept. stores.





IF YOU'VE EVER "STEPPED ON THE GAS"—

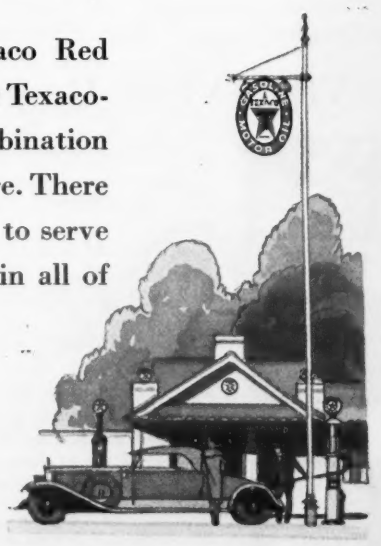
YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

TEXACO-ETHYL

It's a new motor fuel that keeps cars running as quietly as your own footsteps on a Persian rug. It's a new "dry" Ethyl Gasoline different from all other Ethyls.

And here's why it's different. Texaco-Ethyl is more dependable and smoother in action . . . real differences to be enjoyed indeed! The Ethyl compound itself cannot perform miracles. It's the gasoline base that makes the difference in Ethyls. The better the fuel you begin with the better the resulting Ethyl Gasoline. Only the *new* and *better* Texaco, the original "dry" gas which vaporizes instantly, can give you Texaco-Ethyl. This new "dry" anti-knock gasoline permits complete and uniform diffusion of Ethyl through the manifold into the cylinders. It is creating higher standards of speed and power.

Today, stop at the first Texaco Red Star with the Green T and ask for Texaco-Ethyl. It's the only Ethyl combination which tourists can buy everywhere. There are 40,000 Texaco dealers ready to serve you promptly and courteously, in all of our 48 States.



Women Drivers are Safe Drivers
Statistics indicate—24% of the licensed drivers in the U. S. A. are women, yet they are involved in only 6% of all automobile accidents.

The Texas Company, *Texaco Petroleum Products*

TEXACO-ETHYL

TEXACO *the original* "DRY" GAS + ETHYL *nationally famous* ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND = TEXACO-ETHYL THE "DRY" ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

© 1930, The Texas Co.

Good Housekeeping Institute

You'll want the *New* VOSS

IT CLEANS BY THE HAND WASHING METHOD

HAVEN'T you always wished for a washing machine that would clean as gently and thoroughly as you do when you wash by hand? The New VOSS does just that! And it is the only washer that has the marvelous, patented *Floating Agitator*, the mechanical device which duplicates hand washing action, in all its gentle thoroughness.

With a VOSS it is *never* necessary to separate even the daintiest, most delicate lingerie or fine linens, to be washed by hand for fear of injury. Nor is it necessary to "rub" cuffs, collars, or even the dirtiest of clothing by hand to insure absolute cleanliness.

These common practices, with which women who operate the old type of washers are all too familiar, are unnecessary because the VOSS washing method *is the hand washing method* . . . just as gentle . . . just as efficient, as though you washed with your own hands.

Visit a VOSS Dealer

You Wash In Suds At Top

Voss Agitator Washes In Suds At Top

Dirt Always Falls To Bottom

He will gladly demonstrate the New VOSS. Note its beauty of line and finish. Check over the modern features . . . Porcelain enamel tub of large capacity . . . All movable parts fully enclosed and running in oil . . . Great Zeppelin-type wringer rolls . . . and other worthwhile modern features. But most of all, observe the exclusive Floating Agitator! See how it washes the *natural way* . . . in the clean active suds at the top of the tub . . . away from the dirt which settles to the bottom.

Before you buy *any* washer investigate the new VOSS . . . it is popularly priced.

"Washing Machine Builders Since 1876"

VOSS

VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

(Continued from Page 106)

out, their tour, somewhat sporadic as yet, not beginning till a date in July.

During the next week they saw each other every day. They surrendered themselves to the idyllic, seeking each other and rejoicing secretly at discovery. It was she, the woman, who discovered the more, in spite of Buddy's conviction that he had stripped his soul bare of any shred of disguise.

"If you want to see an absolutely naked fool," he said, "here you have one."

She lay back, her eyes melting. "Yet, somehow, a very dear and precious fool. I wouldn't change you for another wrapped up to the neck in wisdom."

WHICH was all very pretty but led to no practical line of contact. For each, being endowed with ordinary sanity, knew that before them loomed a future which, as far as lay in human power, must be jointly determined. Now and then she would tentatively refer to it, but he brushed her allusions aside.

So Diana yielded, and spoke no more of the future, which, when she was alone in her aerie, looking from her window at the bewildering towers of the vast and alien city, loomed however black and threatening, blotting out the far blue of the late June sky.

It was not so much a question of what would be the end, as of what was to be the beginning. When they emerged from this evanescent land of the fantastic, from what point of real existence could they start? There must be something to save the bloom from being brushed or blown away. What could there be in definite action, calm, deliberate action, to fix the ephemeral loveliness of their idyl?

She began to worry herself into sleepless nights, the effect of which she strove to hide from Buddy at their next meeting. And so there came a day when she noticed lines around Buddy's eyes and at the corners of his lips, and signs all but imperceptible that with him, too, the dream was beginning to fade into a despair.

They had arranged a jaunt—this time to Coney Island, which she had never seen; Tonio to be their companion.

Buddy and Tonio entered.

"What lovely punctual people!"

They smiled at her gay greeting, but she was quick to detect anxious faces.

"What's the matter? Tell me."

Buddy told her. The agent, Bernheimer, had let them down badly over the tour. Instead of being continuous, their engagements—only penciled as yet, with no signed contracts—were for odd weeks here and there, spreading through several months. Bernheimer had sprung the news on them by telephone that morning.

"MY POOR dears," said Diana, looking from one to the other. "What are you going to do about it?" She hesitated for a second or two. "Do you feel like Coney Island?" They didn't. "Neither do I," said Diana.

"I must go and see the brute, my dear," said Buddy.

"I'll keep Tonio till you come back," said Diana.

On such a little decision was to hang the fate of all three.

For the first time Diana and Tonio found themselves alone together.

"This," she said, "must be an awful blow to Buddy."

He did not reply for some time. Then he said earnestly: "Miss Merrow, perhaps it is a good thing for Buddy, a blessing in disguise."

His tone startled her. "How?"

"Do you think Buddy is a happy man? How can he be when he loves you and you love him?"

She looked deep into his kind dark eyes.

"Tell me," she said.

"We know Buddy, you and I. He is capable of all follies—but not really bad follies. An impulse, an adventure occurs to him, and so long as it hurts nobody—well, he can't resist. It's his nature. But also he is sensitive, generous, loyal. He lives clean; always has. It is right I should tell you this. He is a dear, good, good man, and"—he paused and bent down in front of her, touching her shoulder and looking into her eyes as he spoke—"he is going through hell."

She said, her face set: "Yes. I'm beginning to realize it. And it's up to us to follow him."

"That," said Tonio, "that is beyond me. That is for you. I can only tell you about Buddy. He is a man without a name, without a country. I know everything. If he went back to England as Atherton Drake he would be arrested for—for what?—treason. In his own real character, Brotherton Drake, he is a criminal. If all were known, your police could come right here and arrest him."

"I know," said Diana tonelessly. "It's an insoluble mix-up."

"My dear lady," said Tonio, "that's not the question. We are dealing with Buddy himself as a human being who suffers. Look. Let me talk. If he was a man of no account, like me, without any ties, just a bit of mud thrown up by the sea, it wouldn't matter. But he isn't. He has you. He is hunted—a criminal without any home, without a sure way of making a living. What can he hope for? For himself, as I've said, what does it matter? He has starved in his time, and God has pulled him through. So it may be again. But you? He and you are one now. What are you going to do?"

SHE rose and drew herself up and, even in his emotional state, he saw that her face had gone suddenly white.

"You think there is only one thing for him to do—for his real happiness? For mine—for our future?"

He knew that she understood, and moved away with a vague gesture of assent and a whisper:

"Yes."

She swayed for a moment or two. Then, white and shaken, she crossed the room and clasped Tonio's head between her hands.

"He's a real man, Tonio, isn't he?" she cried rather wildly.

"A real man," said Tonio.

"Then he shall do it. We'll do it together, he and I. The next boat home. And you, too, Tonio. You're part of us."

Buddy came back dejected.

"Well?" she asked.

"You know your Merchant of Venice. 'You may as well use question with the wolf,' and so on. It's about the end."

He threw himself into a chair. Diana knelt beside him.

"I've been talking with Tonio. It's not the end, but a beginning. There's only one thing in the world for you to do."

He looked at her haggardly. "I know what you're going to say. Go back and face the music—the whole jazz band."

"How did you guess?"

"I know what any decent man or woman must think of me. But suppose I do. How's that going to help things—except from the point of view of my own private conscience? What about you?"

She sat back on her heels, her whole youth taut before him.

"Me. I don't count for much. But, anyway, I'll face any kind of old music with you for the rest of your life."

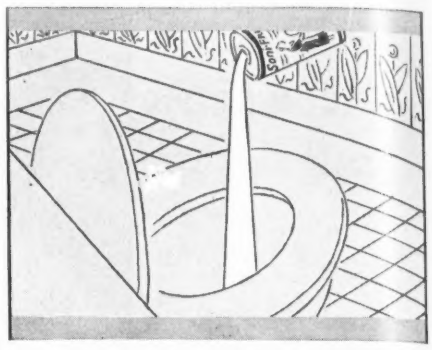
Tonio went to the open window and looked out at the magic city. Presently he felt his shoulder in a strong grip. He turned and saw a new Buddy.

"We're going to Coney Island, after all. We're going to have a hell of a time."

XXII.

NOT long afterward they sailed from New York, booking their passages under the names of Sir Brotherton and Lady Drake. They must sail

What could be simpler?



SPRINKLE a little Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can and flush. That's the modern, sanitary method of performing what used to be the most unpleasant household task.

And Sani-Flush does a more thorough job than the old-fashioned scrubbing. The bowl is made as white as snow. All germs are instantly killed. All odors are eliminated. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is cleansed and purified.

Try Sani-Flush tomorrow. Sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO *—a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITH-OUT SCOURING

The towels that dry your hands thoroughly are

BOOTT TOWELS

LOWELL MASS.

MAKE MONEY with MASTERGUILD Cards Increase your income! Sell Christmas Greeting Cards—full or spare time. You can make big money—no experience needed. They Sell Themselves. Unusual designs and splendid craftsmanship create instant sales for you. Merely show handsome portfolio of Christmas Cards and envelopes, and take orders. Your pay daily in advance. No money required, we furnish everything. Master sample outfit FREE. Guild Studios, 223 W. Madison St., Dep. B-64, Chicago, Ill.

Maternity Style Book Free

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 51 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

TURN YOUR SPARE OR FULL TIME INTO MONEY

With our Christmas Box Assortments which contain 21 Cards and Folders in dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing, tipped-on illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and deckle-edged folders—every card and folder with an artistic harmonizing envelope. SELLS FOR $1.00—COSTS YOU 50c. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES. If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and FREE SAMPLES. WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 18, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

Clark's Famous Cruises

Select clientele; most and best for your money.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise, Jan. 31 $600-$1500

Frank C. Clark, Times Building, N. Y.

See . . . it's Simplicity itself!"

A few effortless seconds and your "BTC Hostess" set is ready—for bridge or any other occasion requiring extra table and chairs. For the "BTC Hostess" set is staunch simplicity itself—so much *easier* to set up than to rearrange the whole room—and so much more attractive.

The artistry of its rich colors and pleasing patterns—you have eleven modern color creations to choose from—and its graceful slenderness of line enhance the charm of the best-appointed living-room. The chairs, generously proportioned and fully padded, assure an evening of relaxed comfort.

The party over, the "BTC Hostess" set is folded and stored away in a jiffy—out of sight until needed again.

THE BREWER-TITCHENER CORP.
180 Port Watson St., Cortland, N. Y.

MILTON C. WORK, now broadcasting bridge lessons over WEAF under the sponsorship of the manufacturers of Bridge and Congress Playing Cards, says:

"I unhesitatingly recommend the 'BTC Hostess' Bridge Set because I have found that it offers the maximum in artistic appearance, dependability and comfort."

Milton C. Work

Surprise! *Surprise!*

You'll get a real one when you learn about our money-earning plan! You'll realize then, that the charming clothes and the spending money you want may be yours. For all details, write

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
855 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Get a 10-Cent Packet of
Moore Push-less Hangers
and learn how easy it is to hang up framed pictures and wall decorations. 4 sizes. All Dealers.
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia

Hotels Need Trained Women
Nation-wide demand for trained women; all departments, hotels, clubs, apartment hotels; uncrowded field; fine living; quick advancement. Our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for FREE BOOK, *"Your Big Opportunity."* LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Room CM-597, Washington, D. C.

A WOMAN'S BUSINESS
HOME-MADE CANDIES
New field for women, unheard of ten years ago. Profits from kitchen, earn while you learn. Candies sell at four times their cost. *Write for free book, illustrated.*
Capitol Candy School, Dept. E1965, Washington, D.C.

DOEHLA'S CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS ARE MONEY MAKERS
Sell 21 card $1 assortment in spare time Also personal greetings. Supremely beautiful designs and lined envelopes. Finest sentiments. Cards sell on sight. Start earning now. Write for unique plan and samples. Harry Doehla Co., Dept. L-5, Fitchburg, Mass.

HELP WANTED
MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME - WRITE
INDIVIDUAL STATIONERS, CORRY, PA.

under true colors from the start, said Diana.

It was she who had insisted on their marriage. She had put forward arguments so cogent that Buddy was compelled to yield. At first he had resisted stubbornly, stirred by every instinct of conventional honor. He knew and she knew to what shame and disgrace he, of his own free will, was heading.

"If you think I'm too feeble to stand it," said Diana, "you'd better tell me now, and we'll have done with it once and for all."

THIS was unanswerable. To him she gleamed a faultless radiance sheltering him from the dark wrath of God.

He fell back on his second line of defense. There would be imprisonment. Separation. That alone made marriage impossible.

"What do you suppose would be for my greater happiness?" she asked him. "To wait for you, as a girl, eating my heart out for you, with no real bond between us—or as your wife, with all its pride of responsibility? And supposing there was a child. Wouldn't that be a joy and a help to us both?"

She stood before him, superb and glowing.

"What else have you got to say?"

He was dumb. What could man say? She laughed, as his arms closed around her.

And so they were married and Tonio was best man. She posted announcements to her friends in America a few hours before the boat sailed.

Tonio, as she had decided, accompanied them. Merro Ltd. was understaffed. Pilkington must find a corner in which Tonio, keen and intelligent, could be of great service. Tonio could also help her to face the music.

Her last few days in New York whirled by in sudden activities. Dealers who had hitherto held her in some suspicion, approached her with business propositions. Thus the financial prospects of Merro Ltd. were greatly brightened. The firm could well afford to look after Tonio, whose future had been, at first, Buddy's chief concern.

THE Aquitania was full, it being the season of the great American pilgrimage to Europe. The three sat together at an obscure corner table in the immense saloon; but except at meals Tonio was seldom with them. Buddy and Diana kept apart from the social life of the gay community. They were lucky in finding no personal acquaintance on board.

So they lived a strangely quiet, isolated and unmolested life. And for the two of them it was a life of intense happiness dignified by the tragedy which, hour by hour, they were inevitably nearing.

When nearing Cherbourg she stood with him, watching the shore, her arm in his.

"It's the last chance, Buddy. You can land here and be safe."

"What would I get out of it?" he asked.

"Your liberty."

"Possibly. But I should lose you."

She shook her head. "You couldn't—now."

"The outside of you would remain mine," he replied. "But the inside . . . the something that matters to me far more than life and liberty would be gone. You may say 'No' out of loyalty until you're black in the face. But I know. I've only one way of making good in your eyes—and in my own. Then, please heaven, we'll see life in the same focus. It may be an optical delusion, but so long as we're both deluded and both satisfied till the end of things, we'll be happy."

When the gangway was drawn up from the tender and the engines of the great ship began to throb again, she drew him away from the side.

"If you had got off I should have gone with you—with a load off my heart. But it would only have been light for a week. Now I thank God you didn't."

At Southampton, amid preparations for landing, a middle-aged man, inconspicuously dressed, came up to Buddy and Diana.

"Sir Atherton Drake?"

"No," said Buddy, "my name's Brotherton. Sir Brotherton Drake. Here is my passport."

The man glanced at it and returned it.

"Could we have a few words together?"

"Certainly," said Buddy, and led the way to the great empty drawing-room. "Your name?"

"Inspector Moggeridge, of Scotland Yard."

"This is my wife, Lady Drake," said Buddy. "She knows everything that's to be known, which is a lot more than you can say, inspector. Do sit down."

"I have a warrant for your arrest, as Sir Atherton Drake," said Inspector Moggeridge. "You left England for America in January under a false name—Brotherton. Those are our instructions. It was thought in certain quarters that you wouldn't return to England. I needn't go into details. But when we got word from the New York police that you were coming back, also in a false name, we were bound, under the circumstances, to take action."

"WHY?" asked Buddy. "What are the grounds, or reasons or whatever you may call it, of your warrant?"

"Defense of the Realm Act. Communication with the enemy."

"But I'm not Sir Atherton Drake," said Buddy with a smile. "I'm his twin brother, Brotherton Drake, the heir to the title. Sir Atherton died last November."

The inspector stared at him.

"According to our information, it was Sir Atherton's twin who died."

"No," said Buddy. "That's where everybody's wrong. Sir Atherton Drake is dead. I can get you a hundred witnesses to prove that I can't by any possibility be Sir Atherton Drake. I can get them from all over America. Needn't go as far as that. Doctor Selous, of Harley Street, the great heart specialist, my brother's medical adviser, will tell you so, in five minutes."

"You may say so. It's not for me, for the moment, to doubt your word," said the inspector courteously. "But the whole thing is entirely incomprehensible."

"I suppose it is," said Buddy. "But listen. In a few words, this is what happened." He told him rapidly. "And my only reason for coming back to England is to give myself up for whatever the crime may be of impersonation."

The inspector was staggered by the unexpectedness of the criminal situation.

"That's my case," said Buddy. "What are you going to do about it?"

XXIII.

IT DID not take very long to convince the Treasury or that strange concatenation of authorities responsible for Crown Prosecutions which act under its name and ægis that Sir Atherton Drake was dead, and that all the King's counsel and all the King's men could not arrest him and put him on trial for his grievous offenses. In the establishment of his identity Buddy was triumphant. Through all his foolish years he had kept his papers—certificates of birth and marriage, his war papers, his precious Military Cross. His process of identification had its grotesque side in the horrified confusion of the eminent heart specialist, Selous, and the unsuspecting lawyer, Edgar Fry. The former, both privately, and afterward publicly at the trial, had to confess to being utterly deceived.

There then were Bronson, Horatio Flower, Professor Gaffarelli, to testify. Buddy's identification was a simple affair.

Sir Atherton Drake and his alleged misdeeds vanished from human ken after a sudden dazzling flare of publicity like that of a magnesium flash. But the case of Sir Brotherton Drake, who gave himself up to

(Continued on Page 111)

Clothes that touch Your Skin need Borax

WE DO want perfect cleanliness next our skins. Clothes washed as fresh and sweet as a May breeze and white as snowflakes. That's what BORAX means, every time you put it in your laundry water!

First, BORAX neutralizes the chemicals that in even "soft" water interfere with the cleansing action of your soap. No gray or yellow clothes—no specks—no sticky rim about the tub, when you use 20 Mule Team BORAX. And it has a thorough cleansing and deodorizing power of its own, sweetening and purifying everything it touches. Let BORAX make your washing easy—get a package.

An Excellent Mouthwash
With its definite deodorizing and purifying qualities, Borax is ideal for keeping the mouth and teeth sweet and clean. Just dissolve 1 teaspoonful of Borax in a glass of water and gargle night and morning. It's easy, pleasant and very inexpensive.
ONE POUND NET
20 MULE TEAM
PURE
BORAX
POWDERED

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 124
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name.....

Address.....

Carnation
"From Contented Cows"
SAFEGUARDED QUALITY
Besides meeting all Government standards, Carnation quality is specially safeguarded (1) by protection at source, through rigid supervision of herds and milking; (2) by scientific processing; (3) by thorough sterilization.
FOR COOKING
Home economists find that Carnation Milk improves the flavor and texture of milk dishes. Use in all cooking and baking; in cocoa and chocolate; as cream for coffee, tea, fruits and cereals.
Write for Cook Book and Baby-feeding Literature
CARNATION COMPANY
Oconomowoc, Wis.
Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.
STERILIZED
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK
Carnation
"From Contented Cows"
SAFE MILK FOR BABIES
The highest medical authorities approve Carnation Milk for infant feeding. It is nutritious, safe, uniform, and more digestible than cow's milk in any other form. Consult your physician for the proper formula for your baby.
DIRECTIONS
Carnation Milk is pure whole milk evaporated to more than twice the richness of ordinary milk. Adding 1 part water to 1 part Carnation makes whole milk that is still richer than ordinary milk. For cooking, drinking, etc., dilute with equal volume of water. As cream for coffee, etc., use undiluted. This milk will keep till opened; and for several days after if in a cool, clean place
NET WEIGHT 1 POUND
STERILIZED
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK

There's more behind this Label than a bright tin can

NOWADAYS, home economics experts are saying that high-quality evaporated milk is the best milk for cooking. Nowadays, great authorities on infant feeding are saying that high-quality evaporated milk is the best milk for babies.

The emphasis is on quality. Nothing can take its place in milk. So you see, with evaporated milk coming into greater prominence every day, how important it is to know what is behind the label of the milk you buy.

Look behind the red and white Carnation label. There you will discover Carnation's own farms, where scientific breeding is developing better cows, giving better milk—benefiting all the dairymen who supply Carnation's condenseries.

A trained corps of Carnation field men stands behind this label—men who guard Carnation quality at the source; who insist on clean cows, clean milking, quick cooling of the milk, and swift transportation to the condensery.

Behind this label, too, are Carnation chemists and laboratory technicians, accepting only pure, fresh milk; processing it in accordance with the highest standards of scientific knowledge and hygienic care.

Can you doubt that Carnation Milk must be *better* milk for all this watchfulness? Is it surprising that America's discriminating housewives buy more Carnation Milk than any other—or that this is the world's largest-selling brand of evaporated milk?

Look for "from Contented Cows" on the label. Let these words and the meaning that is behind them be your guaranty of the very finest milk that money can buy—for cooking, for baby's bottle, for use in place of cream.

"from Contented Cows"

A finer milk for cooking

In all cooking and baking, in cream soups and sauces, cocoa and chocolate, puddings and custards, enjoy the superior *cream-smoothness and butter-richness* that Carnation adds.

Use this double-rich milk in place of cream, too—for coffee, fruits, and cereals. It cuts cream bills two-thirds!

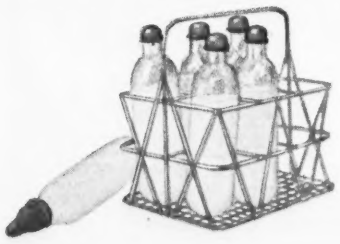
For a revelation of the goodness and convenience of Carnation try this amazingly simple recipe.

Carnation Cream of Tomato Soup

1 can tomato soup
1 tall (16-oz.) can Carnation Milk

Heat the milk and tomato separately. When ready to serve, *pour the hot tomato* into the Carnation Milk and serve immediately. This makes 4 servings of deliciously smooth, rich soup.

© 1930, C. Co.



Easiest for Babies to Digest

Carnation is just pure whole milk with only water taken out and *nothing* added. All the nutritiousness is left in. The highest authorities on infant feeding have found that Carnation Milk is *easier to digest than milk in any other form*, owing to the heat treatment of the casein and the "homogenization" of the butter-fat into tiniest globules.

Write for the new Carnation publication, *"Baby-feeding Simplified"*: also for the Carnation *Cook Book*. Carnation Company, 840 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.; 940 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash.; Aylmer, Ont. (Address office nearest you.)

(Continued from Page 109)

justice on all the counts that could be involved in impersonation, was reported, with or without journalistic embellishment, all over the English-speaking earth.

Then Buddy awoke, not one morning but after many miserable mornings, to find himself famous.

Perhaps if he had not confessed to the destruction of a will, the world's sympathy would have been with him. The actuality of Romance so seldom sweeps across a myriad heartstrings in a queer chord of music.

But he had made full confession. The will returned a few days before from the lawyers was among his brother's papers. Finding that he was not a beneficiary under it, he had destroyed it after noting specific bequests to individuals. These he had found means of paying.

Now, according to Anglo-Saxon tradition, a will is sacred, no matter how incredibly silly may be its provisions. To throw it into the fire is an act of sacrilege. More—it was common robbery.

THE question of this supreme avowal had been the subject of soul-searching discussion between Buddy and Diana, during the dreadful period between his commitment by the magistrate to the Central Criminal Court, when he was out on bail.

But there was the fortune, urged Buddy and Diana, the tainted fortune which, in the case of the will being presumed to have been destroyed by Atherton, would come to Buddy under the Intestates' Estates Acts. That, said Fry, was a matter of private conscience; one between a man and his Maker. He could only put forward the legal situation.

"And what," asked Buddy, "is the legal situation, when I have confessed to destroying the will?"

Edgar Fry didn't know. In the witness box he could only swear to the vaguest impressions left on the mind of a lawyer in busy practice. He could swear to a legacy bequeathed to a woman whose death was the occasion of his return of the will; to an annuity to the servant Bronson, and to the definite bequest of two thousand pounds to himself as executor. But as to the residue of the estate he could only state guardedly his impression that it was to be divided in some manner between the Conservative Party and the University of Cambridge for an endowment as to which he had no accurate recollection.

"And suppose you elect to give evidence on the contents of the will, Sir Brotherton, what can you say on oath?"

"Scarcely anything," said Buddy. "I took count of the two specific legacies to Bronson and yourself and paid them. As to the residue, beyond the fact of the Conservative Party and the tom-fool idea of a Platonic Academy, I'm far more vague than you are. So again I ask you what's going to happen to the money?"

"I give it up," said Edgar Fry.

SO DID the firm of solicitors into whose hands Buddy put his affairs after his private talk with Fry who, from a professional point of view, could not deal with them. And so did the counsel whom this firm retained after the Great Decision had been made.

"You can't administer a will that doesn't exist," said counsel. "Offhand, I should say that eventually the Treasury will collar the lot."

"That's the best solution yet," said Diana. "The country has lost something through Atherton's intrigues—what we don't know. Anyhow, we'll come out of it with clean hands."

That was the basis of their faith in each other and in the future. Buddy would make full atonement for himself and his brother. Nothing should be concealed. When his offense was purged he could stand up proudly before his fellow men, as a man who had done something; who, for an ideal of righteousness, had thrown away great riches.

"It would have smelt, it would have stunk to high heaven, my dear," she said, with all her body and love clinging to him. "Every bit of bread would have been moldy. We should have come to hate each other and despise each other like the beastly people who spend their lives between night clubs and the divorce courts. . . . Oh, Buddy, my darling, we'll come out so clean, you and I."

IN THIS, to Buddy, lay the ever-living wonder of her—her identification of herself in its vast and pure honesty with the dismal ineffectuality that he knew was Buddy Drake. In this, during the years to come, he was to find an ever-flowing fount both of solace and of inspiration.

Buddy was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Considering the manifold offenses against the law, it was the least punishment, said the judge, that he could inflict.

Buddy had expected it . . . perhaps more. It meant, with good conduct, three and a half years' imprisonment.

He bowed blindly to the wigged and red-robed judge and, with a wan smile at Diana, turned and with the warders went down the steps from the dock.

On counsel's application the court allowed Lady Drake to see her husband before he was carried off to prison.

They held each other close. She whispered sobbing words of comfort. Then the great whisper of all:

"I've never told you. I've saved it up for this day. It may help both of us. There'll be a child for us . . . in April."

Buddy is still in prison. He has found an old acquaintance in the prison chaplain who had been attached to his battalion for some months during the war. His official visits to Buddy are bright spots in his dreary and hopeless routine. He has not to minister ghostly consolation to Buddy. It is Buddy who sends him out of the cell with renewed hope.

"I can't quite get your point of view, Drake," he says. "You're going through hell."

Buddy acquiesces readily enough. But he tries to explain, in his tongue-tied English way, that nothing could possibly be more magnificent than going through hell with a proud and defiant soul. It was the only path to a victorious exit.

A LETTER arrived from Diana announcing the birth of a son. They had agreed, if it were a son, to call him Michael, after Buddy's father. The padre came upon him reading the letter for the twentieth time. There were many things of new loveliness and fresh marvel in the letter. Buddy, in his hideous prison clothes, sprang to attention.

"Good morning, Drake."

"Good morning, sir."

The door of the cell clanged. The padre said:

"Well how are things?" He smiled at the sight of Buddy's face. "They seem to be all right."

"All right?" cried Buddy exultantly, waving the letter. "They're more than all right. I'll tell you what, my dear fellow, I wouldn't change places with any angel in heaven. I've got a son. Michael. Michael and All Angels. Think of it!"

There was a span of silence. The careworn middle-aged padre, whose life had been one long unrewarded self-sacrifice, who had scoured the depths of human misery, stood away, with his head bowed. Then he lifted it, and Buddy saw his face irradiated by a smile of unforgettable wistfulness.

"At long last," said he, "it has pleased God to bless me with the sight of a happy man."

(THE END)

Write for Booklet and Samples

Booklet in colors offers many helpful decorative suggestions

SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING

For a dainty bed room

THIS graceful, floral motif expresses charm in every line—the delicate, soft tones are truly restful. One hundred and fifty designs and colorings are now available in Sanitas, the original cloth wall covering.

Do a room or two in Sanitas this Fall. You will find correct designs to match your present drapes and furniture. The transformation will not be expensive.

Sanitas is made of strong cloth, finished with a non-fading, waterproof and non-cracking surface. Clean it like woodwork, with a damp cloth.

Ask your dealer to show you the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Sanitas Sample Book containing the complete line of styles for every room in the house. Guard against substitution, look for the Sanitas trademark.

The Standard Textile Products Company

320 Broadway Dept. 1 New York

You Need Never Say—

"I Haven't a Thing to Wear!"

A TELEPHONE call that means a party . . . a white envelope that proclaims an approaching wedding . . . a note that invites you to go visiting.

How the invitations troop in—and how they start you looking through your wardrobe! Do you join the refrain of women who say "I haven't a thing to wear"?

Don't! For you can accept those invitations cheerfully when you know of our earning plan. You can earn the money for a new party frock, smart sports clothes and all the gay accessories that make you look—and feel "right." Eleanor Brown has earned $6.00—enough for a smart purse or a clever hat—in one day. Other women and girls—by the dozens and hundreds—earn in the same way. Won't you join them soon, by sending us the coupon for the details, today? You'll be under no obligations.

The Curtis Publishing Company
854 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how to earn my own money.

Name.....*Age*.....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

TODAY
even in the desert they stop for *the pause that refreshes*

AT KINGMAN, hot-spot of the Arizona desert, the big T. A. T. monoplane swoops to earth. Out come the passengers —to stretch, relax and find *the pause that refreshes*. The adobe station bakes in desert sunshine. But quickly they move inside —to inviting shade and a big ice-box filled with Coca-Cola. What a place for such a drink! » » » And yet nobody is surprised. They've found it everywhere across the continent . . . at Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York; at Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, Waynoka, Clovis, Albuquerque, Winslow. And they'll find it at the Grand Central Air Terminal, Los Angeles. » » » All the big passenger planes come down at intervals to let passengers put their feet on the ground. And ice-cold Coca-Cola, a-tingle with delicious taste and a cool after-sense of refreshment, is always there.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN—Grantland Rice—Famous Sports Champions—Coca-Cola Orchestra —Wed. 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.—Coast to Coast NBC Network

NINE MILLION A DAY

The Hostess

Conducted by NANCY OAKLEY

Lovely porcelain sea bowl and whimsical dolphin candlesticks designed by Waylande Gregory, sculptor. Courtesy the Cowan Potters, Inc.

THERE are usually, I'll admit, quite a number of days in August when it is very hard to get up much enthusiasm over the prospect of party-giving. Fortunately, however, there are parties *and* parties. And some kinds belong to summer, while others, just as surely, do not.

We can probably all think of certain hostesses who seem to have made a fine art of hot-weather bridges, luncheons, teas and evening affairs. To these enviable beings the type of entertainment is apparently quite immaterial. They plan and carry out one as easily, charmingly and effortlessly as the other, and because of the unstrained atmosphere they manage to create, their guests—even on the hottest evening—are literally magicked into feeling cool, unhurried and carelessly gay; which is, of course, the only mood possible for a successful August party.

Probably the two types of summer entertaining which are the best for most hostesses' purposes are the three-table afternoon bridge and the buffet supper. Of course there is a third kind, too—the picnic, either on foot or by motor—but this requires even more adept handling than the other two, and there isn't room this month to discuss it in detail.

In regard to this last type of summer festivity, I once heard an observant young matron remark feelingly, "Once in a blue moon you'll find a hostess clever enough to substitute charm for confusion in a picnic. Then she has one of the jolliest kinds of party known. But it's shockingly rare." And—alas!—it is.

First, then, let us consider the possibilities of the three-table bridge. Three tables seem a popular average for the summer card party, though of course any plans made for that particular number can always be stretched or curtailed to fit a larger or smaller group. But three tables, with their twelve players, requiring just a dozen of everything in the way of plates, cups and saucers, spoons, salad forks, iced-tea glasses, napkins, and so on, usually fit very conveniently into the table appointments of the average hostess.

One such party, which was not only very good fun in the double incentive to competition it provided, but produced a pleasant illusion of coolness on a hot August afternoon, was called by its hostess "Clipper Bridge."

The playing covers for the tables were of cool blue-green linen—the color of sea water somebody called it appropriately—and each had in one corner a tiny black silhouette of a clipper ship with all sails set done in appliqué.

PHOTO. BY CHARLES GARNER

Arctic relish dish with compartment for cracked ice. Courtesy R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co.

The hostess had traced the designs herself from the illustrations in an old book, and each had its name embroidered under it on the linen cloth—lovely, adventurous names brimming with romance to anyone familiar with a very colorful era of our merchant-marine history.

SHE had also cut silhouettes of the same ships from black paper and pasted them on plain white tallies—four alike, of course, for each table. She had even managed to find playing cards with somewhat similar ship designs on their backs, to carry out the idea as completely as possible.

In the old days of the tea trade with China, the clippers used to race each other home—across the Pacific and around the Horn, with their cargoes of tea—and the rivalry between them was excitingly keen. So now the hostess explained to her guests that each table represented the ship for which it was named, and that they were competing for highest score instead of fastest voyage.

Guests were to pivot at the end of every rubber, but not to progress from table to table. In other words their loyalty and best efforts were to be reserved strictly for the "home ship." At the end of every rubber the scorekeeper at each table must announce, for the benefit of the room, the combined scores—*winners and losers added together*—as that table's grand total to date. In this way all the players knew just how their respective tables stood in the race, as well as their rivals' tables, at all times during the afternoon's play.

To the table totaling the highest *combined score* of winners and losers for the entire period of play went the honor of winning the race, and a small chest—a hinged box covered with decorative paper in Chinese design—labeled T E A, was formally presented.

Inside this box were six very Oriental-looking packages of tea, one of which went to each player at the winning table, and the two remaining packages to the individual high-score holders at the other tables. The chest itself—a charming box for one's bureau drawer, to hold gloves, handkerchiefs or odds and ends—was awarded as an additional prize to the highest score among all the winners.

For the after-bridge refreshments, there was a deliciously cool and wholly original salad of bean sprouts with sliced oranges and a fruit salad dressing that had a spicy tang of real Chinese ginger. Served with this were dainty rice wafers, tall glasses of iced tea with slices of orange instead of the more usual lemon, and, for sweets, strange, tempting little crystallized Chinese fruits in blue Canton bowls. By the way, every guest there asked for and carried home in triumph the recipe for that bean-sprout salad, which is printed elsewhere on this page.

The same idea might be adapted with happy results to an August buffet supper to be followed by auction, contract or hearts. The Chinese touch in the menu could be carried still further by the introduction of a meat course in the shape of chicken chow mein. Shrimp chow mein is equally delicious for a main dish if one prefers fish, and, with the bean-sprout salad, tea, wafers and conserves, would form as substantial a supper as the average guest would wish on a hot summer evening.

From the same young married woman who planned the Clipper Bridge, I borrowed another interesting idea, and as it will probably appeal to those of you who have gardens—or are hoping to have gardens some day—I am passing it along for your consideration.

She had taken me out to look at her flower garden one afternoon, and after we had enthused together over the well-planned, colorful beds, she drew me down to the far end, where a narrow brick path divided flowers from their more practical vegetable neighbors.

To my surprise she seemed infinitely prouder of the latter.

"It's only a small one," she said, trying very hard to seem casual. "But it's made with rather a different purpose—or I flatter myself that's the case—from most vegetable gardens. I call it my Hostess Garden."

And then she went on to explain. She made a point in her entertaining, it seemed, of serving a few particular dishes for which she had already become rather famous among her little group. And in her Hostess Garden she grew, herself, the principal ingredients for each of these specialties so she could have the entire operation under her personal supervision from start to finish!

She got a lot of fun—and health, too—out of that garden, and it seemed such a clever notion I wonder more women haven't tried it. Among other things, she had several tomato plants which bore—or she claimed they did—a particularly large, firm tomato that was ideal for serving whole, stuffed with some different filling each time, in individual salads. She had a list of unusual fillings, too, and, as I was later to learn, her guests invariably considered a luncheon, dinner or supper party in her home a lost occasion if one of her tomato salads was not forthcoming as part of the menu.

She had a reputation for relishes, pickles, and spicy, quite different preserves, also; and she grew them all in her Hostess Garden: Tiny pearl onions that made wonderful, piquant pickles with cold meat; several cucumber vines provided the material for her celebrated cucumber-ring pickles, which she served with centers stuffed with almonds; and curly endive for salads and garnishing—and I have never tasted crisper, more delicate endive than hers, or seen more utterly enchanting things done with it to tempt appetite and eye together.

As for her small red radishes, split in sixths at the ends and stuffed with cream cheese, they alone were worth the whole garden.

It wasn't a big garden, because she wanted to take care of it herself and to concentrate on a few vegetables that she had found she was successful in growing and preparing for parties afterward. But—isn't it an idea for the woman who wants her parties to be individual and comment-provoking? There are all sorts of specialties she can grow besides those I mention. Make your own list, of course.

Orange and Bean Sprout Salad

1 Can (No. 2) of Bean Sprouts
⅓ Cupful of Shredded Crystallized Ginger
⅓ Cupful of Orange Juice
8 Lettuce Cups
8 Slices of Orange
2 Small Cream Cheese Packages
1 Recipe Fruit Salad Dressing

LET bean sprouts and ginger marinate in the orange juice several hours. Arrange them in the lettuce cups, with a slice of orange above and in the center of each a small mound of the cheese. Garnish with angelica. Serve the salad dressing from a small Chinese bowl.

Fruit Salad Dressing

3 Tablespoonfuls of Lemon Juice
3 Tablespoonfuls of Orange Juice
6 Tablespoonfuls of Pineapple Juice
¼ Cupful of Boiling Water
2 Tablespoonfuls of Cornstarch
½ Cupful of Sugar
2 Eggs

MIX dry ingredients. Add fruit juice and water slowly. Cook slowly fifteen minutes. Pour mixture very slowly over slightly beaten eggs. Reheat one minute in double boiler. Thin with whipped cream. Serve with fresh fruits.

PHOTO. BY CHARLES GARNER

Novel airport tally cards. Courtesy The Buzza Company.

Drinking milk was a nightmare to Mary

—until I discovered this way to make her love it!

"NO ONE KNEW better than I how much Mary needed milk. Whenever I got her ready for bed, my heart ached to see how thin she was. And she always looked so pale.

"But Mary just wouldn't drink milk. It was like a nightmare to her. It just seemed as though I spent every mealtime trying to get her to take her milk. But she'd fuss and even cry until I gave up in despair.

"Thank goodness all that is over now. I mix Cocomalt with Mary's milk . . . and she just loves it! She drinks four glasses a day, and asks for *more.* I've noticed that her color is so much healthier now—her cheeks fairly glow. She has filled out wonderfully, too, and is just full of life. You don't know how delighted I am!"

A food—not a medicine

In thousands of homes all over the country, once-anxious mothers are having the same delightful experience with Cocomalt. This rich, creamy, chocolate flavor food drink tempts youngsters who dislike milk or have tired of it.

Not only does Cocomalt make milk tempting to growing children—it adds 70% more nourishment as well. Each glass of Cocomalt your child drinks is equal to nearly *two* glasses of plain milk. And most important of all, Cocomalt contains the precious, indispensable Vitamin D.

What Vitamin D does

Physicians recommend summer sunshine—and lots of it—for growing children. Why? Because sunshine produces Vitamin D, that potent, body-building element which helps to prevent rickets, builds strong bones and teeth, develops sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt contains this precious Vitamin D—and in addition supplies *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the young, growing body. Furthermore, Cocomalt contains malt enzymes which help to digest other foods.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form all ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Packed in three sizes: one-half pound, 30c—one pound, 50c—and the economical five pound family size. At grocers and leading drug stores. Or use coupon below for generous trial tin—enough for the whole family to try. Mail coupon today.

Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 68, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing and handling.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Index of Advertisers

August, 1930

	PAGE
Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation	99
Armstrong Cork Company	28
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., The Great	49
Bauer & Black	56
Boott Mills	108
Borden Company, The	81
Brewer-Titchener Corp., The	109
Bristol-Myers Co.	118
Browne Drug Co., Inc., E. T.	88
Bryant, Lane	108
Campbell Soup Company	25
Cannon Mills, Inc.	117
Capitol Candy School	109
Carnation Company	110
Certo	39
Chappel Bros., Inc.	106
Chevrolet Motor Company	54
Church & Dwight Co., Inc.	76
Clark, Frank C.	108
Cleanliness Institute	103
Clicquot Club Co., The	92
Clorox Chemical Co.	34
Coca-Cola Company, The	112
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	31, 36, 85
Compton & Co., F. E.	81
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	II Cover
Corning Glass Works	60
Corn Products Refining Co.	77
Cream of Wheat Corporation, The	69
Davis Co., R. B.	114
Dearborn Supply Co.	106
Dodge Brothers Corporation	59
Doehla Co., Harry	109
Drackett Chemical Company, The	90
Drucker & Kelly Studios	108
Eastman Kodak Company	105
Fels & Company	33
Fisher Body Corp.	52
Florida Citrus Exchange	102
Ford Company, The J. B.	115
Ford Motor Company	63
Franco-American Food Company	1
French Company, The R. T.	62
General Electric Company	70
General Foods Corporation:	
Certo Corporation	39
Igleheart Bros., Inc.	41
La France Manufacturing Co.	48
Postum Company, Inc.	44
Griswold Mfg. Co., The	76
Heinz Company, H. J.	80
Hertel Co., The John A.	98
Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.	116
Hires Company, The Charles E.	60
Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co.	88
Hygienic Products Co., The	60, 108
India Tea Bureau	88
Individual Stationers	109
Jasper News-Boy, Inc.	98
Johnson & Johnson	89, 96
Julian & Kokenge Co., The	64
Kleenex Co.	73
Kolynos Co., The	97
Kotex Company	35
La France	48
Lambert-Fesler, Inc.	88
Lambert Pharmacal Company	65
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	50
Lever Bros. Co.	38, 40, 61
Lewis Hotel Training Schools	109
Libby, McNeill & Libby	III Cover
Lippincott Company, The	78
Lovell Manufacturing Co.	72
Lucky Tiger Remedy Co.	93
Luft Co., The George W.	106
Mello-Glo Co.	56
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	79
Mitchell & Church Co.	98
Moore Push-Pin Co.	109
Nonspi Company, The	106
Northern Paper Mills	94
Norwich Pharmacal Co., The	98
Ott Engraving Co., L.	99
Pacific Coast Borax Co.	109
Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., The	101
Paris Pattern Company, Inc., The	29
Pequot Mills, The	100
Piver, L. T.	98
Plymouth Motor Corporation	42
Pond's Extract Company	27, 58
Post's Bran Flakes	44
Princess Pat	55
Process Corporation, The	99
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2, 46, 47, IV Cover
Quaker Oats Company, The	66
Quaker Oats Company, The (Muffets)	57
Revere Clock Co., The	86
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	95
Simoniz Company, The	53
Skinner Mfg. Co.	99
Spool Cotton Co.	93
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	68
Standard Textile Products Co., The	111
Supreme Greeting Card Co.	106
Swans Down Cake Flour	41
Swift & Company	75
Texas Company, The	107
Tricolator Co., Inc.	99
Vacuum Oil Company	82
Vermont Marble Company	67
Voss Bros. Mfg. Co.	108
Walker Dishwasher Corp.	83
Waltham Art Publishers	108
Warren Telechron Co.	87
Welch Grape Juice Co.	91
White Sewing Machine Company	104
Woodbury, Inc., John H	43, 51
Zonite Products Corporation	93

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

THE BUTCHER . . . THE BAKER . . . THE CANDLESTICK-MAKER KEEP THINGS CLEAN AND WHOLESOME FOR YOU WITH WYANDOTTE

Most of the things that come into your home have been made better for you in one way or another by Wyandotte products . . . canned peaches for your luncheon . . . the spotless bottles your milk comes in . . . gossamer silk hosiery . . . kitchen-ware . . . shoes . . . even bread and butter. . . .

Wyandotte products bring cleanliness to every great industry — and thus into your own home. They bring food to your dining-table, wholesome and inviting. They wash dishes for you in hotels and restaurants. They clean the stores, the office buildings, the hospitals you visit . . . walls, floors, paint, tile, marble; in fact, everything. They return your clothing from the better laundries, clean, safe and sweet-smelling, without damaging the most delicate fabrics. They even make metals "chemically clean" . . . the fenders of your automobile, for instance, so they will retain their brilliant finish without "peeling."

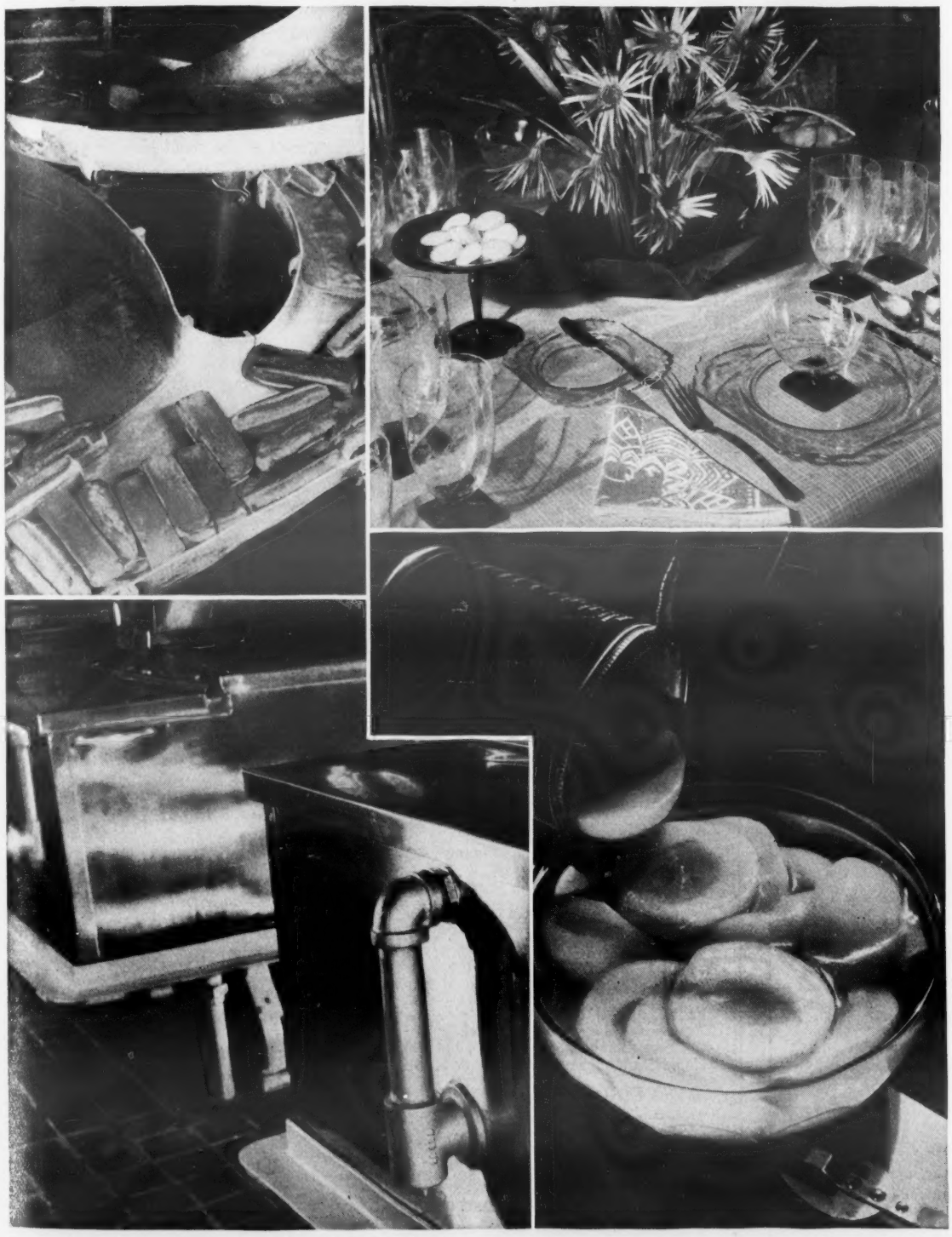
The J. B. Ford Company is the world's largest manufacturer of cleaning materials. For a third of a century, it has been developing special products, dozens of them, for difficult jobs. These products guard your health, and aid in manufacturing processes.

Textile manufacturers use a special Wyandotte product to remove impurities from wool, silk, cotton. Tanners use another in the preparation of leather. Lumbermen use still another to prevent "sap stain," so your furniture will have a beautiful, clear grain.

The meat market cleaned with Wyandotte has no grease spots for the breeding of bacteria; neither has the packing-plant, nor even the refrigerator-car in which the meat is carried. The bakery is sanitary and wholesome; the dairy, shining and spotless.

Indeed, there is hardly an item of the three great essentials of life — food, clothing and shelter — that has not been improved for you by one or more of the Wyandotte products. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.

Leading bakeries depend on Wyandotte to maintain the very highest standards of cleanliness, everywhere. ■ *Much of the food that comes to your table has been guarded on its way by Wyandotte cleanliness. Meat, milk, butter, canned goods . . . almost, in fact, anything you may name.*



Great ice cream plants are kept spotless and sparkling with Wyandotte, so that their products may reach your home, absolutely clean, wholesome and sanitary. ■ *For your protection the canneries from which your fruit comes are kept as clean as your own kitchen . . . with Wyandotte.*

WYANDOTTE

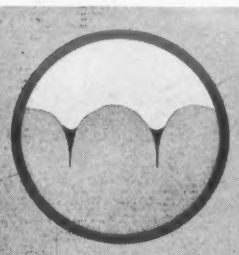
CLEANS THE WORLD

Trade Mark

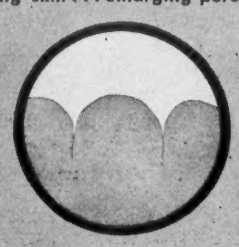
Medical authorities agree: "Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

"Modern Dirt": Actual photograph of oil extracted from small pile of dirt in filter of the New York Public Library.

What is this "modern" dirt?



Ordinary Cleansing: Note embedded dirt, coarsening skin . . . enlarging pores.



Pore-Deep Cleansing: No dirt left to make large pores. Skin gets fine again.

HOW TO USE AMBROSIA

Normal skin: Use absorbent cotton thoroughly wet with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck. Repeat until fresh cotton does not show any soil.

Dry: Cleanse as for normal skin. At night add a softening cream.

Oily: Apply Ambrosia with gauze. Finish by wiping the face with cloth wrung out of cool water.

skin specialist warns against it

"Madam, your face shows the effect of what we term modern dirt.

"Modern dirt is a grimy, greasy deposit very different from the light dusty dirt of earlier days. Motor exhausts, soft coal soot, oil from machines, have made it so.

"Modern dirt finds its way into the pores of the skin. Is kept there by its oily content, impervious to ordinary cleansing.

Why it spoils skin

"Thus it causes a coarsened, roughened condition. Impairs circulation and contributes to dull uneven color. In many instances it brings large pores.

"No . . . your case is not unique. You are only one of hundreds who come to me with this problem. Women must suffer from machine age dirt if proper cleansing methods are not used.

"However, the corrective treatment is a simple one: Your skin needs thorough pore-deep cleansing.

"Modern dirt must be removed with a liquid solvent which goes to the very base of the pores, then dissolves out this deposit of grime and grease which ordinary cleansing is unable to reach."

How a liquid solvent helps

Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, ends the modern dirt problem. It penetrates instantly, dissolves pore-deep dirt, rouses circulation. At once you feel the sensation of renewed life in the skin.

The fine texture and natural coloring of your skin are restored with the regular use of Ambrosia. Write today for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 8-H, 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Dept. 8-H, 69 York Street, Toronto, Can.

4 oz. $1.00 ▾ 8 oz. $1.75 ▾ 16 oz. $3.00

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

Haunted Ground

(Continued from Page 9)

"Don't be offended. You become inaudible. I'm sure it's fatigue. I know I'm hearing things, so many that I'm frightened. I can hear something like very, very slow heartbeats, and just now I've started hearing footsteps, and I have a strange idea that someone is pulling at my shoulder."

The old lady was sitting bolt upright, staring at him. "My Lord! Then you aren't . . ." Her voice died out again; he could see that she was doing her utmost to tell him something, to make herself heard. She became clear. "Get back to the beach, get back to the beach, you still have time!"

It made his hair rise. And his shoulder *was* being shaken. The beats were very slow. "I don't understand."

She made another desperate attempt to penetrate the silence that shut down between them. At last, with a tremendous effort, she rose and flung open the door to her bedroom. "Look."

"Oh, God!"

Mrs. Hale's body lay, serene and pale, on the bed.

Now very faintly he heard her voice.

"They've found you on the beach, that's what you hear, what's shaking your shoulder. Your heart's still beating. You've got time to go back, to live, to find someone else than Sue. Sue's meeting John on Thursday. Go back to the beach."

Now he knew what he had left behind on the shore, half in and half out of the water. Panic and black horror seized him. He turned blindly toward the outer door, and found himself against Sue's coffin. He could see her sleeping face, clear, through a surrounding darkness.

"Hurry! You'll live and forget and find someone to take her place. Hurry!"

"She's in there?" He pointed to Sue's body.

"Yes, but don't stop to wake her. Hurry."

He stared at the dead girl. He stared into an infinite future. Someone to take her place.

"You know, Mrs. Hale, John was my best friend." He sat down. "Those heartbeats are very slow; they'll be over in a minute."

Table of Contents

COVER DESIGN BY ROBERT E. LEE

FICTION *Page*

At Brigade Headquarters—*F. Britten Austin* *Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover* 3
The Lipstick Mood—*Margaret Culkin Banning* *Illustrated by May Wilson Preston* 6
Marriage is a Compromise—*Graeme and Sarah Lorimer* *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh* 8
Haunted Ground—*Oliver La Farge* . . . . . *Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor* 9
Please Go to the Net—*Lawrence Perry* . . . . *Illustrated by Addison Burbank* 14
Blowing Clear: Part II—*Joseph C. Lincoln* . . . . *Illustrated by Harold Brett* 16
The Shorn Lamb: Part IV (Conclusion)—*William J. Locke* *Illustrated by R. F. James* 20

SPECIAL FEATURES

John La Gatta, in Picture and Prose, Catches the Spirit of the New Decade 10, 11
Educating for Leadership—*Samuel Crowther* 12
Very New Babies—*Alice Harvey* 13
A Group of Poems—*Sara Teasdale* . . . . . *Drawings by Dorothy P. Lathrop* 23

FASHIONS *Page*

Paris Smartness for the Younger Set 24
Paris Adopts Swinging Lines for All Hours 26
Paris Plans for the Jeune Fille . . . 29
School Days Will Soon be Coming . 30
Flares are Chic for This Fall . . . 32
The Patch Box—*Barbara Stanwood* 34

GARDENS

Glimpsing American Alpines—*Anderson McCully* 18

HOME BUILDING

Four Cottage Patterns $1—*Designed by E. A. Martini. Sketches by Louise Gilleo* . . . 45
Home Building Suggestions. . . . 48

INTERIOR DECORATION

Their Second Small House—*Henrietta Horton Kapp*. . . . 37
Suggestions for Home Decorators . 38

THE MODERN HOMEMAKER *Page*

The Homemaker's Vacation—*Clara Ingram Judson* 74
Roadside Cookery—*Horace Kephart* 76
What's New? 79
Our Newer Knowledge of Child Care—*S. Josephine Baker, M.D.*. . . 81
Simple Menus for a Man Cook—*Edith Perrigo Abell and Agnes Mary Galvin* 83
Summer Puddings—*Caroline B. King* 84

ENTERTAINING

The Sub-Deb: A Page for Girls—*Directed by Marguerite Aspinwall* 71
The Hostess—*Conducted by Nancy Oakley*. .113

MISCELLANEOUS

Editorials 22
The Girls' Club. 67, 72

A Special Word to Subscribers

WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label.

A request for change of address must *reach us* at least 5 weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect—6 weeks before, if you live on the Pacific Coast. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Should your subscription expire with this issue of the HOME JOURNAL your renewal should be sent promptly to insure receipt of the September issue before it is "sold out." We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Subscribers should always use Postal or Express money orders or Bank drafts in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *The Saturday Evening Post*, in the U. S. 5c the copy, $2.00 the year (52 weekly issues), 2 years for $3.50, 3 years for $5.00; in Canada 10c the copy, $3.00 the year, 2 years for $5.50, 3 years for $8.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

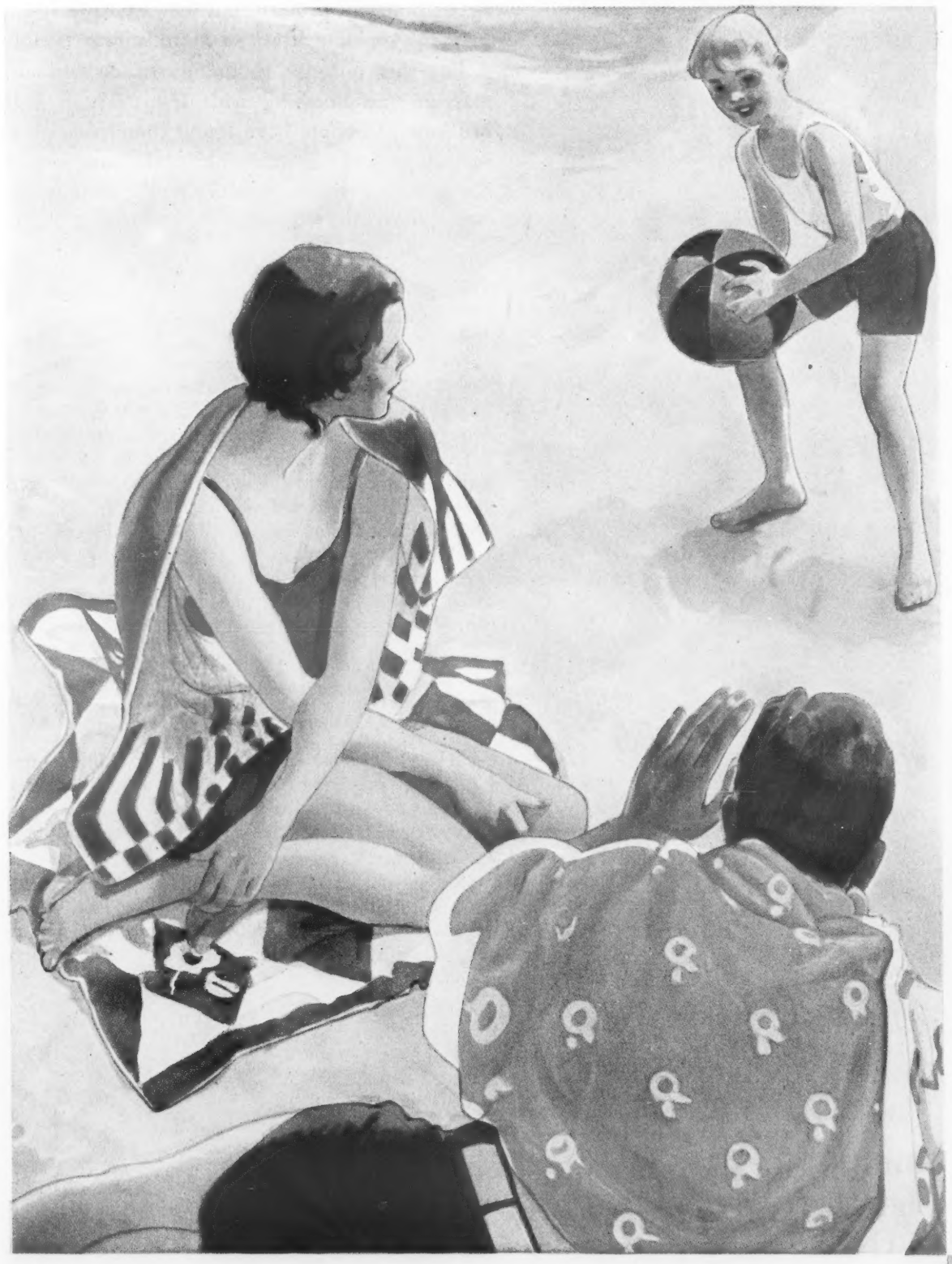
Our Advertising Branch Offices

[For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.]

PHILADELPHIA: Independence Square
NEW YORK: 60 E. 42nd Street
CHICAGO: 333 N. Michigan Avenue
DETROIT: 3044 W. Grand Boulevard
CLEVELAND: 925 Euclid Avenue
BOSTON: 30 State Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 1 Montgomery Street

BRIGHT PEOPLE ARE BUYING BRIGHT TOWELS

. . . thrilling towels at thrifty prices



CANNON TOWELS IN ALL-OVER COLORS COST AS LITTLE AS 39c—AND THERE ARE OTHER STYLES TO SUIT ANY TASTE, AT PRICES FROM 25c TO $2.50.

YOU'LL find more than one thrill in this year's Cannon towels. There's the joy that true beauty always brings when it's new and gay and becoming. These towels are simply splashed with color—soft shades of peach, maize, jade, orchid, turquoise and rose. They come in all-over designs—cloud and star effects, arrow motifs, harlequin designs and others equally smart. ▪ There's a thrill for the skin in their thirsty, silken-soft surface. Cannon towels rub or blot you dry to the last drop—gently. They dry themselves sooner after their work is done. And they keep the fresh feel of quality through a long life at hard labor. ▪ Experienced buyers who expect a lot for their money choose Cannon towels almost always. You find more of them than all other kinds combined in hotels and hospitals as well as in homes, on trains and ocean liners—where towels must give better service longer and at lower costs. Their fine, even fiber and close, careful weave cannot be matched in other towels bought at the same prices. . . . If you have anything else to do with your dollars, this is rather a comforting thought. ▪ Even the all-color Cannon styles go down to thirty-nine cents. You may find what you like for as little as a quarter—or as much as a couple of dollars. Cannon towels are made to please all persons. They run the range from plain to fancy, from prim to vivid, from white to bright—all special values, any time. So just about everybody buys them—several million towels every week, for their thrills and their thrift. Better join the long line of beauty lovers and bargain hunters. To be certain, always look for the Cannon label when you shop for towels. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

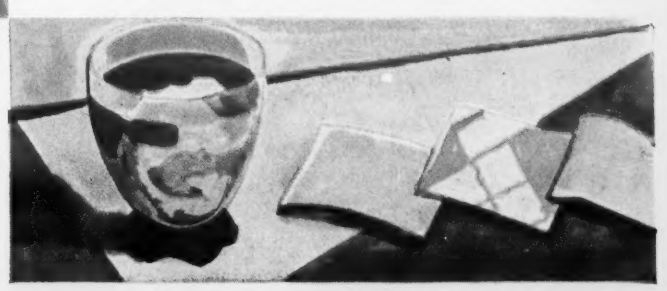
WRITE FOR THIS NEW BOOKLET
It helps make every bath a joy and a tonic!
CANNON MILLS, INC., 70 Worth St., New York City

Please send me your free booklet containing the latest ideas about bathing and about towels. No obligation, of course! LHJ-12

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

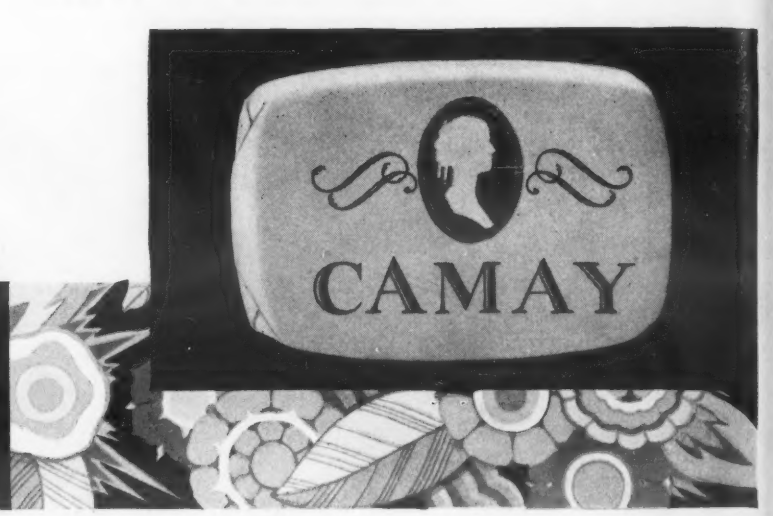


TO TEST ABSORBENCY . . . *Small squares of fabric were cut from a number of towels, using similar grades made by several manufacturers. Then laid carefully on the surface of water in a large glass. The Cannon materials soaked up moisture and sank to the bottom almost at once. Others took much longer—in some cases as much as ten minutes more. Cannon towels are more efficient in use and dry sooner on the rack. They are the world's thirstiest towels—and the thriftiest.*

CANNON TOWELS

I'm being agreed with!

All over America girls are discovering there never before was any complexion soap so gentle as Camay



REALLY, I'm so *pleased!* Is there anything nicer than to find yourself agreed with by people whom you respect? And girls from every part of the country write me that they are *quite* as enthusiastic over Camay's gentle way of caring for complexions as I am, myself!

So many of them feel this way that Camay has changed in a few short months from a name known to only a few of you, into the most talked-of complexion soap in America!

Was it the approval of America's most eminent dermatologists that started Camay towards this great success? Of course, I don't *know*. But it looks very much as if my announcement of its unanimous approval by 73 of these great physicians had made almost every girl want to try it.

And every girl who wants a good complexion (I'm sure there can't be one who *doesn't*, even on a desert island!) *ought* to want to try it, because Camay is the only complexion soap that has ever received unanimous approval from the only really qualified authorities on the care of the skin.

But I have an idea that Camay's own lovely, gentle self *really* explains its success. The very first time you use Camay, your complexion knows that it has found a friend and protector. It fairly purrs with gratitude when Camay's velvety soft lather cleanses away dust and make-up and the excess oil that pores just *will* manufacture whenever you get the least bit warm.

And, after you've used Camay for a scant week or so, you suddenly realize you've *never* before found anything like it to keep your skin fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

I can't believe there's anybody in this whole wide country who doesn't know Camay by this time. But, if there should be, I have just this to say: Please get a cake at once and start giving your complexion a care that is not only exquisitely gentle and fragrant, but absolutely scientific as well. Isn't *that* a wonderful combination?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-80, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP
[CALLED CALAY IN CANADA]—10¢ A CAKE